White City Chips

by Teresa Dean

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Teresa Dean

WHITE CITY CHIPS

BY

TERESA DEAN.

"'An I should live a thousand years
I never should forget it.'"

CHICAGO:
WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Manhattan Building.
1895.

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PREFACE.

In taking up my pen to make my excuse—my apology for launching this echo of the World's Fair—I feel that I stand between criticism and the readers who have kindly told me that "White City Chips"—as they were originally published—gave them pleasure.

At the close of the Exposition many letters came asking me to arrange my daily column in book form, as a personal history; that it would be "everybody's experience at the World's Fair."

In looking at the "Chips," with this idea in view, I paused—agazed at the amount of work it would take to get them into shape where they would grace the dignity of covers.

To-day, after two years, I find that I cannot cut or cull from the original without losing something that was a part of that beautiful past; and that I am not competent to judge as to what should be taken out or what left in.

So I give them to you as they were then—leaving out only those columns which, while they may have amused in the general run, gave pain to some. And here I will say, that the heartaches caused by my pen sometimes wandering too near the truth, or the things that might as well have been left untold, were not through thought or deliberation; these things simply came into my daily life —myself only one of the thousands, the millions who came as visitors.

For that was my one thought in giving the incidents of the days, as they rolled by so rapidly—to be only one

of the people, to write my column for them, and from their standpoint.

Now that the people are scattered, the White City gone, and only memory left, I have not the heart to fix up for critical eyes—even if I could—those everyday jottings. They are left as they were then—scratched off hurriedly each night, without time to read them over, without study, other than to give pleasure to those who had been there and would recognize, and to those who could not come, and who might possibly get a glimpse of the grandeur through the pen-pictures.

An apology is due for the liberty taken in allowing the names of individuals to remain, but to take them out leaves the niches vacant.

And I most humbly apologize to my editors—who so kindly allowed, passed and published a "free-lance" column—for making any apology at all.

One point, it seems to me, needs explanation: In the incidents of those days I appear to quote a great deal the words of the plain and unassuming people, those who have not had the advantages of metropolitan life. It is not done disrespectfully. They were, to me, nearer to nature, to God's own people. It was their hearts that were always alive to the sentiment. Theirs were not the coldly critical eyes that saw "staff" and effect. They lived contentedly in the magnificence while, perhaps, like everyone else, they could not always understand. To them there were no comparisons, and their homely sayings, controlled by the heart and hard common sense, were more to me, many times, than the same appreciation clothed in the highest cultivation.

In looking back upon it, I find a warm spot in my heart for these pen-friends whose natures were always so human.

I find, also, in my brain, one picture that stands out clearer than all the rest: The Sunday night before the closing of the Fair I came out of the south entrance to the Manufactures Building. It was after sunset, after twilight—that time which is neither night nor day; when the warm light of the passing sun is gone, and its reflections are met and absorbed by the coming darkness—leaving a cold, clear, greenish hue.

In this setting, just over the dome of the Administration Building, was a single star. Its yellow light joined the blue of the arc-lights, and touched with a sparkle the golden statue, the white palaces, the broad steps leading down to the grand basin, the barge of state, the peristyle and the colonnades, but for the minute the tide of humanity was not there.

The quiet told pathetically of the long silence that was coming so soon to the "Dream City."

The only sound was the rippling of the waves in the lagoon. Then rang out some chimes, and a bell struck the passing hour. A minute more and the spell was broken, but the picture became indelible. It can never be forgotten.

Chicago, November, 1895.

NOTE.

"White City Chips" were written for and published in the *Chicago Daily Inter Ocean* during the memorable Spring, Summer and Autumn of 1893.

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CHIPPED FROM THE CHIPS.

April.

Only Pluck Wins..... 12
Eskimos, Measles and Evil Spirits..... 14
Foreign Animals Recklessly Familiar..... 15
"Goeli! Goeli! Goeli!"..... 17
Jack and His Badge..... 18
"The Best Laid Plans of Mice and Men"..... 20
Fates Laugh at Attempts to be Systematic..... 22
Am Only a Number—One of 60,000..... 26
Six Languages in One..... 28
A Day of Seeming Miracles..... 29
The Great Unwashed..... 30

May.

A Great Day!—The Button Pressed..... 2
The "Gospel Chariots"..... 5
Jealousies of Women..... 6
"Cattle Train" 10
Where Ignorance is Bliss..... 11
Woes of the Organization Room..... 14
Uncle John Thorpe's Flower Kingdom..... 16
British Oak, Swords and a Man Who Knew It All..... 18
Women Suffragists Frantically Invoke the Aid of Men..... 19
Woman's Day 20
"Annie Laurie" Sung in New York Awakens Sad Memories in Jackson Park..... 22
A "Corner" on Press Women..... 24
A Castle in Germany..... 27
Leonie 29
A New Yorker in Tow..... 30

June.

Arabs Suspicious of Cable Car Conductors..... 1
A Boston Girl's Tears..... 2
"Coming Alone" 3
Minnesota's Greeting 4
"Peck's Bad Boys"..... 5
A Troublesome Pass..... 6
Cooks and Sceptics..... 7
An Eastern Mother Chaperoned by Her Daughters..... 8
A Gracious Princess..... 9
"'Arts Were True to Poll"..... 10
Princess Eulalia Criticised..... 11
Jack in the Captive Balloon..... 12
The Unostentatiousness of President Higinbotham..... 13
Empress Eugenia's Handkerchief..... 15
A Gilded Camp Stool..... 16
Some "Jolly Good Fellows, "Egyptian Dances, and "Kava". 21
Fiji Costumes 22
Jack's Day Again..... 26
Cliff Dwellers 27
All Crowds Alike..... 30

July.

Roses, Roses Everywhere and a Napoleon Gardener..... 2
Rivalry Between Rainbows and Goddesses..... 3
A Bedraggled Eagle and a Drooping Crowd..... 5
"A Penny for God's Pure Water"..... 6
A Nephew of Mme. de Stael..... 7
Levi Coffin's "Underground Railroad"..... 8
"Did" the Midway and "Exit Here" Also..... 9
Sunday Restful at the Fair..... 10
"God Bless Indiana"..... 12
"No Drinks, No Seats"..... 13
July Sun and Scarlet Costumes..... 15
Samples of Civilization Knock Ideas Endways..... 16
Antonio Apache 17
Boy from St. Louis and His Father..... 18
A Rose that Was Sacred..... 19
No More Sonnets to Women. A Portrait of James W. Scott 20
A Hindoo Finger Nail Artist..... 27
Social Functions and "Eternal Railway"..... 30

August.

Midway Plaisance After 11 O'clock at Night..... 1
Egyptian Morals and American Knowledge..... 5
Costumes at the Fair..... 9
A Snake Charmer and a Prince..... 11
Bohemia's Day 13
"The Triumph of the Cross"..... 15
The Maharajah of India..... 16
Nebraska State Building..... 17
Hibernian Pleasures at Donegal..... 18
Well-dressed Women Who Beg for Pennies..... 19
Hindoo Jugglery 20
Summer Afternoon Reveries..... 22
National Commission versus Board of Lady Managers..... 23
West Point Doves..... 24
New Life After a Holiday..... 31

September.

Sightseers, Heathens, and George Francis Train..... 5
A Woman Insists upon Opening Uncle Sam's Mail-box.... 6
Glories of Wisconsin..... 7
Jean Beraud's Picture "The Descent from the Cross"..... 8
The Sharpening of a Lead Pencil..... 9
Am in Disgrace with a High Caste Hindoo..... 11
"He Died in Pleasure and was Buried in Beauty"..... 13
"Buffalo Bill, America, and Dr. Gunsaulus"..... 14
Twenty-four Scalps. Eugene Field's Signature..... 16
A Love Story..... 17
A Little Tot Who Would See the Dolls..... 19
A San Francisco "Bohemian." Sleeping Beauty Who Gave a Weary Snore..... 21
Hobnobbing 24
Monuments in the Hearts Everywhere for George W. Childs 28

October.

Music, Savagery, and Persuasive "Jayhawkers"..... 6
A Solitary and Sad Country Gentleman..... 8
Director-General Jack Returns for Repairs Before Celebrating "Chicago Day"..... 10
Just a Few Questions..... 14
A Sage in Blue Goggles..... 15

October.

A Sunday Night Supper in "Old Vienna"..... 18
"Sweet Sixteen's Fair Notes. Crowds Who Wait for the Badness to Come Through Roofs and Walls of "Anthony Comstock Shows"..... 19
Fate Danced a Jig with an Exclusive Couple..... 21
"Old Guard" 22
"Breaking of Home Ties"..... 24
Illuminations on Wooded Island..... 25
Dissipations in "Johore," "Java," "Japan," "Brazil" and "Ceylon" 26
What the Chicago Press Has Done for the World's Fair.... 27
Woman's Day Again..... 30
"Blessings Brighten as They Take Their Flight"..... 31

November.

Desolation Sits Alone and Broods Over the Desertion..... 4

January, 1894.

Only the Shell Remains..... 3

APRIL.

APRIL.

April 12th.

I find that two things are necessary in going to the World's Fair—a level compass and a level head. The laying out of the grounds and the situation of the buildings may be artistic and may most beautifully fill in all the gaps between 1492 and 1892, but without the compass and the described level you are nowhere—where you want to be.

You are told to go to the northeast wing of some building to find some one for whom you are searching. You find the building, the wing, your man and turn to go. In your mad search for that wing after you have found the building, you never noticed what route you took when once under the roof. It is all Greek to you. The doors all look alike, and each one as if it opened into the main part again. You open a door and see another office; you open another door and find several offices. You rush to the right, to the left, and still discover only private apartments. In sheer desperation you try the last door and are out in a space again, but where? The dome that was pointed out to you from an upper window as the next place you wanted to go is nowhere to be seen. After that battle with those doors you have no more idea about directions than if you had never found that northeast wing. And that was my situation yesterday.

I walked blocks in the wrong direction, I wanted to go to the Woman's Building to find something definite about that nail—the gold nail from Colorado—Mrs. Palmer is to

drive. I did not ask the Columbian Guards. I felt delicate about embarrassing them.

A week ago through my being thus inconsiderate, I forced several of them into exposing the fact that they did not know where any particular building was, nor one building from another. So I floundered around through the sociable and slippery white sand mud—you know it rained yesterday—until time and ungathered notes for this article commenced staring me in the face. I finally threw consideration to the winds and asked a Guard which way to turn to go to the Woman's Building.

He knew.

And I might as well say right here, in parenthesis, that those Guards have been studying up things and can give you all the information you want—if you don't want too much.

This Guard told me to turn straight around and go north. On the way I saw that a restaurant was "now open." I went in. No, I didn't go in just then—I tried to, but all the doors that supported those various signs were locked. I finally saw some people coming out of a door—down where there was no sign—with satisfaction and tooth-picks beaming from their faces.

I went there and was very pleasantly conducted to the cafe. Two women were at the table where I was seated. They were from some place in the East. They had ordered a New England boiled dinner. They did not like it. They held the waiter responsible for its being different from what they cooked in their own houses. And they were sure they ought to know. One of them had kept house over twenty years, and no servant of hers ever set a dish like that down before her. It was nip and tuck between the elder woman and the waiter. In a short time the waiter was vanquished into silence. She told him to take

the "stuff" away and bring her a salad. While he was gone the other one remarked:

"It seems strange to see all these men eating with their hats on."

"Yes, it does," said No. 1. "I suppose they make the excuse that it is cold here, but they do those things right along here in Chicago."

The waiter returned with the salad. It did look a little melancholy and out of the usual. The woman was a picture of dismay. She said:

"Will you please tell me what this is? Is this a chicken salad? And is this the way you make a mayonnaise dressing in Chicago?"

"No," said the waiter. "This is not the way mayonnaise dressing is made in Chicago. It is a 1776 dressing. If you don't like it you will have to go somewhere else to find any that is different."

The woman stared at him, said nothing and ate the salad. The spokeswoman told her friend confidentially that she had had nothing to eat since she came to Chicago. She did not know what she would do before the Fair was even opened.

I finished my luncheon and started to see about that nail. Mrs. Palmer was very busy and was going away very soon to keep an important engagement. If I would sit down and wait I could speak to her as she was going out, and the very pleasant lady brought a chair and I sat down to wait. It seemed strange that Mrs. Palmer could ever get out with that string of women constantly going in, but of course the pleasant lady knew what she was talking about. Mrs. Helen Barker was reading and answering letters. I overheard a few. One read:

"Dear Mrs. Palmer: Will you kindly inform me if I can get employment operating on gentlemen's shoes in

Chicago during the World's Fair? I can come well recommended, etc."

The writer did not say whether she wanted to make shoes, lace shoes, button shoes or blacken shoes. Mrs. Barker said in her answer that she did not at present know of any such employment, but she would add her name to a list of applicants and if any opportunity presented itself would let her know. Another woman from the East said that she was a fine dressmaker, and just the one the women of Chicago needed during the World's Fair when so many people were going to visit Chicago. If Mrs. Palmer would give her an order for a few dresses so that she could use her name she would come, and she was sure her fortune would be made and the ladies of Chicago be pleased. This letter was laid aside and not answered for some reason. An aspiring boarding-house keeper wrote to know if Mrs. Palmer would find a nice gentleman to board with her if she came to Chicago. She preferred gentlemen because they did not gossip and make so much trouble as women, and she thought Mrs. Palmer would agree with her because by this time she (Mrs. Palmer) must have seen a lot of women and knew all about it.

And so on. Hundreds of letters piled up on that desk all asking for help—either for positions or offering something to sell.

And still Mrs. Palmer did not come out. I must know about that nail and sent in my card.

The nail has not come.

April 14th.

Christopher Columbus has the measles. Measles are not particularly becoming to him, but he appears very in-

different to that fact. In fact, he seems very indifferent to everything else as well. An American baby might rest as contentedly in a little narrow hammock as he does, but I doubt it. Those Esquimaux, little and big, are a queer lot. Their little village as it was yesterday is as restful and quiet as if it had been set out in the midst of a desolate prairie instead of filling its corner of that miniature composite world.

On account of Christopher and several other little Esquimaux having measles, the gates to the village are closed to the public. Between you and me, however, it is a good deal like locking up the stable door after the horse is stolen—the disease is just departing. It arrived six weeks ago. The orders to close the gates came in on the lines of red tape yesterday.

There are no signs up to keep off the grass in that little village surrounded by a high board fence. It may be for the reason that there is no grass there. The ground is sandy and dry and slopes back from a lovely little lake, and the trees are nature's own. There is a row of houses made of logs around the lake, some tents made of seal skins, a church, some canoes and plenty of dogs.

The dogs are much more friendly than are their owners. There are fifty-eight of the owners. They are not at all unfriendly, but they are silent. It is enough for them that they are here. The older ones are quiet and reserved, but variety is given by some of the boys. Their curiosity whetted by the little English they have picked up makes them remarkably audacious. I stood talking to an interpreter yesterday when one of them, a boy of about fifteen, walked up boldly as if he were going to join in the conversation. The interpreter evidently told him to go away. He said:

"No, me stay."

"I'm talking to this lady," said the man.

The boy never moved, but took a firmer stand as if that was all right, but he would stay also.

Then he and the interpreter had it out. The boy finally went off with a laugh—perfectly satisfied. They are all very good natured people and never quarrel with each other. They are supposed to be civilized by the missionaries who devote their labors to Labrador. When trouble and fear comes to them, however, they instinctively turn back to their first faith. In their own religion they pray to an evil spirit. They pray to him to go away. They never pray to a good spirit. They believe the good spirit can take care of himself.

They have a sorcerer, which in their language is an "Angokok." Since the visitation of the measles the "Angokok" and his followers have been quite busy. The ceremony of getting the evil spirit to depart is something like the Indian ghost dance. They strip to the waist, then dance and sing. The song is almost a fac-simile of the Indian howl and chant. This belief of theirs is very sacred, and they will not talk of it to any one. They say: "You will not believe—we know it, and that is enough."

The other night one of the children was quite sick. Simiquk, a brother of a great sorcerer, who is in their own country, said he would drive away the evil spirit. He went into a trance. He said the air was full of spirits, that a great battle was going on between good and bad ones, but the good ones would win. And now those Esquimaux say that Simiquk is as great as his brother because he disappeared from their sight while they were helping to drive away the evil spirits. He was gone a long time. They kept on invoking the evil ones to depart, and after singing and dancing until they were too tired to move they sat down and Simiquk was there. He came as he went. They

never saw him. When morning came the child was better and since then the sickness is going away.

They have an instrument that looks like a large banjo that one pounds on while the rest sing. This ceremony is conducted very quietly. They are afraid that the white managers will interfere with them. In fact the managers of the village know very little about this religion of theirs. They think that there are but two families that are what is called by them, heathens, and that these are fast becoming civilized by association with the others, also that they are ashamed of the fact that they ever have believed in a sorcerer. I was told confidentially that this was not true; that this belief in the spirits of the air and the astral body and the power of the sorcerer is too sacred for them to discuss with unbelievers, so they keep wisely silent.

When one of their number die the body is laid on the surface of a large rock and a covering is built of smaller rocks. If the one who has died is noted for his hunting and fishing, his kayak and kamatic—boat and sledge—are left by the side of the grave. In the grave are left small valuables. No one is allowed to go near the grave for months afterward—until the body has returned to dust again.

They are very much like Sioux Indians in voice and manner and look as if they might be half Indian and half Japanese. Unlike Indians, or most races in the far East, the women are treated as equals.

The men will help their own women in their work, but never the women in another family.

There is a great cry among them just now for seal meat. It has given out, and they can have no more until they return to their own country. They were warned of this catastrophe when they first came, but they would have it

and the supply is exhausted. They never eat but one kind of meat at a meal. If they should eat deer meat and seal, or beef and pork, they would know that they would never have meat again.

No one can shake this belief.

They were not dressed in their sealskin suits yesterday. They were wearing suits made of white canvas after the style of the skin suits. These were trimmed with narrow red and blue braid and were attractive enough for summer resort suits.

As I stood watching two of the young men paddling around the lake in the kayaks the sunlight struck a pile of stones that were heaped up on the shore. The effect was most startling. I could only think of a brilliant blue fire. It glimmered and sparkled in the most dazzling way. On examination I found it to be a pile of Labradorite that had been brought from the northern shores.

Measles in the camp make the village desolate and deserted, but it is the best time for the poor Esquimaux to tell you of his own country and the things sacred to his own heart—which he will do if he believes in your sincerity.

April 15th.

I laid my plan for a rattling good column this morning, but that shows the conceit of me, and the result shows the uncertainty of things in general around the Fair Grounds these days. In the first place my plans directed me to the festivities in the Austrian Village. Of course I must be there. Then I would go to the Persian magician, Hadji Aga, and have my fortune told. All I would have to do to make the column rattle would be to tell all about it.

I started. It was cold and dreary and a bad day for fes-

tivals, a cheerless one for fortune telling, and I thought of a dozen other things that would have been pleasanter, but so little a thing as weather should not interfere with well organized plans.

I drew my coat closer as I stepped from the train. I took my usual route to the Midway Plaisance.

Now that route of mine has not been very well organized. It has taken me "cross lots" in a crazy sort of a way. Still I have always after divers trials found myself where I wanted to be. This time my route was blocked by a high board fence. It had sprung up in a night. All I could see of Midway Plaisance was the roofs of Swiss cottages, German villages and Moorish palaces. The fence was continuous and not an opening could I see. I walked on. Men were picking up boards and bracing them against the barricade as a help to get a glimpse at the enclosure, but no one attempted to climb over—it was impossible. I turned to go back and met a workman. An evil genius tempted me to ask him how to get inside without going back to the starting point. He said:

"Well, lots of 'em don't object to ripping off a board and going through the fence."

"I can't take off a board," said I, in a tone which I suppose must have conveyed my great regrets.

"No, but I might for ye," said he.

He might, and he did. It was a narrow aperture. I sort of went through in sections. As he was nailing the board to its place and I was putting myself together again I found myself in the rear of an immense building. Issuing from it and through the walls, were the most unearthly noises. It would ordinarily have made one's hair stand on end to hear such a racket unexpectedly. Out there you rather expect to be startled. But it was uncanny, and I hastened my footsteps. As I neared the other corner

I found the building was the Hamburg Arena, and, of course, the noises were the shrieks, and cries, and howls of the parrots, monkeys and animals belonging to the famous Carl Hagenbeck of Hamburg. Would I ever forget him?

Once in Paris I had seen some lions of his become unmanageable, or they were thought to be so by the audience. Men screamed, women fainted and the lions were run into their cage, and out of sight without delay.

Instinctively, or involuntarily—as fear sometimes attracts—I turned to go in. In front of the building and in the doorway were signs to "Keep Out," and "Danger Here," and "No Admittance," and it was almost time for those festivities, but I was so near I would just take a look. I did. And not a word can I tell you about the festivities. They were over long before I arrived there. I was thankful even to be able to be too late. Those foreign animals are most recklessly familiar.

The workmen stared at me when I ignored the numerous signs, but they said nothing. I presume now that they thought I would get punished enough for my lawlessness.

The animals seemed reckless to me, but the owner appeared proud of their intelligent friendliness.

In the first place he took me to see the parrots. He took from its cage an immense blue Hyacinth Macaw. Its legs were chained together. Its color was gorgeous. It stretched its wings and shook its feathers, and then peered down at me as if I was the most curious thing in the world to him. His owner said:

"Take him. He will come to you," and held him out to me.

I jumped back. I knew too well the bite of a small parrot to want to run the risk of an attack from this monster's

bill. Mr. Hagenbeck assured me he would not harm me, but that made no difference. The parrot in the meantime was taking in the situation. He finally laughed in the most derisive and mocking manner. As his owner was placing him back in the cage he turned, made a dive at me with his mouth wide open, and then laughed again as if he would say: "I'll give you something to be frightened at."

It is no exaggeration to say that most of those parrots were as intelligent as this one. Some of them talked in five different languages. One, not much larger than a canary bird, piped out, with the rest, that he wanted a cracker.

The monkeys were in the same room. They were a disconsolate lot; were shivering and mad, and curled up in the corners of their cages. As Mr. Hagenbeck would speak to them they would look at him in the most pleading manner. An oil stove was giving out all the heat it could, but it was not enough to keep them warm. There were lion-monkeys, blue-faced mandrills, white-nosed ones, chimpanzees, and every other kind. I took out my note-book to jot something down, and from somewhere it was snatched out of my hand so quickly that I could not tell what had happened.

I turned around and there was a blue-faced monkey trying to get it through the wires of his cage. Another one was reaching out to catch the falling cards, passes and railroad tickets. The attendants flew to the rescue, and that blue-parrot laughed again.

In passing an elephant in another part of the building he reached out his trunk and wrapped it around my arm. A little elephant acted as if he expected me to take him up in my arms, and the largest dog I ever saw insisted on my unfastening his chains and taking him with me. I

think in the future I will look at animals where a little more distance lends enchantment.

The Persian magician could not be found. He with others of his brethren had insisted on a Turkish bath, and the managers were obliged to take them. Those who did not go yesterday for the bath are going to-day. They must have their bath regularly or they cannot pray. Some of these people who are anxious to accumulate a fortune during the Fair had overlooked the one of providing baths for these men of the East. Their individual managers are somewhat perturbed over the price of the luxury in Chicago.

April 17th.

Everybody, from himself to his mother-in-law, went to the World's Fair yesterday. I took Jack. Now, Jack isn't used to prowling around in such crowds as scrambled for seats in the steam cars. He is one of those fellows who look out for everybody else before they think of themselves. I wish you could have seen the way he stood at the steps and helped those pushing and crowding women into that car. It is a great thing to have a good heart. There is such a thing, however, as going too far, even with goodness, and it is best to commence this Fair with an elastic band around this quality. You want to put iron clasps around it or else leave it at home and look out for No. 1. I knew that crowd better than Jack did, and I knew it would do no good to help anyone up the steps; there would be some he could not help, and some to blame him for what he did not do, and none to thank him for what he did do. Sure enough he had his lesson, and if

you want to know how and where to draw your lines, just catch your trains to and from the grounds.

It was finally time for Jack to step on the train if he was going to help me prowl around. As he stepped up a big woman in black said indignantly:

"Would you get up ahead of me, sir?"

The bell was ringing, and the conductor was waving his hand and singing "All aboard!" but I expected to see soft-hearted Jack step off and say meekly: "No, madam." But he did not. He straightened up with his lesson and said:

"Most assuredly I would."

"Well, you're no gentleman," said the woman in black. She climbed up the steps and fell through the door as the cars gave a jerk in starting. Jack looked sad all the afternoon. These first lessons in life are rather melancholy in effect until you get used to them.

Everybody went first to the Midway Plaisance. And what a picture that road down the center presented. Sunday or no Sunday, you met people of all nations, all stations, all classes and all dressed in holiday attire. There were Turks in European costume, with red fez, and Turks in all the glory of rich silk turbans, purple silk mantles and yellow silk trousers; Arabs in long, pale, tan-colored robes, embroidered in gold, and in long silk robes, embroidered in gold, and in brilliant red costumes covered with gold lace. Whatever the costume always the gold trimming. And then there were the men of humble station; Arabs in their long blue jean robe, or the common white one, or the plain dark red; Persians with the light trousers coming to the ankle, the long skirted coat opening over a green silk vest, and a plain dark high cap.

Then came our own people, the usual panorama of a Sunday crowd, but interspersed among them "best

society" in all its fuss and feathers. And fuss and feathers had to take the dust as it blew down the roadway just the same as Mary and John who strolled along oblivious of everything but her and him and the sights they were seeing.

The greatest attraction seemed to be the Javanese Village. Perhaps it was due to the fact that it was about the only one open to the public gaze—the bamboo fence did not shut off the view. On the roofs of the thatched houses were the men at work in their Javanese costumes. And they supplied the demand for something to see, and they were the victims of the funny fellow's jokes. There is no one quite so funny in his own estimation as the fellow who vents his funnyisms on some other fellow. The funny fellows kept calling out:

"Hello, Jo-Jo!"

"Come down off your perch."

"How are you, old boy? When did you come over?"

One little Javanese smiled at the first onslaught. As it went on, his face lengthened. He finally said, in rather good English:

"You go. You no good. Me work. You idle."

The crowd shouted. The funny fellow was heard no more. I had an appointment with Halil Nada, the conjurer of the Street in Cairo. He came into the manager's office with a little satchel strung over his shoulder. He was dressed in a dark red robe and an under-vest of white silk, embroidered in blue and gold, a red fez on his head, with a white scarf wound around it also. He took out a piece of white cotton cloth and spread it on the floor at my feet and knelt down beside it. He then looked up at the ceiling and said:

"Goeli! Goeli! Come, Goeli!"

"Who's Goeli?" I asked.

"Goeli is the devil," explained some one.

Goeli evidently came, for Halil Nada commenced some of the most wonderful tricks I ever saw, and I've seen Hermann. He placed three brass cups on the white cloth. They were perfectly solid, but it was nothing for him to make one go through the other. He found an egg, a potato and an onion in a little yellow silk sack that was empty He unwound the long silk scarf from his head and made a knot in each end. He asked Jack to cut it, and then made a terrible fuss because he did. The only thing he could do was to light it with a match and burn it together again. While it was blazing he covered it with another cloth, and twisted off the pieces and placed them in his mouth. While the smoke was issuing from his mouth he drew out of it a string with about a hundred needles attached to it. He also drew out strings without needles, and fleecy down, and finally the fire itself. All this time he had not removed his clinched hand from the cut scarf. And that scarf with the knotted ends was cut. There could be no mistake about that.

As he took the fire from his mouth, and placed it once more on the cut ends of the scarf the scarf was whole again.

I gave him a silver dollar. He asked me to hold it. I did so.

"Have you it?" he said, through an interpreter.

"Yes," I replied.

I knew I had it because I felt it in my closed hand. He told me to open my hand. There was a round piece of ivory in my hand the size of the dollar. He next took one of my rings, and changed it from a handkerchief to a lead pencil of my own that I was holding suspended between my index fingers. I asked him how he did all these things and many others. He said, "Goeli does it."

I am sure Goeli did do it.

April 18th.

Here is an experience I had on Sunday. You will remember my telling you yesterday that I took Jack with me, and that he was not much accustomed to prowling around. Well, I didn't tell you what a lot of trouble Jack made me—I thought I wouldn't—but I know of no better way to illustrate a feeling of jealousy between the Arabs and Turks. I piloted Jack around very well on my passports until I came to the high board protection to the "Street in Cairo." It was guarded most carefully by Arabs, and they would not allow anyone to pass—not even Major Handy! And the guard said, too, that Major Handy was almost the World's Fair itself. The Arabs cared not. He could not come in. It looked bad for Jack. As my passport opened the gate for me to go in, I told Jack to stand just inside, and I would see the manager personally and get permission. I noticed a peculiar expression on Jack's face. It did not strike me as at all important. Jack's face does have peculiar expressions sometimes. It took time and perseverance for me to get permission, and dear! dear! when I returned there was the greatest tumult down there by the gate. Those Arabs were all talking and gesticulating and hopping around Jack.

And Jack's peculiarly triumphant expression—that intimated to me when I left him that he would show me a thing or two—had changed to one of mystified perplexity. It seemed that the red fez, worn by some of those dressed up Arabs reminded Jack of one of his own that he wears on certain occasions. Then he remembered that tucked away in one of his pockets was a badge emblematic of an ancient order to which he belongs—a badge composed of a scimitar, two tiger claws, the head of a sphinx and the star of the Orient or Maltese cross, or

something. And poor Jack, too, did not know the difference between a Turk and an Arab. With a mental pat on his own back for his brilliant thought, out came the badge, which he fastened to his watch chain. Those Arabs recognized it immediately. They swarmed around him, but they were not as glad to see him as he expected them to be. They jabbered at him, they stormed at each other, they danced around until he could not tell whether they were going to throw him over the fence or jump over it themselves and get out of his way. Anyhow, they had some kind of fire in their eyes, and Jack commenced to wonder where was the link in the Mystic Shrine that made brethren of these men of the East. Certainly there must be a "degree" beyond the one brought back by the late "Billy" Florence. Explanations followed, and Jack was made to understand that there are Arabs and Arabs, and the Arabs of Egypt are different from the Arabs of Arabia. And with that badge these Arabs thought that all his sympathies were necessarily given to the Turks across the way.

Over in the Woman's Building the work grinds on. Everybody is busy, busy. It will take mighty good housekeeping to make things shine May 1st. They say they will do it, and of course they will.

By the way, my head is in a sort of a whirl about art. I must study it up. I don't mind confessing to you that I thought that I knew something about it. I thought so until yesterday, and then changed my mind after I had hung over a railing for an hour trying to cling to my conceit.

I cannot understand that picture of Miss Cassatte's. Of course it is art. Parisians do not hesitate to say that Miss Cassatte is the greatest woman artist that America has ever sent over there. In the first place, while studying

the delicate and refined decorations around the gallery in the Woman's Building I was startled by the heavy colors up in the south end, which seemed out of all harmony. And then came the revelation to me of what one artist woman's idea must be of the advancement or stride woman has made. Woman's first struggle—as shown by the first section of this great allegorical story in oil—is a scramble through the air without any clothes and without any very graceful outlines provided by nature.

Rushing after her in mad haste to get out of the way of five fowls—they were too big for ducks and not the right shape for geese—were three women in bare feet and aprons. The fowls could have the benefit of no name, but those feet were feet. There was no mistaking that.

Someone said it represented woman in her flight from restraint. She certainly took a bold jump and deserved a better fate than is shown in the final section. The middle section showed a tree of knowledge with a lot of women gathering the knowledge. For the life of me I could not see from that railing whether this knowledge was apples or "jacque-roses." It must have been roses, for no tree of knowledge of which I've heard can produce so many apples. After that desperate flight from the feathered kingdom in the first section, and the hard work of climbing ladders for knowledge in the second, the great goal attained in the third and final was only banjo playing and skirt dancing.

The ladies speak kindly of this picture, and are in hopes that harmony will be produced or harshness subdued by the hanging of other pictures. And they say, too, that the picture can be looked at in several different ways; that it must not be criticised from the standpoint of an ordinary picture. It is not in harmony with the other exquisite

decorations, and the artist herself said: "How very, very bad for my picture."

The mistake evidently was in Miss Cassatte attempting to marry nature to decorative art. Nature is all right, but everybody knows that it can swear at things dreadfully when it comes in contact with decorative art. To paint this picture Miss Cassatte went into the country out of doors and built a glass studio. She posed her models on nature's green grass and took the skies of sunny France for her blues. She did not surround herself with delicate white and gold and discover the necessity of toning down nature a bit. Consequently the critics are filling in all voids where nature has not failed entirely to divorce herself from the delicate and decorative surroundings. Unfortunately, during the rush of the Fair, people will read as they run, and will never stop to give nature what is her due in the family quarrel, nor know which is right nor which is wrong, and the one who made the match will have to take the responsibility—which at present is not flattering to Miss Cassatte's reputation as a great artist. And her reputation was established long before she had that glass studio built out in the sunshine.

So I am going to study art. I must learn how to enjoy these great productions.

The decorations of the building itself are beautiful. As the wife of a very celebrated artist said, in looking at it, "It is so ladylike." It is ladylike. It is too bad to have a painting with boldness for its only recommendation destroy any of the effect.

April 20th.

To be or not to be systematic is the question with me just now. I've a sneaking sort of a conviction that one or the other is all wrong. Common sense told me several days ago that the thing to do was to map out a plan for the day before starting for the Exposition. Each day I have systematically laid out a line of investigation and so far the line for the first day has not been checked off. I looked over the list yesterday. It worried me. I will start early and accomplish something. I would make a bee-line for the exhibit from Ceylon. I left the train at the nearest entrance to this exhibit so not to be tempted to loiter on my way through the grounds. A lot of people who had alighted from the train with me seemed to be unable to get out of my way, so I made some desperate jumps across a muddy road to the other side. That settled it. I brought up at the entrance to Buffalo Bill's camp of the nations. I went in just for a minute, though I saw "Positively No Admittance" over the gateway. I never thought of Ceylon again, and neither would you.

It was dinner-time in the camp, and everybody was over in the eating tent, said a man at the gate. To see people of all nations eating together would be interesting. I turned involuntarily toward the eating tent.

A man was leaning against a tree who looked as if he could tell me everything I wanted to know. It was the steward. He said they were all rather disorganized as yet, but to come right in. He lifted a canvas curtain, and we were in the kitchen. At the left was a long dining-room with several tables and plates for about a hundred and twenty-five people. It was the dining-room prepared for the Indians, who were expected at 2:15. We went to

the right, and there were ten long tables at which were seated the people of "all nations." There was a cowboy band at one table, at the next the cowboy rough-riders. Then came the Mexican soldiers and the American soldiers—a detachment of the Sixth Cavalry on a furlough —at the fifth table. On the other side of the tent at the farther table were the English soldiers — the Lancers, formerly of the Prince of Wales' Regiment. Then came the German soldiers, and between them and the French soldiers were the Russians—the Cossacks from Caucasia. The Arabs came next, and in the same part of the tent the men belonging to the business staff were dining.

We returned to the kitchen. If the Humane Society could have seen that menu, and the food prepared for the expected Indians! Never again would they bother about the way Buffalo Bill feeds his Indians, or other people entrusted to his care.

The savory odor made me hungry. Just as I was wishing they would invite me to dinner, the curtain lifted, and Colonel Cody—the famous Buffalo Bill—walked in, and I was invited to dinner. On one side was a small table set for two or three. Colonel Cody spoke to a pleasant-faced little woman who came forward, and whom he introduced as Mamma Whittaker. Mamma Whittaker is everybody's mamma. She takes care of all the 400 people —gives them medicine, ties up scratches, bandages up sprains, takes care of the wardrobes, and has been with the company for ten years. She has a diploma as a physician. Everybody calls her "Mamma," and she calls them "Dear." While we were eating our dinner, she was called away several times to listen to the wants and woes of different ones. After dinner, we started out to make some calls in the camp. The first one was on the Russian prince—Prince Macharadze. He could not speak a word

of English, but his manners were those of a prince. In London he received a great deal of attention. He was entertained by the Prince of Wales, and also presented to Queen Victoria, which, of course, established his social position. He wore the Cossack costume, with a row of cartridges across his chest. There are about twenty-five soldiers in the different companies of the nations, and their tents are pitched as when they are in service for their own countries. Sitting Bull's tepee, or log-hut, has been brought here, and near it stands the old Treasury coach—the same one that "Calamity Jane" brought into Deadwood with the driver dead by her side and two passengers killed on the inside.

I was particularly anxious to make one call, and that was on Columbus and Isabella. They had arrived during the night. They are two little buffaloes. As we arrived at the inclosure, I heard Colonel Cody ask the man if there was any danger. He said, "No." This man is John Higby, and he ought to know. He has taken care of buffaloes for thirty years. And, by the way, he is a partner of the famous stage driver, Hank Monk, who said to Horace Greeley, in his ride through the mountains: "Keep your seat, Horace; I'll git you there on time."

He said "No," but I noticed that he took a long two-tined pitchfork in his hands and went with us. I climbed up on the side of the stall rail to look at the baby buffalo, and pay my respects to Columbus first. Columbus' buffalo mother did not like it. Before I had time to any more than see that Columbus was of a most fashionable tan color, she made a bound for me, and I never stopped to admire those fast-becoming-extinct bisons of the prairies. I rushed out of the gate and into another danger. A cowboy was bounding through the air on the

back of a mad and unmanageable pony. It was as dangerous to run one way as the other. So I stood still and said my prayers, expecting every minute to be lifted from my feet from the back and trampled underfoot in front. Colonel Cody and John Higby, however, did not seem very much alarmed. As nothing happened, we went on to see Isabella. I looked through a window at her, and her buffalo mother seemed to know that I could not hurt her baby from the window. No one but John Higby can go very near the buffaloes with safety.

We walked around the immense arena and watched the cowboys and Mexicans train their ponies for a little while. None of the soldiers drilled, though it is usually a part of the day's programme. General Miles and the regular army officers are very much interested in studying the military tactics of other countries, and are frequent visitors to the arena.

And then we went back to one of the tents and waited for the arrival of the Indians. While we were sitting there, ten Arabs, with their "Sheik," came to call on us. These Arabs are from Morocco, in the northwestern part of Africa, and are very different from the Arabs in the Midway Plaisance. They have a high social position in their own country. Their costumes are very handsome, and they are all exquisitely neat in appearance. It is their religion to be so. They never pray if there is a particle of dirt on them. To pray is their life. They are all athletes. Two of them were of immense stature, and it is nothing for them to carry the ten men on their shoulders, one above the other. There is a dervish with them. He can "twist"—whirl around—for an hour. They say that he is asleep in five minutes and whirls in an unconscious state after that. When he regains consciousness, he tells them of the beautiful land to which he has been. He is

very sacred to the other Arabs. They were all waiting very anxiously for the arrival of the Indians. The interpreter told them that an Indian could ride and run a horse without any saddle. They said they could do that also, and were quite inclined to be jealous of this one accomplishment of the Indian.

The interpreter has traveled a great deal, and has lived in this country. He visits his people in Morocco very often. He is one of thirty children. His father has four wives. His mother has fourteen children, and for this reason his father thinks more of her than of his other wives. There are eight women here with these Morocco Arabs, all closely veiled. I've been promised a glimpse of their faces—there were too many men around for this yesterday.

April 22nd.

I've checked off one day's work on that itinerary of mine. It's checked, but it has been almost the death of me.

You will remember I told you the other day that I was not quite sure whether I ought or ought not to plan out these trips to the Exposition grounds. I was not certain about it for the reason that several days had gone by, and so far the plans for the first day's trip had not been carried out. And each day I had tried religiously and fell by the wayside—tempted by the many thousand wonders that were always this side of my objective point. But that itinerary of mine was keeping me awake o' nights.

Yesterday, rain or shine, I would look up Ceylon. It was not rain, and it was not shine. It was wind and snow, but last night I made the check against "Ceylon exhibit," and tore up my itinerary. I've decided that system is a

crime. Not an unpardonable one, but a crime, just the same, for the next six months.

If you try to do this Fair systematically, the fates will laugh at you. Fate was not satisfied with laughing at me, but at last conspired with the elements, and we had a great battle. Sometimes I was ahead, but oftener they were. I came out alive, but a wreck and a warning to anyone who decides beforehand as to what he will see first. Just take my advice, and stop at the first thing to which you come. You will never be amiss. One thing does not excel another, it only differs.

As for me, and that itinerary, I not only fought the elements, but I fought the guards; I fought the officers, and in my determination to make that check, I stand this morning responsible for broken rules, broken umbrella, broken disposition, and willing to take an oath that every bone in my body is cracked, if not broken.

I had a hazy idea that the Ceylon Building was near the German Building, and knew that one time I had walked by the Manufactures Building after passing the German Building, and that I had seen across the way the Administration Building. Consequently it was an easy thing to take, as my starting point, the Administration Building.

I found myself, after various and appalling jigs with the wind, and innumerable baths in mud, at the wrong end of the Manufactures Building.

That building may be a wonder to look at, but 1,687 feet of additional walking in the snow and mud! And such a wind as swept down that Palisade. I looked in the windows as my breath floated away on an extra blast, and thought once more of how much I could get out of those wonderful exhibits which are being rapidly unpacked—but no. Wind or no wind, snow or no

snow, breath or no breath, it was Ceylon, and nothing but Ceylon should my pencil jot down.

I fought on. As I reached the end, the Government Building loomed up with another temptation. There was a finish there and an "all ready" sort of an appearance. The wind itself seemed determined that I should go there. Then I met a friend, who said:

"Don't think of passing by the Government Building without going in. The floors are all spotlessly clean, and the exhibits in good shape to study. Ceylon is on the lake-front, and not quite finished, and——"

I would not listen. Ceylon or nothing. I went through mud that looked deep, and turned out to be shallow. I went through mud that looked shallow, and was much more than deep. A guard said:

"You know a British flag, don't you? Well, the next building is the German one, then comes Ceylon."

I could not see the British flag. Either the wind had destroyed it, or the Britishers were afraid it would do so. I floundered around New South Wales, and became all mixed up as to the north or the south end of the German Building. Just as I found the north end, the wind took my umbrella, flying wrongside out, to the south end. A workman rescued it, and started me on. I brought up back of the Ceylon Building.

I did not have to ask. It was easy enough to see that it was Ceylon on account of the exquisitely-carved columns. They were hand-work, and of the woods brought from the island. I have noticed them in the dainty booths that the nations are erecting in the Woman's Building, and here and there and everywhere. In fact, my interest in the Ceylon exhibit had been augmented by these little pagodas that greet you in quiet nooks all over the World's Fair grounds. I had talked with the Cey-

lonese and the Singalese and found that one was the immigrant and one the native. I had discovered that none of us knew what real coffee is, nor what is real tea.

I had learned a lot of things about this country of which we seem to know so little directly. Among other things I had learned that none of the women had been brought to the Fair—only two Tamil women from India. I wanted to know why. I gazed for a little while at beautifully-carved ebony columns, then went around in front to see the commissioner, who could tell all about it.

He had been called away to attend to some important business, and would not be back again! The workmen could tell me nothing more than I could see. I did not weep. I'll go again. It is worth all I endured from wind and snow and mud. America is going to realize the industries of that little country.

As I turned to retrace my steps, one of the workmen advised me to go down a stone walk to escape the mud. He said it was a little farther, but a much better way, and I could not cross the island—it was not allowed. That island would save me two-thirds of the distance, and I was ready for another fight. The snow and the wind had increased to a fifty-mile rate, and the guard at the bridge was being sheltered by a board which said: "No Thoroughfare."

He did not see me until I had passed him. He rushed after me as if his life was at stake. He said:

"You cannot pass here; I have strict orders."

"Have you orders to shoot?"

"No-o."

"Then don't speak to me until you get that order. That is the only thing that will stop me—and I am not sure that will. I might as well die by being shot as to go around that distance and then die."

"I have orders not even to allow——"

I went on. The poor guard was avenged. I found I had not known before what mud is. There's a reason for those orders about the island. It is black, black mire, that will eventually come out magnificent landscape gardening. If you value your life, do not fail to respect the orders which those guards have received.

April 26th.

Yesterday, I became one of the 60,000 people who are to be known to the numerous Lord High Chancellors—collectively high, and individually very much higher—of the World's Fair, by number. I had my photograph taken for a pass, and my number is way up in the thousands. This number was written on a black slate in large white figures, and whether my face comes out a thing of beauty or not, I know that number will be a credit to the art of photography. The slate was held in my hand, gracefully poised against the waist of a new spring suit. I thought of objecting, and had a latent desire to see what shape my wind-tossed bangs were in. While I was waiting for the spirit of my womanhood to rise and come to the front, the executioner snapped a spring and cried "Next," and the deed was done. I thought of my favorite photographer, who varies the positions, and takes several different negatives, and sends you proofs from which to make a selection; but I saw no preparations for a second sitting for me this time. The other fellow was already in the chair, with his slate in front of him. That crushed spirit was just gathering courage to suggest a view of the other and best side of my head, when I overheard the man at the book say:

"What's that? That man got a duplicate order? What's that for?"

"Oh, I don't know. I guess he's mashed on himself."

Spirit and courage subdued, I meekly asked if I could see a proof. The man said:

"No, the pictures are all right. They come out remarkably fine, considering we are taking a thousand and more a day."

And all summer long, and for the next six months, I must show this pass and acknowledge that this fine picture, "considering" this head that is looming up from behind a black slate, is myself! Vanity! vanity! how we are punished!

They did say that the slate will not show. For the rest I'm only one in 60,000, and I will rather enjoy making some of those men at the gates look up my number once in a while.

They were a great nuisance yesterday. The permanent men went on duty in place of the Guards who have been taking tickets, and they put all comers and goers through the drill with themselves. You could go in at the small gates, but you had to go out with the horses at the large gates. Some objected, but it made no difference. They said there would be no horses going out after the Fair was opened. Between now and then the horses would not hurt them.

I wanted to go to the Manufactures Building. When I came out of the official photographer's, I saw it directly in front of me, across the island. I had had some experience with that island, but the mud is a thing of the past, and the Guards are wisely blind at my ignoring the "No Thoroughfare" signs.

They leave me to my fate, which is unerring. This time fate brought me almost to the door of the Manufactures

Building, at the end of a bridge, but with a seven or eight-railed fence in front of me. It was climb that fence in full view of several hundred people or walk an endless ways around to get off the island respectably. I climbed the fence. The photograph had prepared me for emergencies. I saw some — several smiles. I did it as gracefully as I could. But, like the photograph, it was "considering"—the consideration was a bell skirt. It compelled me to jump from the top and almost knocked the breath out of a workman. He said:

"Mein Gott! you vas mit a hurry."

The Manufactures Building is a fair, two fairs in itself. I am afraid that America will come out second best in point of attractiveness in the exhibits. I hate to say it, too. And it is early to make such an assertion. And please remember that I say in point of attractiveness. The exhibits, as I caught glimpses of different things under covers, are something superb. One gentleman from Paris represents 125 different firms in bronze statuary, brass and crystal art works and ceramiques. In an exhibit of fine toys from Nuremberg there is a painting by William Ritter that is a wonderful reproduction of the city, and as a work of art there will be nothing finer at the Fair. It represents a market square, with the people in costumes of the sixteenth century. I had to climb over boxes and bundles, and plaster, and horses and wagons to get to it, but I would have been willing to have gone over the top of the building if I could have the view in no other way.

It is very evident that Germany is sparing no expense or trouble to show the world at this fair what it can do. It goes without saying that they were barred out of the Paris Exposition in 1889. In fact, the feeling against the Germans was so intense at that time that even a café which

sold beer under its true name was sure to fail, as was proved by the failure of one proprietor who attempted it. He fitted up an elegant place, and hung out the name of a favorite beer, and in six weeks was obliged to sell out. His successor was wiser. He sold the same beer, but called it "Bock." In a month he was obliged to rent additional rooms to accommodate his patronage. Then, at the Vienna fair some years before, Germany had no opportunity on account of the six weeks' Austro-Prussian war. This is really her first appearance. She is filling lots of space with conscientious work. The Manufactures Building, even with its confusion of boxes, men, horses, and preparation, seems to lose none of its wonderful magnitude. Would it be possible to fill it?

April 28th.

I saw a most remarkable thing yesterday. Through it I discovered that the most important language in the world is the sign language. I stood on one of the pretty bridges which cross the lagoon, when an Arab, a Cossack, a German, a Frenchman, and an Indian from Colonel Cody's camp of the nations came on to the bridge and stopped also, to view the exquisite scene. Those men from five different nations stood silently for a few minutes. As gondolas and electric launches came in sight they carried on a regular conversation with gestures. It is always said that two-thirds of a foreigner's thought is expressed by his gestures, and I have seen the Sioux Indians in their arguments against wrongs done them by the white men express themselves most graphically with their hands and arms, but I never before realized that with gestures conversation could be carried on in five different languages

at one time. There was no doubt about each one of these men understanding each other perfectly. In fact, there was another language added to the five.

Their gestures were, also, most excellent English—I understood it. They did not approve of the costumes worn by the men in the gondolas. The Venetians were not in their native costumes, neither did the boats have up their awnings. The gondoliers were standing up to use the oars or paddles, and were dressed in ordinary European costume. This quintet on the bridge had evidently seen gondoliers before, and knew what the correct costume should be. The electric launch was a great puzzle to them, and as they tried to explain it to each other, the whole five were gesturing at the same time as rapidly as if they were using the deaf and dumb language. They would rush from one side of the bridge to the other, and seem determined to solve the mystery before the launch would get out of sight. It was more difficult to understand what they thought of the fairy scene. That was not expressed with the hands. From their faces, however, I judged that they approved of it.

There's no doubt about those Arabs being over here to make money. They look on the curious Americans as their prey. If you don't give them a coin every time they smile at you, your credit will be ruined. My credit is gone entirely with one of them, but I had to have some kind of a revenge for a scare that he gave me. He did not mean to frighten me, but I'm not used to Arabs—real Arabs—and their ways, like the "heathen Chinee," are sometimes peculiar. I was passing serenely through the street in Cairo when I met a red-cheeked Arab who asked, with the most enticing smile, if I would not like to see the donkeys and camels. Being out for seeing all I could, of course I said "Yes." He said, with great satisfaction:

"Then come this way." I went his way. His English was very good, but his way was over bricks, mortar, and mud way beyond the "street," but inside the inclosure. As we paddled on I felt a little lonesome, but thought I was in for it, and would go on. An Arab escort will make one feel peculiar. The feeling increased as my "donkey boy" opened a door and stepped into a stable filled with donkeys and camels. He pointed proudly to the row of donkeys, and said:

"Dees one is Yanka Dooda."

I admired them as much as I could, but another Arab loomed up from a corner, and where I was only lonesome before, my knees knocked together now with fear. He was not handsome. He was black and smiling, and kept pointing to a black bag he held in his hand. My escort said he wanted a little something because he took care of the donkeys.

I did not want to take out my pocketbook there among the donkeys, camels and Arabs. I did not know which was the most dangerous. I backed toward the door and gently pushed it open. Arab No. 2 shut it. My pocketbook lost all value to me. I was willing he should have it, or so could the camels or the donkeys, to get out of there and back to a spot where I had some friends. I took it out of my pocket and emptied what would go out into the outstretched hand, and was out of the door with a bound. My escort came with me, smiling as ever, and was very chatty, but out in the air once more, my courage returned and I determined that he should not have one cent. He did not ask for it. I stayed there in the village an hour or more after that, and every time I turned around I saw that donkey boy hovering near, and I knew what it meant. I knew, but I saw him not. Finally, with some friends, I

started toward the gates, busily talking. I heard a voice calling, "Ladee! ladee! ladee!" I looked back. There was my Arab running after me. He said, as he came up all out of breath:

"Please do not forgetta donkey boy."

"No," I said sweetly, "I'll never forget you as long as I live.

And I never will.

April 29th.

Yesterday seemed a day of miracles at the Fair grounds. I had to pinch myself several times to see if I was awake, and was really myself, and this was really Chicago.

In the first place, there was a genuine Indian ceremony performed in Colonel Cody's camp of the nations that was not laid down in the programme. "Curley," the Crow Indian scout, straggled through the gates, having come all the way from Western wilds to attend the World's Fair. When he found that his old enemies, the Sioux, were domiciled in the grounds, he turned indignantly to go away. But Colonel Cody would not so have it. He called the Indians together, and, with "Curley" by his side, he told them that much peace was afloat just now between all nations, and that long ago war was over between the red man and the white man, and so must all trouble between the red men depart. He said many more things about the "Messiah" and the "happy hunting grounds" for them, and the pleasure it would give the White Father at Washington to know that harmony reigned throughout the land.

He said enough to have broken up the calm of those stoical hearts. However the hearts felt, the Indians—

over a hundred Sioux and one solitary Crow---stood there with immovable countenances. Not one raised his eyes or voice. Finally Colonel Cody took a hatchet and stuck it in the ground, and called "Rain-in-the-Face" to him.

"Rain-in-the-Face" was prominent in the Custer fight as a leader of the Uncopopo Sioux. Then "Buffalo Bill" commenced again.

It is difficult to tell just what he said, but "Curley" and "Rain-in-the-Face" knelt, and in a minute the hatchet was out of sight. The two Indians, who have been such deadly enemies for years, arose. One hand held the blanket across the breast. Right hand met right hand, and with a grunt, peace was declared, and war was buried in Chicago sand.

"Rain-in-the-Face" and "Curley" were made the guests of honor at a clam-bake, to which Sir William Morgan, Sir Henry Lang, Mr. Charles Lang, Mr. Morgan-Morgan, and Lacelles Carr, the English journalists, had been invited.

The next scene I struck was the American Turks, or "Mystic Shriners," on their way to the dedication of the Turkish mosque. I had to wait for them to pass. There must have been fifteen hundred of them. An elderly lady stood by my side. She said:

"It seems to me those Turks are very fair—they look almost like Americans."

"They are Americans," I replied.

"There, I knew it! I told my husband these foreigners would turn out to be frauds—just men dressed up to look like people from other countries."

I tried to explain to her that the Mystic Shrine was a secret order, to which only Masonic members could belong, but she was enveloped in a haze, and drew me into

it more or less as to the possibility of Americans and Turks having anything in common in the dedication of a mosque.

The ceremonies inside the mosque were very impressive, so I was told afterwards, but of course no women were allowed to go in. It was all those Turks could do to keep American women out, but they succeeded after a fashion. As in their own country, a latticed balcony or window was prepared where women could look out and see men passing to and fro. But women are not necessary to the soul of a Turk when he offers his devotions.

It struck me that some of those "Shriners" were not very necessary to the dedication. This solemn and serious ceremony of the Turks seemed to strike them as a huge joke. While I sat waiting to see the man—the ulema—come out on the minaret to give the signal for prayer, the band was playing "The Bowery," and "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking," and "Boom-de-ay."

Some Arabs came sauntering along into the village, but they were sent out flying.

Over in the Egyptian temple there was disgust enough to create war. Professor Demetrius Mosconas said he could not understand such sacrilege. He said America sends people to the Mohammedans to teach them Christianity, and then the Mohammedans come to this country and the Americans join in with them to dedicate their mosque and pray to Mohammed. He said:

"It is terrible, terrible! I am a thirty-second-degree Mason, but I cannot take the hand of a man who can so defile his religion."

Just then some curious "Shriners" came sauntering into the temple and laughed at the hieroglyphics which compose the decorations of the walls. The Professor's eyes flashed fire, and he gave orders to admit no more men

wearing the red fez. Everything is coming out in readiness for the Monday opening in the temple, and Americans will be carried back thousands of years in their learning. Everything in the temple is an exact reproduction of the ancient one in Egypt. The mummies have been put together in good shape after their rough voyage. Rameses II. is minus one foot, but it will be fastened into position and look none the worse for travel.

King Solomon's sister has a startling head of hair for a woman who has been dead so many thousand years, but it does not look like the kind that changes with age.

The temple is a weird place, and I felt almost as if Thi himself were wandering around in the gloom. Professor Demetrius is preparing an address to President Cleveland in hieroglyphics. At the entrance are some obelisks with an ode to America in hieroglyphics carved in the wood.

In passing down the "Street in Cairo" after leaving the temple, I heard the most unearthly music floating from a latticed window. It was where the women stay. Having been there several times, I decided I would investigate. I went up the stairs and found the dancing girls having a full-dress rehearsal. This dance—the "Nautch girl dance"—became famous during the Paris Exposition—famous in the English-speaking world. It was taken up by French soubrettes, and has been attempted by Americans, but has never been successfully imitated. It seems to be a dance of the flesh and muscles. The dresses worn are in the style of the dress worn by Marie Jansen in the "Oolah"—her dress was copied from these Arabian costumes. The girls wear no corsets, and it is only fleshy or very plump girls who can be called good dancers. The dancing is done entirely with the waist, stomach, and shoulders. The feet have very little to do aside from stepping time to the music.

April 30th.

Three processions in one day, and the crowd never thinned out nor lost its voice. In fact, its courage and strength seemed to increase as time went on. It was not so very sure of itself at the great arrival—was not sure whether it was very respectful or very disrespectful to greet enthusiastically a real live duke. And was not sure whether it ought to cheer him or to hurrah for Columbus.

It finally did both.

It was not at all undecided about a president of the United States, however. Not one of them but knew him. They knew him. They discovered him. They made him, and he was one of 'em. The yells went up instantaneously. And President Cleveland was one of them. Winds might blow cold, and the air might be filled with tiny icy particles, which meant snow, but the silk tile never hesitated in its desertion of the head that even nature had failed to provide with a protection against Chicago climate. With hat in hand, smiles and bows were scattered to the right and to the left.

The only protection the bare head had was a white patch which covered a cut. The patch had been adjusted by careful physicians in New York after an accident caused by permitting President Cleveland to ride in a rickety carriage, with an "ordinary hackman" as driver.

Gracious! What a pow-wow there would have been in New York if the president had bumped his head on an old hack that was a Chicago production! What if Chicago had placed at the disposal of the president of the United States a hack-carriage with an iron bar protruding from the half-open top and a driver who did not even notice the fact? For the next six months it would have been told with big headlines what terrible death-traps

were all Chicago carriages, and that there was not a driver in all the city with whom a human life would be safe. But we—we say nothing. We are too generous to ever remind New York that this piece of carelessness happened there.

To return to those processions. At 2 o'clock, for the third one, the crowd was thicker than ever. Some of them knew what they were waiting for, but more of them did not. The latter could not understand why so large a crowd should wait so long and so patiently for a bell. They waited because the rest did, but they wanted to know what kind of a bell it was. Was it a new kind of an electric bell? Were they anxious to see it because it was such a big one? Was it silver—was it gold? Then some one said, with quiet disdain:

"Surely you ought to know all about the bell that rung out our liberty."

An instant of silence, then curiosity won:

"Liberty? What liberty? Wasn't we always free?" was asked.

Just then a horseman came in sight. Then came forty-four mounted policemen with their leaders, a band of music, some soldiers, then the bell.

And the pushing and eager crowd saw the famous bell —the bell that "proclaimed liberty throughout all the land," the bell that is so sacred to the American public that it is guarded in this journey by sheriffs, police and soldiers of two cities; that was escorted to-day by the mayors of both—the crowd saw the bell come down the avenue decorated with flowers drawn by some magnificent black horses and resting on a white truck that told you in gilt letters all around its sides what kind of soap to use.

Alack and alas that liberty should come to this. Some one said that though the soap was probably all it claimed

to be, the letters had been covered when the bell left the depot, but a slight accident had disarranged the decorations.

The crowd being out for the day, followed on to the Exposition. It evidently has made up its mind to be a critical crowd. It rehearsed its part at every point. On the train, it was a weeping shame that some had to stand. It asked the conductor if this was the way it was going to be all summer. The conductor thought it would be a great deal worse. It thought so, too. A boy came through the car with a little poem printed on a pink card. He placed the cards in the laps of those sitting down, and in the hands of those standing up. The poem was not very musical, smooth, or well-measured, but it told that the boy was a cripple. He had lost his arm, and had a mother to support, and he knew of no other way. The crowd all decided that the boy was a fraud, and that his arm was, of course, under his coat. The boy, after getting to the end of the car, returned to gather up the cards or their equivalent. One woman decided that perhaps the boy was not a fraud. She asked him if his arm was gone entirely. He said nothing, but moved the fragment left in the sleeve. She gave him 25 cents.

The crowd did not like it. It flashed its eyes at such bold encouragement of imposition. When the conductor came through again, it said:

"Is this thing going to keep up all summer?"

"What thing?" asked the blue-coat, impatiently.

"Why, that boy there. He is going through the car begging."

"Well, I guess not. No beggars allowed on these trains," said brass-buttons.

The woman who gave the boy 25 cents said:

"The boy is not begging. He has a little poem for sale. No one is obliged to buy it."

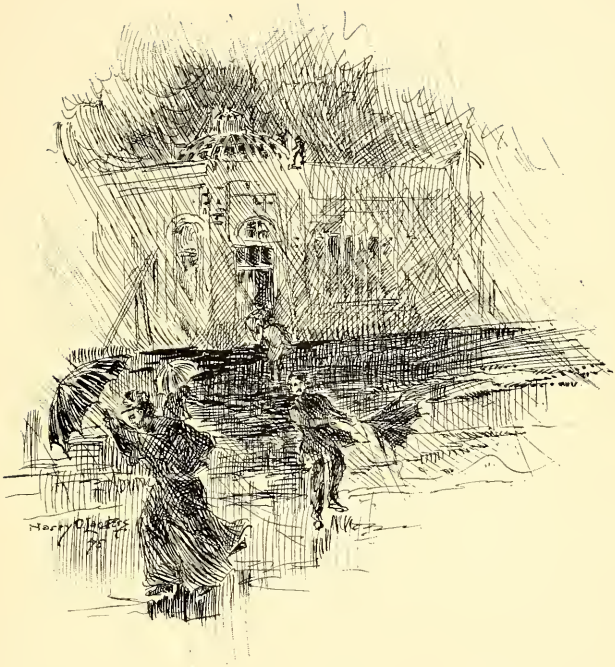
The crowd flashed its eye again and said:

"It's the same as begging, and if the Fair starts in this way we will be bothered to death all summer."

And the boy had to get off the train.

Then the crowd objected to going down-stairs and under elevated tracks to get to the entrance gates. It said that it was a burning disgrace—it seemed a wet one, but it said burning — that, after two years or more to work in, that railroad company at the last minute should compel people to wade through all that mud to get to the Fair; that clothes were ruined and all enjoyment gone by the terrible confusion and litter on the outside. Then the straw that broke the back of the crowd was the fact that none of the buildings were open to the public, and the Fair so near.

And then the crowd forgot to grumble. There was the president going into the Woman's Building. And it was repaid for all its hardships, and the mud and the disappointments. It had never expected to see the president so near. And the Fair was, after all, the greatest thing the world had ever known. Then the rain commenced to fall. The crowd cheerfully raised its umbrella and went its way.



"Fate and the Elements Join Hands."

MAY.

MAY.

May 2d.

It was a great day!

I've been trying for some time to get that sentence off my pencil. My ideas are in a dreadful haze. But I know it was a great, a very great day. It was people everywhere. Thank goodness, there can be but one opening day! And yet it was the people, and the people only, who completed the picture to make it the most wonderful ever seen in Chicago. That picture! Will I ever forget it!

In looking down into the rotunda from one of the balconies of the Administration Building, I saw a panorama that will probably never be seen again in Chicago, or in the world, after this Fair is over. It was the passing by of people from all the corners of the earth. They seemed to be wandering around, strayed from the struggling mass outside, and waiting with the rest for the signal which would say that the wheels of the Fair of '93 were in motion. It was hard to tell whether at all times they were personages of high degree, but if gorgeousness of apparel is any criterion, many a throne is vacant just now.

The costumes of three Coreans were the most remarkable. They wore broad brimmed hats, with small high crowns that were made of a thin black material. Their boots looked like blocks of wood four inches high, which were held to the feet with high boot-tops of leather. The foot—perhaps on account of the high block—seemed half the length of the ordinary foot. The hats and boots of

these three grandees were exactly alike, but the costumes differed in color. One wore a long pale blue silk robe, with dark silk outer garment; the other, yellow satin, with navy-blue mantle; and the third was dressed in pale green silk, with dark gauze overdress. Their attendant wore a long black mantle, a peculiar little black cap, and up-to-date patent leather shoes. I don't know whether he was a private secretary or an ambassador.

A Chinaman passed by soon after with a pale blue silk quilted skirt, dark maroon silk jacket, yellow stockings, white shoes, and a queue that hung nearly to his heels. It was a wonder that he had passed through the crowd without having someone cut it off. Our bad boys must be on their best behavior.

Then there were bright red costumes, with gold embroideries adorning Egyptians, and there were red-coated soldiers, and there were dark blue uniforms. It was a constantly changing scene as they passed from one door to another.

Finally there came about seventy-five Sioux Indians on their way to the top of the building. They were in gala attire in honor of the day. By the way, their gala costume and their costume when on the warpath is the same. They had come over from the camp of the nations to view the scene. Major Burke was with them.

I followed on up the stairs, irresistibly drawn by these only genuine Americans, and meanwhile wondering if Duke Veragua has seen as yet just what his ancestor, Columbus, did discover.

I followed and came unexpectedly on that picture I spoke of.

Back of me, looking down from the golden dome of the beautiful building, were those Ogallala Sioux Indians, the first and only true Americans. No place had been pre-

pared for them on the platform. Probably there was no thought of them. They stood there a fantastic group of paint, feathers and primitive savagery, clean cut as a cameo against the background of blue sky, little changed in this march of civilization from what they must have been when Columbus first landed on their shore.

Down in front, after 400 years, was another Columbus, responding, at that minute, to the deafening shout that went up from the thousands of voices as the Duke of Veragua was introduced.

He stood there in his rich uniform, by the side of the president of the United States, between that sea of white faces just below and these grim, silent, stoical red men.

Out in front, to the left, to the right, and all around, was what had been accomplished in all these years since those red men were made aware that other worlds existed. On the spot where once was a happy hunting ground, given to them by the Great Spirit, were white palaces. Steam and electric launches were flying around in the grand basin. Golden statuary stood out in triumphant relief against white marble.

And then it was 12 o'clock.

A mysterious button was pressed. Cannons and guns were fired, whistles blew, bells were rung, steamers out in the lake saluted, a roar went up from the 400,000 people as from one voice, and the Fair was open.

May 5th.

One thing was sure—visitors at the Fair show up better in the Midway Plaisance. There's never any doubt over there about people, plenty of them, and more than they know what to do with, being in attendance. In the

Fair grounds proper, it would take all the thousands ever known to old Rome to fill up enough to make a showing. The grounds are so vast and the buildings all so much a world in themselves that 15,000 or 20,000 people are but a handful. Yesterday was an ideal day, and for the first time pretty spring suits took the place of cumbersome umbrellas and mackintoshes. The promenades in all the various directions were gay with the "new" skirts, new colors, and new styles. It is very evident also that these swagger costumes are not all Chicago costumes. Chicago women, with all their independence, hesitate sometimes about wearing stunning things, even if they are elegant. And some of the costumes seen have a most Frenchy look—real Parisian—gay, but in good taste.

These days, guides, guide-book boys, and guards block all the ways. From the time you pass the entrance gates you are besieged with boys to buy a book, "the only official guide-book," or a gray-capped fellow asks you if you want the services of a guide, or a guard blocks the way and says, "You must not go here," or "You must not go there." You pay your money and you take your choice, or you take your choice and you pay no money.

The only blue suits who seem really indifferent to your existence are the ones running the "gospel chariots," as some one has dubbed the rolling chairs. Some of the attendants are theological students, and they do not hesitate with a little encouragement to propound their biblical knowledge. They sit serenely back in the easy chairs, and wait for patronage to come to them. They are alert and willing—unless you weigh too much.

Yesterday a woman, who must have weighed between 200 and 300 pounds, came puffing up, all out of breath, with the exertion of having done some of the Fair on foot. Not one of those fellows was alert then. They

were all reading or busily engaged adjusting some strap, or examining their chairs. She finally halted in front of one of the most slender of them. He suddenly discovered that something was the matter with the back of his collar. She said:

"Young man, do you attend to this chair?"

"Yes, madam," answered he.

"How much is it to go to the Liberal Arts Department in the Manufactures Building?"

"Well," answered the guide, "if you want a guide with the chair it will be 75 cents an hour, and it will take over an hour to go there and back."

"Good gracious! Seventy-five cents an hour to ride in a chair? I guess not."

And she waddled on to the Woman's Building, and sat down on the steps to eat her lunch.

The guide seated himself in his chair and wiped the perspiration from his brow. None of them laughed. There were too many other women of generous avoirdupois standing around.

Everybody stopped to look at a woman—an American—who was riding in a Sedan chair down Midway Plaisance. She was wreathed in smiles. I could not tell whether it was that the sensation was so delightful or whether it was the result of embarrassment for the attention she was attracting. The ride did not seem to be free from jolting, even if the chair was suspended by straps from the springy shoulders of two Egyptians.

Those Dahomeyans are an ugly looking lot of people. It will be a surprise if they do not create war somewhere before they leave Chicago. With a journalist I strolled into their village yesterday. Though they arrived but the day before, their village is nearly completed. It looks something like the Java village, though not so fine. They

were not all at work. Presumably, they have among them people of low degree and those of high degree. The latter were stalking around the grounds with most discontented expressions. I looked at them and wondered if these were the people whom Mrs. French-Sheldon awed into respect by gorgeous toggery. They looked as if they would like to annihilate me. And I did not look so very bad. Finally a big, strapping fellow came up and commenced to motion for my escort and myself to pass on out of the village. We said, "No." He said "Yes." I suppose it was "Yes." It was not English, nor any language that I had ever heard before.

While we were standing our ground—ours for the minute—an interpreter came up and explained to him who we were, and to us that he did not want us to see the village until it was finished. Africus walked away. But he did not like us. The babies in this village and the other villages and the world over are all alike. When they are not old enough to talk they might as well all belong to one race. There's no difference in baby natures. A little toddler here among these savages came up to us to examine our curious—curious to him—wearing apparel. A team of white horses went by and frightened the baby, who was about eighteen months old, and he insisted on being taken up and held in our arms. My confrere took him up. He then refused to be placed on the ground. It looked as if the journalist would have to adopt the little African. His own people were perfectly indifferent to his fright and to his favoritism.

The German village was in full blast with a brass band and hundreds of tables for lunches and beer. They played their own national hymn all right, but they played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," for ours. I suppose it was as a sort of reprimand to us, because we stole the first few

measures of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" from them. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" is a beautiful thing, but it does not jingle well with beer glasses.

May 6th.

You will remember that some one said there were five women who kept their seats the other day when a rising vote was taken to thank Mrs. Potter Palmer for her great work in forwarding the interests of women. The name of only one was given. I asked a prominent member of the Board yesterday if she would tell me the names of the other four who seemed to be enemies of Mrs. Palmer —the one woman to whom the majority of women of all nations are so willing to yield the palm. She said:

"Four? There were four more who had the courage to remain seated and show their colors, but there were a good many more than four standing with the rest who are just as great in their enmity as the one mentioned. They work slyly and maliciously. They are jealous of Mrs. Palmer's conceded ability, of her beauty, of her wealth and of her popularity. Now, don't you go to thinking that this World's Fair has struck a new departure in the feminine nature, and that these so-called representative women are all above the petty jealousies known to the sex.

"These women are women just the same, and some of them are very exaggerated ones. These could not sacrifice themselves to this Fair nor anything else as Mrs. Palmer has done, and they cannot understand in the slightest measure her unselfishness. But that she is most remarkably broad-minded and charitable she would have expressed herself long ago as she did the other day. Miss

——— has the courage of her convictions, and dares to express herself. While I thoroughly understand her deplorable error, I must say I have much more respect for her than I have for these secret enemies who stab in the back and do not even dare to stand openly by themselves."

And the poor woman looked harassed, worried, and worn over the thankless work that is still piling up.

One of the most interesting women around the Woman's Building yesterday was a journalist from Syria. Her card read:

"Mrs. A. Korany, special correspondent of Beyrouth, El Ahwal, and El Fatat."

Her costume is a mixture of the Oriental and European. She says in the prettiest broken English that some of her costumes are "a la mode," but more on account of the climate than for fashion. When the warmer weather comes she will wear her Oriental costumes. She has been in this country but two weeks, and learned our language in her own country. She is keenly alive to everything around her. I am wishing I could read Arabic. It would be very interesting to know what are her impressions of this country and its people. A gentleman who prides himself on a certain suavity of manner, said to her:

"What do you think of Americans as compared with Arabians?"

She looked up archly, and with American comprehensiveness asked:

"American gentlemen—do you mean?"

He replied in the affirmative. She said:

"I compare them not with Syrians. I compare them with the Frenchmen. But when the Frenchman he say 'Bon jour', he say it so smooth, so sweet, so what you call it—. The American he say 'Good day', and he say it

harsh, as if he say it because he must. A Frenchman is courteous because he give pleasure, an American is so because he take pleasure. I know not how to say it very well in your language."

The suave American flashed his polished finger-nails over his mustache, and did not argue the differences with her. He evidently wondered how the little black-eyed Syrian had discovered him so quickly. She wore a black and gold-striped "kaffeeya" on her head in Grecian style. A pink silk 'kerchief around the neck peeped out from under a long mantle and two long black braids of hair down her back mingled with the gold fringe on the "kaffeeya." She has some kind of an exhibit in the Woman's Building, over which she is becoming discouraged because she cannot tell about the location. She says:

"There are so many 'to-morrows' in America. Every day they say they will tell me 'to-morrow.' "

I saw a $3,000-table yesterday. It was from Santa Fe, N. M. The table was made of the metals found in Santa Fe county, and was the design and work of a jeweler in the town. In the center was the Mexican coat-of-arms (the little eagle of Mexico absorbed by that of the United States) in gold, and around it was filigree silver supporting garnets and turquoise and historical pictures engraved on silver plates. A copper band around the top contrasted beautifully with the white silver, rich gold, and jewels. The turquoise found in New Mexico is pronounced by Tiffany to be the best in the market. That in the table is very pure in color and perfect in shape. The garnets are as perfectly cut as the finest rubies, and looked much more like rubies, but Mrs. Bartlett, the lady manager from New Mexico, said they were garnets

In one of the silver plates is a design of the old palace

which is the home of the Governors, and the room where General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur" is plainly visible, or rather the windows of the room are a special feature of the plate. The ladies of Santa Fe take great pride in the table for the reason that it is in material, work, and design the product of their town. The Woman's Board of Trade is a most powerful factor in the town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. It is organized and incorporated to promote any business interest, either for men or women. Mending is done, servants furnished, strangers taken care of, and employment found.

The furnishing of a public library is the great incentive just now, and the town has also turned over to their care the "Plaza." It struck me as I heard Mrs. Bartlett talk of their different interests in her enthusiastic manner that those women of Santa Fe are a most remarkable lot. The results of their labors show in one year that there is the harmony existing there which comes from all working for one great aim: the best interests of their beautiful town.

May 10th.

"Cattle train" — "cow cars" — or what you will, the World's Fair "special" is the most delightful way to go to the Exposition. With the rest of 'em, I have been scorning it and going out on the more exclusive suburban—exclusive because it was higher priced. Most of the time on this train I had hung suspended to the straps by one hand or else been obliged to ride backward. I've been mashed out of all resemblance to myself in getting on trains and pushed to within an inch of my life in getting off. When I did get a seat I was obliged to keep my skirt

lifted from the floor to avoid its dipping into tobacco rivulets that had been deposited there by the poor, tired workingman that was always coming or going at the same time I was, and I don't know of anything I have not suffered on that exclusive double-priced train.

Yesterday morning, just as I turned the corner, my train moved out of the station and left me with fifteen minutes to wait before another train was due. A coach horn in the vicinity blew out the intelligence that a coach would go very soon, but I couldn't stand the pressure of that constantly repeated intelligence all the way out there. I measured the distance over the flag-bedecked viaduct, and thought this once I'll try it. This once! I will never again go any other way. It is simply delightful after the struggles I have had for a month. No pushing, no crowding, no straps on which to hang, no standing up—only as many allowed as can be seated—no conductors, no stops. In twelve minutes from the time you start from Van Buren street you are there. The seats are comfortable, the air pure, and your self-respect preserved when you arrive at the Fair grounds—even if an iron bar has kept you from being jolted out at the side of the car. The waves of the ocean might seem mild in comparison with the waves of the new roadbed, but you don't mind a little thing like that.

You are there safe and sound with no doubt about the entrance where you should have gone and didn't. The "special" makes but one stop, and that is near the Woman's Building, which you can always tell by the angels on the roof. By the way, those angels hovering over that building, with their outspread wings and Columbus turning his back on the rest of the world down there on the lake-front, just because he happened to discover America, always seem to me synonymous. I don't know

why, but I never see one without thinking of the other.

This entrance is very popular with the street venders. Every four feet there are guide books, medals, and photographs for sale, and since the restaurant prices have received so much criticism from the newspapers, you can buy a quarter of a pie, a sandwich, and a bottle of ginger ale "all for twenty-five cents, and not get robbed in the Fair grounds."

Everywhere you hear people complaining about the incompleteness of the exhibits, which is all the perversity of human nature. Everybody wants to see something that is not finished, and do not try to find exhibits that are ready. And there are plenty of them.

Visitors come in from the country for the day, and say most bitter things about the imposition of opening the Fair before it was ready to be seen. If they would devote the time to looking up things that can be seen instead of sitting down on entrance steps to grumble, they would be better satisfied, and not so unjust. Two women were waxing wroth over things in general at the entrance of the Woman's Building—every woman makes a bee-line for that building as soon as she enters the grounds. They condemned the unfinished inside and the debris outside. They had spent their money to come all the way from Indiana, and here was nothing to be seen. It seemed useless to try to help such women out of their dilemma, but I finally told them where they could find more than they could see in one day or two, or two weeks, for that matter. They finally started off with some plans for the day, and with pleasant faces.

Over in the Midway Plaisance there is going to be a "beauty show." Bless you! they don't call it a "beauty show." It is a show got up by some newspaper men, and of course they would not consider it dignified to have the

world know they could be interested in such a trifling thing as beauty. They call it the "International Dress and Costume Exhibit." But they have scoured the world for beauties just the same, to wear these costumes. Yesterday at the door of this exhibit there was a crowd of men trying to get in. Not a woman among them. The doors were locked, and not even a peep could they get at "international costumes." It struck me as being strange that men should be so eager to see costumes of the different nations. I asked the guard why. He said:

"It ain't the costumes. It's the girls—they are beauties. And they are beauties, and don't you forget it. Their managers are awful afraid some other fellow will see 'em. I have just had to fight people all day. They are going to open to-morrow."

May 11th.

It was the first touch of summer at the exposition, and rolling chairs, launches and gondolas were in great demand. In passing by one of the landings it occurred to me it would be an easy and delightful way to escape the heat of the sun to take an electric launch around to La Rabida. I asked the electric "guard" who attends to the moorings:

"How near to La Rabida will one of these launches take me?"

"La-Ra-La, what? I don't think I know what that is," said the guide.

"La Rabida is the convent—the Columbus relics are there. Columbus was a man who discovered America."

"Oh, yes; I have heard of Columbus, of course, but I haven't been here very long."

"Well, the convent is over at the lake end of the Agri-

cultural Building. Do the electric launches go there?"

"The Agricultural Building? Let me see; that is over—"

"Do you know where the Colonnade is?"

"No, I don't."

"Ever hear of the grand basin, the gold statue, the lagoon?"

"Oh, yes; this is the lagoon."

"Well, how long will it be before a launch will come along?"

He went out to the edge of the landing and looked up the lagoon. Then he jerked out, "In three-quarters of a minute." He was provoked about something. It may have been because I wanted to know so much; it may have been for a latent discovery of a lack of knowledge on his part, or it may have been because Dora had been sort of laughing at something. You see I had Dora with me, and Dora laughs easily. She is just as likely to laugh where she ought to cry, and I did not see anything to laugh at any more than this electric guard did. We sat down on a pile of lumber to wait the three-quarters of a minute. It was three-quarters, and several more. The guard said the warm weather had come unexpectedly. They would have the whole fifty-two launches running soon. But only about half the number had been necessary until now, and they were very busy, and could not keep up the time. One came soon after that. As we were stepping in Dora asked me how much the round trips were. I said, "Twenty-five cents in the Director General's schedule, but in the launches they are fifty cents." The captain, or the man who takes the money, heard me. He smiled, and charged us twenty-five cents a piece to La Rabida. Just afterward a man handed him $1 and said: "Administration Building—for two." The Administra-

tion Building is considerably this side of La Rabida. The captain slipped the dollar into his pocket and passed on to the next. The woman said:

"Did he keep the whole of it?"

"Keep it? I should think he did. You don't get much back on these side experiences. I ought to have asked him how much it was before I gave it to him."

"That's taught you a lesson. If it is $1 for two to go a quarter of the way around I wonder how much it costs to go all the way."

But the man made no reply. He was meditating. He evidently had not read the morning papers. They gave all the prices—admissions and extra conveniences. Director General Davis ought to have consulted a few of these moguls, however, before he so recklessly gave prices to the public. Some day these fellows will get hold of a passenger who has read those prices. And the depths of the lagoon will tell the story.

At La Rabida you feel the sacredness of those relics. On the outside tents are pitched and the soldiers there and in the convent with their heavy muskets mean nothing but that their lives are pledged to protect this collection, which belongs to the Vatican and the descendants of Columbus. All the royal letters patent from the sovereigns of Spain to Columbus and many letters written by Columbus himself are in the cases. His will is also there. The signature of Columbus is written in this way:

S.
S. A. S.
X. N. Y.
Xpo Ferens.

At one end of this room is the collection of pictures loaned from the Vatican by Pope Leo. No one is allowed

to go up the steps. One of the Columbian Guards stands here. He said:

"This will be the altar when it is finished. It will be sacred then, but no one is allowed up here now, because these pictures are very valuable and very small."

The mention of the size in that connection meant that they could be carried off easily. But nothing could be carried off easily with those watchful "regulars" about. A contract was made by Spain with the United States before the collection left there that it should be guarded by a detachment of United States soldiers. That contract is fulfilled to the letter. No one is allowed to even touch the glasses of the cases.

There are some wonderful pictures on the wall of Musaico Filato which belong to Pope Leo. They are wonderfully beautiful as pictures, without thought of the thousands of tiny mosaics used in making the pictures and that each one was placed in by hand. Some of the other pictures are wonderful, too—wonderful in their hideousness. No two artists seem to have the same idea of the features of Columbus. There was but one thing that they agreed upon fully and that was that Columbus wore his hair chopped off on his neck. There is a great likeness there. Ferdinand and Isabella looked painfully disturbed on being trotted out at this World's Fair, and just exactly as if they never could have agreed on allowing Columbus or any one else to discover us. Some of the pictures were not numbered and some of them had two numbers. The young lady who sold catalogues said that would be all right after a while. Dora said:

"There's a thing or two I would like to know. Is there anyone here who can tell me?"

"There was a gentleman here a little while ago who

could tell you a great deal, but he has gone out now. He will be back again in about two hours."

While we stood talking to her a man came up with a puzzled expression on his pleasant face. He wore whiskers underneath his chin. His collar was clean and white, but there was a white button instead of a necktie. His clothes were spic-span new clothes with the creases in the coat just as neatly as in the trousers. They evidently had not been off the store shelves very long. He hesitated a minute and then said:

"Say, can you tell me—is these here things all Columbus' works—did he do 'em all?"

"No, it is the history of his life."

"Didn't he do any of 'em?" he asked.

When the young lady shook her head he walked away with disappointment added to the perplexity. He knew just what it was to dig and toil down on his farm, and he could gauge greatness only by labor. And if Columbus did not do any of it, paint any of the pictures, or build the convent he could not understand what had made him so great a man. It did not take all of his life to discover America.

That beauty show is a great show. The beauty is all there. There's no question about it. Those managers—newspaper men of the past, present or future, or no newspaper men—they know what a pretty woman is. The only thing puzzling about the "international dress and costume company" is the fact that some of the costumes seem to be at cross purposes with the nation's. What is the reason that the beautiful Swiss girl has not the silver chains and ornaments on her waist so characteristic of the country? And what has the beautiful "creole" to do with a white apron and spinning wheel? We think our aristocratic New Orleans visitors will faint away at the thought of one

of their number being represented as an Arcadian peasant. And those United States girls may have been the girl of the period of most any country. But there's not many of us would wear those United States costumes as presented by these United States beauties.

May 14th.

That "organization" room in the Woman's Building will be, and is now, an interesting place to make deductions about club women and women's clubs. There are over fifty clubs represented there, and there is only a brass rail and a thin silk curtain four feet high between the different clubs. Everybody wants everybody's space now. If they get settled without any hair-pulling, it will prove conclusively that women's clubs are a success, and the individual who says they are not is a base libeler.

At present only three or four of the great number of clubs to be there, seem to be ready and waiting for callers. Furniture and packing cases are piled into the allotted spaces, but confusion, covered with dust, reigns supreme. Women come and women go. They look at the unfinished work and sigh.

Some of them say:

"Well, no one else is ready; we will wait a while."

Others say:

"We would have been ready long ago, but we are waiting for those $6-a-day managers to come to some decision."

One woman said yesterday:

"I have danced a regular jig around this room, and now I am going to sit right here until I find out which one of those managers has some authority. I never saw such

a mixed-up lot of women. You get permission from one of them to do something, and get nicely started when another comes along and stops your work. She asks you why you are doing this without consulting some one. When I say I have the authority in black and white from Mrs. ———, she says: 'Mrs. ——— cannot give you permission. She has no authority. You must wait until we have a meeting, which will be in a day or two, and I will have the matter brought up.'

"Then I wait a day or two, and go to this woman who has stopped my work, and she tells me she was not able to do anything for me because some one woman was ill and not at the meeting, and then she says for me to be patient and she will attend to it personally. Then I wait until she attends to it personally, and I'm waiting yet."

Another woman was up at fever heat for the reason that only a few feet of space had been given to her, and she represented one of the most important organizations in the world. The few feet caused the fever, but the temperature was rising because the manager had said:

" 'Surely, that is enough for you. Your organization is an unimportant one.'

"Just think of her saying that to me," she continued. "Simply because in the narrow circle in which she moves the organization was not known. That remark of hers proves to me how unimportant she and her circle are, and yet I am obliged to take this space, while clubs that are nothing but 'toadying admiration societies' have a space like that one over there."

A woman sitting on an unpacked case said:

"Here I am delayed in my work again because Mrs. ——— has decided I cannot have this space, but must take another, and where that space is, or going to be, is a question. The lady managers are drawing $6 a day,

and nothing done, and I am spending $6 a day while I am waiting for them."

The only spaces that look ready are the Lasell Seminary, from Auburndale, Mass.; Hellmuth, London, Ontario; the South End Flower Mission, and the Order of the Eastern Star. Lasell Seminary is prettily represented by a dainty white booth with pale-blue silk hangings, made just the shape of the allotted space. Inside the white wood has carved panels, which represent the different departments of the school. One panel has a lawn tennis outfit, another military accoutrements, another cooking utensils, and so on. A delicate carpet covers the floor, and easy chairs and a table with writing materials constitute the furniture.

The South End Flower Mission has a very small space in the center of the room, sufficient for a small rug, a table and two chairs. A huge "American beauty" was lying on the table and sent out its fragrance in a way that told better than anything else could how much pleasure and happiness this organization has been giving out since 1874. At that time it was started by a few kind ladies whose only desire was to send a little sunshine into the hospitals through cut flowers. At first they cut the flowers from their own gardens, but after a while the South Park Commissioners set aside space for them, and have since furnished the flowers. Flowers are given to the hospitals and free kindergartens south of Twenty-second Street. The members meet every Tuesday to tie bouquets. The average number tied for the first five years was 3,000 a year. For the last five years the average has been 19,000. Every patient in the hospital gets a bouquet, from the richest to the poorest. The object in having space at the Fair is to send flowers to the emergency hospitals on the grounds. The mission is supported by sub-

scription, and by giving entertainments through the winter. The mission also supports a bed in Hahnemann Hospital, which costs $300 a year.

The Order of the Eastern Star is an auxiliary of the Masonic Order. It is a very powerful organization. Its members are the wives, daughters and sisters of men who belong to the Masonic orders. While it is not, of course, any degree of Masonry, the organization is recognized the world over as belonging to the order. Its members are not confined to women. Men of good standing in Masonic lodges can become members, but are not eligible for office. Their space will be a wonderfully attractive spot. It is handsomely furnished, and already there is a whole-souled, cordial hospitality extended that makes one understand just wherein the secret of their power and good work lies. Mrs. Pitkin, who is the secretary of the National lodge, said: "We cannot get water in here, but we will have curling tongs, crimping pins, chamois skin and powder, and the ladies can come here to freshen up." Their little space represents 75,000 people. They are probably one of the wealthiest organizations in America.

Men, women and children who were strolling around the Horticultural Building yesterday afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock did not know they were hobnobbing with a duke and duchess. Commander Dickens, of the navy, was a few feet ahead of the ducal party, and attracted some little attention with his gold-banded cap and brass buttons, but not very much—crowds are getting so accustomed to brass buttons and gold bands. There was only one face waiting that was shining with the bright light of expectancy. That was "Uncle John" Thorpe. Some one told him the Duke and Duchess of Veragua were in the building. He rushed for his shears and cut the most beautiful flowers he had, and in a minute he held an exquisite

bouquet, with just a hope he would have an opportunity to present it to the duchess. And in a few minutes the distinguished visitors came his way. Some one who noticed the happy light in Mr. Thorpe's face, and who had met Commander Dickens, stepped up to him and said: "Mr. Thorpe, who has charge of the Horticultural Building, and whom everybody knows as 'Uncle John,' wishes to present some of his beautiful flowers to the duchess."

Commander Dickens took the flowers silently, gave them to the duchess, waved his hand toward "Uncle John" and the party passed on without stopping. "Uncle John" Thorpe's face was a good deal of a study. I heard him mutter something about Sullivan's operas, and "the handle of the big front door."

May 16th.

By the way, "Uncle John Thorpe," the chief of floriculture, is going to try an experiment with electricity. He says that he is going to plant some seeds in the cave—the miniature cave. The seeds will come up in little plants and never having seen the sunlight, will mistake the electric light for the sun; as night and morning will come with the turning on and off of the lights, the blossoms will sleep and awaken and never know that they are being imposed upon.

Uncle John Thorpe is a most wonderful man.

Do you know he talks to and of his flowers as if they were human beings? They are human to him. His belief and sincerity that they listen and talk to him convinces you—as he talks—that everything he says is true.

How he worships those flowers! They are his soul and life. Flowers to him are thoughts.

It may be his intuition and far-reaching knowledge, it may be the tender sympathy—the sentiment in the heart, it may be the two combined—but certainly in hearing Chief Thorpe talk, you have only to try to listen to hear the beautiful things whisper and laugh, and see them nod to each other and to him.

As he took me up to the pansy bed, on the Wooded Island, he said "Good morning" to the pansies, as I would say it to you. And he seemed not to think it was peculiar or that I would think it so. The rude and peculiar thing to him would have been not to have returned their bright welcome.

In passing a magnificent plant, with delicate pinkish lavender blossom—and with a name so long I do not dare attempt to spell it—he took off his hat with the respect he would give to royalty, and he seemed, also, unconscious of that. I spoke of it.

"Oh, yes," he said, "every man should take off his hat to that—it is a queen."

He took me to a space reserved to give old people happiness and bring back to them thoughts of their childhood. He said:

"You know there are so many old people who will come to the Fair who have not learned to love the grand new flowers. An orchid, with all its loveliness, is strangely cold to them because it is a flower of to-day, and has not come out of their past. When they come into these grounds, the white palaces, and the white columns, and fountains and bridges will all seem like a strange dream. They will be awed by the grandeur and beauty of it all, but they will not feel at home until they come here. Here they will see the flowers that will tell some of them stories they have almost forgotten and will whisper of home to others. There will be Sweet William, bachelor buttons, peonies,

dahlias, larkspur, columbine, phlox, and all the rest that will make glad the old heart."

Then he took me to the "Pansies' Paradise." Here in this little heaven he places all the finest pansies. Whenever he runs across an unusually fine specimen he transplants it.

While we stood looking at them some ducks came waddling along from the water's edge, and took a nibble at some of the pansies. In the same tone of voice in which he was talking to me Chief Thorpe said:

"Now, see here, what are you doing? You know you have no business here. Go right back where you belong."

And whether the ducks did not like the pansies, or whether they understood what the chief said, they turned around immediately and went back. The ducks, the geese, the swans, the sea gulls, all know Chief Thorpe as well as do his flowers. At 5 o'clock in the morning regularly he comes over to the island to feed them. He gives a peculiar whistle and they come to him from all directions.

He says the public will never see the beauties of the World's Fair until they see it at sunrise. And his voice grows tremulous as he speaks of it.

In speaking about the flowers having a language of their own, some one asked Chief Thorpe if he thought it was the ambition of the flower to be cut from the stem. The grand, grizzly man—the diamond with the polish inside—said:

"The flower is the pride and the vanity of the plant. It is satisfied to sacrifice it for the pleasure it gives. It talks through its blossoms. To be cut, to be carried, to see and get out in the world, is its dissipation. It dies in its prime but it is better than for it to die on the stem, and in dying take the strength, or perhaps crowd out the birth of the new."

And he went on whittling the pine stick he had picked up, and thinking silently for a few moments. He did not seem satisfied with his answer. Perhaps he was not sure that he knew what was the ambition of the flowers. Perhaps he was wondering what became of the soul of the beautiful blossom that nodded and smiled at him as he passed.

May 18th.

Director Burnham must have changed his mind again. Some one said he would not allow processions within the exposition gates; that it would block up the roads and interfere with a lot of things. But the procession was there yesterday with the brass bands. And the editors from out of the city were there with several more, and the roads were not blocked, and for the first time since the opening of the Fair everybody looked as if they were having a real good time. The people from the land of the midnight sun were having the best time, and they did not seem to care a rap whether Columbus or Leif Erickson or some one else discovered the country in which they were having the fun. In their procession were about twenty pretty girls with flaxen braids hanging down their backs and dressed in the Norwegian peasant costume.

Norway's representatives, with the men, women and children who represent 4,000 country newspapers, added to the other visitors brought out by the sunshine, made the grounds appear as they were intended to appear more than any day since the opening.

The Manufactures Building always catches the crowd first. There are some who have not heard all about the immense affair. The building itself is looking quite well

—in spots. Other spots can be improved, but not any faster than they are being. The spots that look bad are somewhat subdued by a hazy white atmosphere.

The white mist is the most noticeable in the center of the building. As this is the popular starting point for the tourist on his continental trip he gets the impression that there's either an awful lot of sweeping going on, or else that the tourists in their travels kick up a wonderful amount of lime dust in their peregrinations. This lime dust settles down on the magnificent Gobelin tapestries, and embroidered velvet hangings, and furniture in some of the exhibits in a way that makes the feminine heart throb with anger.

The sixteenth century German castle, or part of one, near the clock-tower, is always filled with curious, open-mouthed people. The gold and blue room at the left of the center reception room is their special wonder. It contains some gorgeous furnishings which were the property of the late Prince Ludwig. The ceiling of the room is a gold and crystal dome. The walls are hung with blue velvet embroidered with gold. The chairs, ottomans and couches are all of rich gold frame-work, upholstered with tapestry and embroidered stuffs. The tables are massive gold frames, with yellow onyx tops, and on them are small gold candelabrums. Two more candelabrums, eight or ten feet high, stand on each side of a large window, which is made with greenish mirror-glass. A girl and man were hanging over the brass chain which prevented them from going into the royal room.

The girl said:

"Just think! The guard says that it is all the purest gold leaf, and everything in here is owned by the King of Bavaria, but they used to belong to Prince Ludwig. And he says Prince Ludwig committed suicide. I asked him

when, but he didn't know whether it was in this century or some other century."

"Well," said the man, "I should think he would have committed suicide if he had to use all them candles. I should think they would use electric lights. There must be fifty candles, and they would have to light every one of them every night to get any light at all."

"Yes, just think of it. Kings have just as crazy ideas as other people, and a heap sight more so in my opinion."

Their noses went up to a degree befitting the situation, and they crossed over to look at the dining-room on the other side of the reception-room.

At the "banquet hall" in Hatfield house more people were suspended on a red velvet rope. They thought the room was very small for a prime minister of England to use. The attendant told them it was reduced three-quarters for this exhibit. Then when they could not find fault with the size they commenced on the wood-work. They were sure it was an imitation of our black walnut, and not nearly so handsome. When they were told it was English oak, and that the original wood in Hatfield house, being built in Queen Elizabeth's time, was much darker than black walnut, then they decided such dark wood was gloomy, anyway. The attendant was showing some swords, which he took from the banquet table.

He said, as he took one out of the scabbard:

"The edge is very dull now, but, you know, it has done good service in its day. It is very old now."

A man who was looking over the shoulders of the rest of us said:

"Young man, don't you know that swords were never meant to kill people, though many people have been killed with them. They are simply an implement of rank."

"Were they not used for fighting before guns were in-

vented?" humbly asked the bureau of information within the rail.

"They may have been used, but they were not made to take life with. I'm right, my boy. I'm up on all those things. Perhaps some day you'll know who I am; then you'll decide that I ought to know what I'm talking about."

"Can you not tell me now? It might be of use through the Fair, you know. I have my information about this banquet-room and its contents from England, but I am not at all averse to learning what more I can."

"Oh, never mind; I know what I'm talking about, and you'll find I am right."

Then the man turned away and said patronizingly to a policeman who stood near: "I'm right." And the crowd never knew who he was.

May 19th.

In passing the Art Institute yesterday on my way to the Exposition some evil genius whispered to me that it would be an interesting thing to hear Susan B. Anthony speak on woman suffrage. I listened to the whisper, woe is me, and am just alive to tell the tale. I don't know why I listened.

I have never felt the need of a vote, nor have I ever been conscious that woman's condition could be much improved. As a matter of very true fact, I have always been rather glad that I was a woman, and was living in a country where women are treated so royally by men.

But, as I say, it was a moment when I was caught napping, and just then to me there was no telling when I might want to vote and to change my opinion about the masculine sex. So I went in. No, I tried to go in. It was

a failure—a complete one, until I was so exhausted that I would have consented to be carried out on the back of any man who would have forgiven me for going in. Talk about mobs!

There was never a more unruly one than those women —with a scattering of scared men—who were trying to get in to hear all about how women are crushed and brow-beaten in this independent land of ours. They were determined to hear about their wrongs, even if they had to walk over one another's dead bodies. And they caught unwary me in their frantic embrace and pushed me along whether I would or no.

They tore lovely lace, lovely jet, and lovely roses off my dress. They smashed my umbrella and ran their own into my ribs and into my eyes. They trod on my feet and stole my breath. Some of them cried, and some of them fainted, while others yelled "Police! Police!"

Others were penitent and said they would never try to vote again if they could only get out of the crowd and back to their peaceful homes. I finally made a desperate rush, and arrived where the firmest and most faithful suffragists were holding forth, and found that they, too, were crying for men to come in and take care of the crowd.

That settled it for me. My evil genius with his whispering fled. I decided that if only men could subdue a female panic, they were fully entitled to my vote. I came out and went on my humble way, without waiting to hear Susan B.'s brainy and spicy arguments. And that is the nearest I ever came to being a suffragist.

The Hungarian music, the Wiener beer, and the hot sausage attract everybody into the "beer tunnel." It is one of the favorite and most thoroughly Bohemian places on the Plaisance. Everybody goes, from Arabs to Governors.

I tried to see the Amazons up in the Village of Dahomey.

I saw some women, but I have my doubts about their being great fighters. There's no doubt about the men, however. They were determined I should not see the village, from the manager down to the last one of the natives. And as I caught glimpses of their erratic methods I was not sure that I wanted to investigate, unless I had a bodyguard from Fort Sheridan. The manager has to take a horsewhip to make them do as they are told. One thing he insists upon is that they shall wear some kind of clothing. And they don't like it. They are not accustomed to it in their country, and object to it here. They sit around on the ground and in their huts, covered up with blankets, and white men are doing the work. I saw one man in the door of his hut. His blanket had fallen from his naked shoulders, and he was eating corn—uncooked—from the cob. Two women were sitting on the ground. Their faces were badly scarred, but otherwise they looked decidedly tame and uninterested in everything that was going on.

May 20th.

It was woman's day at the great Fair yesterday. Mrs. Potter Palmer, arrayed in a glimmering greenish silk gown, trimmed with a combination of black and cream white lace, with the nine vice-presidents, welcomed the visitors to the congresses and others who had been fortunate enough to receive invitations. Chief Thorpe added his welcome with palms, potted plants and blossoms, with which he decorated the gallery and assembly room. Ceylon's exhibitors welcomed their guests with tea that was

tea, and was also the envy of every woman in the building who sipped the delightful beverage. Theodore Thomas furnished sweet music with never a reminder of commercial discords, and every woman was glad she was there and was a woman, and in consequence was patronizingly pleasant to the few men present.

The whole building seemed to thrill and tremble with the triumph of a feminine era, but the triumph burst into the fullest bloom in the assembly room. On the platform sat Mrs. Palmer with background and right and left bowers of the distinguished women of the world. There was a scramble for seats, and at five minutes past 3 not a good seat was to be had. Those who came afterward stood up in the aisle to the worriment of the women who were sitting down. And how they did worry—those standing up and those sitting down. The little card reading "Please present this card at the door of the assembly-room," was flashed in the face of one woman and another, while each claimed the right to stand up in front and sit down behind.

Lady manager ushers fought nobly to keep the aisles free, but were finally obliged to call the guards. And if there is one thing on earth the World's Fair visitor is afraid of it is one of Colonel Rice's bluejays. The brave new-era women immediately became as docile as kittens and sauntered back where they could see but not hear. The stained windows at the back of the platform in the assembly-room are lovely in themselves in the way of decoration, but they smashed into smithereens the beauty of face and toilet of every woman on the stage as viewed from the front. The reflected light dimmed all the glory of other colors. It was a pity that the bouquet effect was ruined. The toilets were superb.

Mrs. Palmer's words rang out clear and strong. She

gave a brief history of the building and of woman's work in the nineteenth century, and she introduced most gracefully the distinguished visitors present. Some of them only bowed, while others made short addresses. Every woman said her "say" and stopped just where everyone present wished she would say more, which was the prettiest compliment the speaker could receive, and it showed that women are learning rapidly to confine their remarks to points instead of elaborations. Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of the Vice-President, read a charming paper, and shortly afterward Mrs. Palmer asked the ladies present if they were willing to listen to a man. Everybody laughed, and when Susan B. Anthony said "Yes," Vice-President Stevenson was introduced. He was very modest, and said that there should be but one orator in the family, and from now on it would be Mrs. Stevenson.

Then May Wright Sewall made the astonishing remark that she would like to see a new goddess of liberty. She would like it made from a composite picture. In that picture she would like the features of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Vice-President and Mrs. Stevenson, Duke and Duchess of Veragua, and—that's all the names I remember. But gracio mia! What a goddess we would have! The sentiment and the compliment were all right, but please, Mrs. Sewall, don't agitate the subject. Women may never get their rights, politics may take a flop, and Columbus himself may divide honors with somebody else, and then what kind of a goddess would that be?

Then Mrs. Palmer said it was an oracular fact that women always had the last word, and she was going to prove that times have changed in this also,—she would ask ex-Governor Oglesby to make the closing address;

he, too, said his vocation was gone, and he had not had an opportunity to consult his wife, and he was not certain that she was willing he should make the attempt. Then when he got started it seemed a little difficult for him to find a place to stop, and I was glad that it was a man floundering instead of a woman. Though I'm sure I don't know that he floundered. I am inclined to think he did not, for everyone was convulsed with laughter at his humility and the manner in which he seemed to curry favor with the brainy women, whether it was mock or otherwise. One beautiful little white-haired lady said to me that I could not realize how intensely funny his speech was to her; that she had lived to see the two extremes—had lived through the years when women were never considered, were not even thought worthy of an argument from the masculine point of view, and now she had heard this white-haired man who had lived through the same years forced to acknowledge all that women have accomplished. She said his raillery and wit might be taken one way or the other, but there was real glory in the thing, and she hoped he said truly when he spoke of his own interest in the ambitions of his wife.

By the way, I always wonder, when men are speaking at a woman's congress of any kind, why they invariably trot out their wives so conspicuously. They seem to have a metaphorical desire to stand her up in front of them to catch the stray bullets—if they should happen to say something where they deserve a shot. And I always wonder, too, if they praise their wives as much privately as they do publicly. But it makes no difference if only they get the praise sometimes.

May 22d.

Those little Java people win the hearts of every one who has an opportunity to talk—to try to talk with them. There are times along Midway Plaisance when you feel as if the inhabitants of other countries had come over here to—well, in the words of street gamin parlance—to play us for suckers. They never hesitate, or try to conceal the fact, that they consider us perfectly gullible victims. If we do not bite the bait which they hold out to us they then complain that we have imposed upon them to get them here; that they have been woefully deceived about this thing and that thing, and that they are being ruined financially with every hour that passes over their heads. For instance, the wail that goes up from some of those Turks with Hebrew names, or those Hebrews who wear the Turkish fez—for the life of me I have not yet been able to decide whether they are Jews or Turks, or both—anyhow the wail that goes up from some parts of the Turkish village makes it a burden to wander around there at all. But over among those little Javanese the atmosphere is very different. They have had everything with which to contend; sickness, cold weather, and houses to live in that are far from comfortable in this climate, and yet they are as happy and uncomplaining as if they were having one long holiday. Their village is not quite completed, and no one is allowed to go under the ropes, but once in a while, as on Saturday evening, they come coyly down to the rope to get acquainted. They are as innocent and guileless as children. They seem to know nothing and care nothing about the value of a coin.

A penny goes just as far with them as more. They have queer cigarettes which they will sell for what you offer, or they will give them to you when you offer nothing.

But they always give or sell two, no more, no less, and it makes no difference how little or how much money you give for it. Some of them try to talk English. They ask you how to say things in English, and they tell you how to say the same thing in the Javanese language. In this way, with the help of the sign language, you can carry on quite a conversation.

It is hard to tell grown people from children among them, they are so diminutive. And what we would call a child in America might be with them the mother of children. Some of the wives there in the village are not over twelve or fourteen years old. The dark faces of the men and women beamed with wonder, pleasure and expectancy. They looked up and down the Midway; looked over where the illuminations made brilliant the Exposition Grounds; they followed the travels of the searchlight up into the black sky that seemed, above the arc lights, to have no light except the crescent moon which looked down benignly on the strange fact that nearly all the nations on which it smiled were banded together here in this one spot. Strains of music floated near from almost every direction, enticing one to go here and there to see what was going on, but the little race seemed content to stay in the shadowy village behind the rope, and let the outside world roll on, walk on, or ride on—any way to get on. And it was getting on in all ways. Trains were rushing over the viaducts, men and women were being trotted by in Sedan chairs, others were riding in rolling chairs, and the masses were moving along mechanically, either to or from the greatest point of interest—the administration plaza, where thousands were packed in to catch glimpses of the fairy scene.

I haven't been able to get the picture out of my mind since. It will always remain a part of my brain-gallery.

And yet to describe it I can only tell you of three cold colors—black, white and yellow. But the deep black was a background of sky and water. Against it was a row of white columns connecting grand white palaces. To the left and to the right another and another palace was studded with stars of electric light. More brilliant stars were around a white wall which confined rippling water—ripples made with the May night breezes, the rapidly moving launches and gondolas, and the water that fell with merry music from the fountain, where the barge of state gleamed out triumphantly as it caught the reflected lights. No one talked. Every one seemed spell-bound. They only looked on the scene that cannot be described and listened to the music that told more graphically than words can tell the story of it all.

In the Electric Building lightning played its pranks up a standard with colored globes and out the length of its arms to revolving glass balls, which changed color continuously as you looked. A long-distance telephone was giving out sweet music that was being sung in New York. About two hundred people were listening to the songs in a room provided, but the songs were very distinct out in the main hall. A gray-haired old man with a lunch-basket in his hand, which looked as if it had been doing service all day, heard some one singing "Annie Laurie." He looked to the right and to the left to see who it was singing the old, familiar strain. There was no one near him. He then went out of the door in pursuit of the voice. He lost it. He came back and the song greeted him again. It seemed plainer than before. It was all around him and yet he could see no one who was singing. A guard stood near him who was listening also. The old man said:

"Them words sound sweet to me. It is a long time since I heerd that 'ere song. Ken you tell me who it is? I

would like—I would like—of course I don't 'spose I could —but I would like ter thank some one for singing it. It goes right hum. You see, my darter—"

The old man could not say any more. The guard said gently:

"Yes, it seems like a voice from heaven. But it is only a man singing in New York."

"New York? Well," with a half laugh and half sob, "everybody must have their little joke. I'm sorry I troubled ye, young man."

"Oh, you misunderstand. I, too, was carried away with remembrances, and hated to think it was only a telephone. But it is really quite wonderful. Do you see those funnel-shaped things up there? The sound comes down from there, and the man is really singing in New York."

Then the old man forgot the song and his daughter in the wonders of the nineteenth century. When I passed on he was still asking questions. I heard him ask if he could hear his son talk in New York if he should come to the telephone. The guard said "yes." His face lighted up, and I knew he had not heard the son's voice in a good many years.

May 24th.

Chicago seems to have a sort of corner on "press-women of the world," if one is to judge by the number of Chicago women who occupied the seats of honor yesterday at the opening session of the Women's Press Congress. There were several distinguished guests on the platform, but the "press" women were for the most part Chicago productions. They were there, however, with two or three exceptions, more for the purpose of reading the addresses

of absent press women than they were to talk their own thoughts. Some of these readers were well chosen. At the first sound of Mrs. Lou V. Chapin's voice the clearness was such an agreeable surprise that an involuntary applause interrupted her. Women who write well—very well—are as a rule timid talkers. One particularly fine paper on "Three-fourths of a Century in Farm Journalism," by Mrs. Martha Whitaker of Boston, was lost entirely on three-fourths of those present by the rapid and timid reading.

By the way, did you ever notice that when women cheer —cheer because they want to instead of ought to—they set their lips firmly together, and bring their hands together as if they would pound every one of the brilliant words into the intellect of the universe. Men—men cheer with a smile, or an audible laugh. Women are earnest, men are pleased.

An unfinished remark of Miss Brodligue's met with limited applause from a row of anti-Sunday-paper people. When the sentence was finished the faces of the would-be enthusiasts wore a sickly smile. The words that caught the applause were "There are no Sunday papers in Canada"—the sickly smile came with, "But on Monday morning a rush is made for the papers printed for Sunday in the United States," or words to that effect. Miss Brodligue's bright and pretty face and brighter paper brought out many flattering encomiums in an undertone from the audience. She seemed to be the favorite of the hour, though the paper by Mrs. Swalm of Iowa on "The Newspaper as a Factor of Civilization" was conceded to be the master production of the session. It was grandly thought out and handled in a manner that made every woman in the hall glad that she and Mrs. Swalm belonged to the same sex.

Men were rather scarce articles among the audience, but those who were there and those who tiptoed up to look in at the door behaved very well and appeared to be much interested. One woman arose at the adjournment, or during the adjournment, and motioned that one of the larger halls be taken so men could come, but no one seemed to think men would want to come, and the motion was not seconded.

On the way over the viaduct a couple of dressed-up men from the Emerald Isle were back of me. One of them said:

"Look, Pat! It's women again! Do ye mind that now. Look at um coom out ov that new building. It's the Fair that's being run by thim faymales. Soon they'll want to run the wurrld, and they'll be votin.' The divil will be to pay in a man's home. They should be taught their places at once. If my wife should git that strong-minded sure I'd be packin' her off. Dacent homes are bein' ruined, Pat, and soon there'll be no homes. They meet in clubs to worship the rich, and who will do our minding and cook our meals? It's all wrong, all wrong. The women must be taught their places."

And the poor man looked worried. He is probably teaching Mary Ann her place to-day.

It is the fashion to carry a red camp-stool around the Exposition Grounds. The fashion took root before the comfortable settees were scattered along the promenades so generously. And what one does the rest do—they carry the red chair and make sure of a seat. Signs are up telling you that you can rent a chair for the day for ten cents. I wondered how they could trust Tom, Dick and Harry and their families for that price. And thought to myself that consciences must have improved miraculously to make a person go across those spacious grounds to return a chair that can be rented for ten cents a day. I knew one who

would not do it, if she was very far away. I said to the attendant:

"Do people return the chairs?"

"Yes, indeed, every time; they bring them back here or leave them at some other booth. There are eight booths."

"Pretty honest visitors, aren't they?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about their honesty. They deposit the price of the chair and we deduct ten cents when they bring it back."

Two men were leaning against the railing on a lagoon bridge, and looking toward "Wooded Island." One said to the other:

"I tell ye, I haven't saw anything as nice as them flowers. They tell ye of the country, and it's quiet over there. Ye get too much of a good thing sometimes out among the white buildings. It's sort o' dream-like over here, ye know."

He was right. It is dreamlike, and it is restful. Din and noise are far away and nothing breaks the stillness but the faint music as it floats down from the plaza. The azalias are in full bloom, and orchids and pansies and many other blossoms meet you at every turn. I went down to the "hunter's cabin." A grate fire was giving out its heat and smoke in true cabin style. Across the middle of the room was stretched a rope which protected the guardian of the premises from intrusion. People were wandering in and out, but a smallish man in broad-brimmed hat paid no more attention than as if they were so many flies. In the part of the cabin where he was half reclining, on a sofa made with a buffalo hide and pine poles, were many souvenirs of prairie life. I asked him some questions, but it was all such an old story to him he did not get up much enthusiasm in his answers until I made the remark: "It must be very different here on

Wooded Island from life on the plains." That roused him. He said: "Yes, it is; but I can shut the doors and windows and imagine myself back again. Come in and sit down." He lifted the rope for me and I took a seat on the buffalo sofa, near the burning embers. He took up a Navajo blanket and throwing it over one of the pine arms of the sofa, he said:

"That will keep the pitch off your dress."

"Do you get tired of the quiet life here on the island?"

"No, I take things easy. If I only had my dog and a few other things I would be all right."

A lot of newspapers were piled up on the table, and I said: "You seem to read a good deal."

"No, I don't read much. You see, I live too much where there are no papers to take much interest in the things these tell about. These papers have something in about the cabin and the hunters' club that erected it, and a couple of them have an article about me. I don't take much interest in them. They are wrong. One of them says I sent a bear to the Smithsonian Institution in a dry goods box with some thin canvas tacked over him. I would never do such a fool thing as that. I sent animals to Washington for the government for two months, and then resigned because they told me to send them in some cheaper way. They suggested dry goods boxes. But I couldn't stand that. I sent them animals after that in my own way, but never drew any salary."

And he looked out across the lagoon to the white buildings as if he wished he were back in Montana now, setting his traps, instead of sustaining the dignity of the hunter's cabin for the rich sportsmen throughout America.

May 27th.

A side entrance to the Midway Plaisance caught me yesterday. I skipped in just for a minute, and I never got over to the Fair proper at all. On the train I heard some one say that the nicest meal he had had at the Exposition was in "The Castle" in the German village. In sauntering along with the crowd I found myself in front of the German village and the words came back to me. I went in. The managers do not ask you to pay anything to see their village, but you can spend as much as you desire in their wine-room restaurant on yourself.

The man on the train was right. It is a fine restaurant. The castle is an exact reproduction of a castle on the Rhine that was built in 1520. It is surrounded by a moat, and you enter by crossing the typical drawbridge. On the right side of the entrance hall is a museum that is guarded at the door by an imitation fifteenth century soldier. The restaurant is on the left side of the hall, but you would never know it unless some one told you. Evidently these Germans do not believe in destroying the beauty of the castle by vulgar restaurant signs, and there is only a large, dark wood door with a peculiar handle that looks at least 400 years old.

Inside the floors are bare, and tables are square and plain, but, ah, the linen, the dishes, the waiters, and the food! Germany's finest linen, so rich and thick that it would grace the table of kings; genuine china, that is gold-rimmed from Berlin's best manufacturers; waiters in dress suits and brass numbers, who wait on you with the deference shown to royalty, and food that cannot be discounted in this country. After having had food flung at you across counters and over the heads of crowds; after standing for endless time to even get a seat; after wait-

ing a longer time after you get a seat at a table, and after paying most exorbitant prices for the most ordinary food, that quiet little wine-room with the music floating in at the windows from the garden that is an annex to the village, seemed a spot—well, a quiet nook in a quiet castle on the Rhine. You are particularly reminded of the Rhine as the familiar sound of a deep-toned bell rings out the hour and the half hours. Everything around you is German from Germany. The waiters understand enough English to get along very nicely if you do not talk too much. They can understand the menu exactly if you point out what you want, because it is German on one side of the surface and English directly opposite. If you get too Americany for them they say: "I know not dot."

There was a combined odor around about of Rhine wine, sauerkraut, and potato salad, but their chef is from Hamburg and everything is most exquisitely neat and served elegantly. The restaurant is very popular with the officials of the Fair, and many private lunches and dinners are given there with the order in several days ahead. A banquet was given there the other evening to sixty-three persons, which ordinarily would have been given down town. I asked them why they did not put out some kind of a sign to inform the people of their existence. They said one tells another and we get better people.

The Algerian dancers are in full blast. It is as much of a study to watch the people who attend it as it is to watch the dancers. And most certainly the dancers are a great study, even if their gyrations are not exactly in accordance with our ideas of what is most graceful and refined. The audience, without much exception, cannot understand whether they ought to be shocked or entertained. So they sort of take it 'alf-an'-'alf until one or the other impression gets control of them. They are all attracted

by the picturesque and gorgeous costumes and the general effect of barbarism in the music and the singing, but they seem to have great difficulty in understanding that they must view the performance from the standpoint of the customs of a very foreign country. To look at it from our point of view of what constitutes grace and beauty, the dance can be called coarse in the extreme. The audience has only to study the faces of the dancers, however, to decide that "honi soit qui mal y pense." Two women with eminently respectable faces surrounded with gray hair, left the theater yesterday with anger written all over them from head to foot. And yet those two women would think nothing of attending burlesque opera, and expressing great admiration for the dainty scarcity of clothing, or the success of the most reckless high kicker.

These girls of the Orient may not know much about graceful movement, but they consider themselves great scientists when they have perfected the feat of making their flesh and muscles dance. To them, anybody can make her bones and joints dance a jig, but it is not everybody can dance as they do. Their dancing is more or less a hideous contortion, but it is interesting in the fact that it is the genuine dance of their country.

Every time I go by "Kilauea," the panorama of the burning crater of the Hawaii Islands, I go in. It is one of the most interesting places on the Plaisance. It is so different from the usual volcano idea that people go and go again. People who have seen this "Inferno" say it is a most wonderful reproduction, though the original is so constantly changing in its formations. People wander in without understanding what they are going to see, and it is so very different from anything they ever saw that a good many come out more mystified than when they went in. One woman said to her companion while the

attendant was giving a descriptive explanation: "What is it? I don't understand what it is."

"Well, ma," said the other, "we will have to go down where it is light and read the book."

And the lecture still went on as they stumbled down the dimly-lighted stairs.

Another woman kept saying to her husband:

"Do come on, John; there is no such thing as a burning lake of fire. What is the use of wasting time in here? I am going; come on."

She kept up her teasing while the man was trying to catch every word that was being said. He finally wheeled around and said:

"Well, you go, and go quick. I'm not going until I learn something about this place."

The woman went and went quick. You could hear her feet come down with a firmness that boded a lecture of another kind when that man gets home.

May 29th.

I took Leonie with me to the Fair yesterday. Leonie is a great girl. She is a French girl who is getting an American education, and the combination is an extremely amusing success. Just now she has taken her maid—a very dignified English woman, by the way—and skipped away from school for a week to come here to see this wonderful Fair. Leonie is a most properly reared French girl, whose home is in Paris. She graduated at a convent in France, and found afterward the usual French marriage awaiting her—a family arranged one, without herself or himself having been consulted. She suddenly developed a wonderful ambition for study, and persuaded her father

that her happiness depended entirely on more brain labor, and that she would like to take up some course at a college, and named one she had visited once in America. Her father said very well, but she must receive a diploma if she commenced. He brought her over himself to the college, which shall be nameless; but suffice it to say, there are several more boys at this college than girls, and there are about seven hundred students. In remarkably short time Leonie was the queen of the school.

She was "one of the boys." They were ready to fight for her, die for her, or live for her. She was their chum, a "good fellow," and their friend. She was one of them, and yet with it all there was a quiet and refined personal dignity. The named her "The Countess," and she is the countess from the faculty down to the youngest in the school. She was ill last winter, and came to the city for treatment. Her physician decided that it would be better for her to return to France for awhile. She said she would, and she would bring her father and brothers back to the Fair, but she must give the "boys" a farewell dinner first. She ordered box after box of goodies sent over to the college, and gave the dinner, and left for France with the college cries of the students ringing in her ears. She returned a few weeks ago and brought her father and brothers with her to attend the Exposition. She telegraphed the boys that she was passing through the college town on the way to Chicago. About two hundred of them were at the depot to greet her as she went through. They threw her flowers, bon-bons, kisses and college songs as she stood on the platform. Her father and brothers were looking on, speechless with amazement and horrified beyond measure. When their senses returned they fairly danced a jig, and they used all the ejaculations known to the French language in their

endeavors to make out what on earth such a reception meant for a properly brought up French girl. Leonie said: "Why, papa, they are so glad to see me. Surely you can't object to their being overjoyed that I am back."

Papa wiped the perspiration from his brow and was not so very sure that he approved of this startling American joyousness. They brought Leonie on to the Exposition, but during the time the father and brothers stayed the Fair was done very decorously and under strict surveillance. But my little French friend caught glimpses here and there of too much that was of interest to be satisfied without more thorough investigation. Her father and brothers escorted her back to college and sailed away for France. She decided in her little Americanized French head there was just as much to learn at this Fair as in school, so she packed her elegant wardrobe, took her maid, and is here "doing" the Exposition.

She was not just sure about the propriety of going on Sunday—in America. She said:

"It ees so very different here. Will ze good people go?"

"Yes, indeed. And the bad people will grow good while they are there."

"Well, I go anyway if you go, whether it is propaire or not. Shall I make ze toilet grand?"

"No, just something neat and pretty," I replied.

In a few minutes she was ready, dressed as only a French woman can dress. Her costume was silk crepy grenadine of tan and gold; a black velvet coat lined with red silk; a tan-colored straw hat trimmed with black velvet, and black plumes; lemon-colored gloves with black stitching, and patent leather shoes.

I complimented her pretty costume as we walked along. She said: "Yes, I had fifteen dresses made while I was in Paris. I wore them all on the steamer at different

times. I was a great swell. I change ze dress several times a day. It was not good—not good, what you call it? Ze taste was not good, but I had not ze duty to pay, because I wear zem all myself."

On the train a number of Germans were conversing in their own tongue. Every little while Leonie's hand would go up to her ear. Finally she said: "O dear, O dear! That language does so make my ears ache. If I could only hear ze music of my own language."

Just then she did hear her own language. Two Frenchmen stood on the platform as we stepped out of the car, and they were talking in an excited manner over the delays in some exhibit where they were depending upon Americans to do the work. It was taking too long, and many French people were returning to France with the memory of the unfinished French exhibit in the Manufactures Building. Leonie wanted to see the French building. We crossed over the island to make time. Sauntering along with her head down in deep meditation, past exquisite flowers, and with never a glance at the fairy scene, was Miss Eliza Bowman, the matron of the Newsboys' Home. I stopped her to ask what was the matter. She said: "Well, I have arrived at a conclusion about this Sunday opening. I came out for that purpose. When the question first came up I was very much opposed to it. Then I read both sides of the question, and could not decide. To-day I came out early and have been here all day. I have mingled with all kinds of people. I have decided that it is right to open the Fair on Sunday. The thing that has decided the question with me is the fact that everywhere in all this vast multitude of people you see families together. Mothers have brought their children here. And mothers never take their children anywhere where they have the slightest doubt about its being right. I have seen

more happy faces here to-day than I can remember to have seen in years. Yes, it is right that the Fair should be open."

We walked on, Leonie and myself. In a few minutes she gave a cry. I looked up and she was kissing her hands to the flag on the French building. Tears were in her eyes. She said:

"You will pardon me, but I do so love my dear, dear flag. I love it. I love it."

And more kisses went to the flag. It almost—there was a suspicious moisture in my own eyes. We went into the building. It is not quite finished. It will be opened entirely in a few days, however. There are some magnificent pictures hung, and the crowd was so dense it was almost impossible to get to them. Every picture brought out an ejaculation from Leonie. Her tongue runs on in French and English with her explanations of them all. They were so natural, so perfect, so grand, so like dear Paris, and every little while she would say: "If those dear boys could only see them here wiz me!" As we came away from the building she tried to hide the kisses she threw again at the flag, but she detected that I saw them, and said:

"The World's Fair will be so dear to me, for zat flag is here, and zat building. I come every day, and I will write papa, and he forgive me for neglecting ze studies, when I tell him about ze flag of France in ze sunlight to-day."

May 30th.

I had an experience yesterday. I did the Fair with a New Yorker. I must have walked thirty miles—perhaps more, but no less. He was on the train, and saw me as I stepped in. He came over to my seat and said:

"How do you do? Some one told me that you go to the Fair every day—is that so?"

"Yes," I said, meekly. I was not sure whether I ought to acknowledge it or deny it. You may not know it, but it is getting to be a sort of a fad with New Yorkers to express their very great indifference about the Exposition and be astounded at any one else who takes the slightest interest.

"Well," he replied, "I am glad I met you. You can help me. I'll tell you what I want to do. I have just one day here in the city and I want to see as much of the Fair as I can—all of it if possible—so I can go back to New York and tell my friends all about it. Now where shall I commence to make every step count?"

"It will be impossible for you to see the Exposition in its entirety in one day," I returned. "Don't you think you had better see what you can and tell your friends about that?"

"No, I must see it all. I have particular reasons."

I smiled a la Chicago, and suggested the starting point be the Woman's Building, as we would enter the Sixtieth Street gates.

"Where are you going? Wouldn't you like to go with me for a while to get me started?"

Yes, I would. I was delighted to go with him. I would like to see how this man from New York would form his impressions of our beautiful White City. We went up the steps of the Woman's Building. My one-day man said: "Don't keep this step very clean for a woman's building. I suppose the women are too busy making speeches to attend to housecleaning." He was rushing me up the steps so fast I hadn't breath or time to answer. Inside at their tea booth were some Singalese.

"What are these?" said New York.

"They are the original natives of Ceylon."

"Men?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a fraud. Ought not to have men in a woman's building. Couldn't get along without men to help them out in their exhibit. New York women could."

"There are some New York women upstairs among the managers. Would you like to see them?"

"No; guess we better skip along. Nothing here but paintings."

We skipped along to the Puck Building. He wouldn't look at that—could see that at home.

The Horticultural Building was honored next. My Easterner stuck his head in the door and saw the word New York somewhere.

"New York has helped 'em out in here. Presume the flowers are nice enough. Nothing here but flowers, though, is there?"

"No; only flowers."

And a prayer of thankfulness went up that the beautiful things did not interest him.

The Transportation Building came next with all its wonders. His head went through the golden entrance, and back he came before I was at the door.

"Nothing in there," he said.

I suggested that we walk through the Mining Building to the Administration Building and save time and a corner. He said: "All right," and galloped me through at a 2:40 pace. He glanced to the right and left, and said:

"Ore is of no interest to me, but of course I must say I've been in here."

And he wrote it down in his note-book as he had the rest,

We came out facing the Administration Building. He said: "What's in there?"

"The administration offices and the newspaper office and—"

"Anything particular?"

"Well, some think the Director General and the president of the Fair amount to something, and there's an exquisitely painted dome and a fine rotunda."

"Like all domes and rotundas, isn't it? Guess we will let that building go. No, I must just step in so I can say I've been here."

"Here are the court of honor, the peristyle, and the colonnade, and the MacMonnies fountain and the gold statue. You must surely see all this. It is the one particular spot of the whole Exposition. It is here that we have the grand illuminations. It is here that—"

"Oh, yes; I know. I have heard about it, but I won't have time to look at it. And I don't go much on those things, anyway. We have everything of that kind in New York."

We caught a glimpse of some gondoliers, as they paddled under the bridge in their gondolas.

"What is that?" said N. Y.

"They are the gondoliers, from Venice."

"I thought they wore clown costumes. One of our papers said they did."

"They sometimes wear a fifteenth-century costume, but just now they are wearing their warm-weather suits on account of the sun."

"I'm sorry about that. Would like to have seen the other costumes. I'm getting awfully disappointed in this Fair, anyway."

"I presume so," I replied, but the sarcasm was lost. I knew long before this that he had spent his time running

down the Fair before he left home, and was trying now to be disappointed, so that he could go back to New York to go on with his "roasting." I took him over to the Manufactures Building. I was determined he should see something that would interest him. There was the immensity of it, and the foreign exhibits that would have to receive his attention, and he could not gainsay that much. We entered at the center of the building. I rushed him this time right to the middle before I allowed him to look, and then said:

"Now look at this and tell me whether you are disappointed or not."

"Disappointed? Well, I should think I am. This is the one thing where I expected to see something."

"What disappoints you?"

"Why, the size of it. I expected to see something perfectly immense. I am awfully disappointed."

I was, too. When he proposed going right through the building without having looked at any of the exhibits, I went along very humbly. We whirled over to this building and over to that, but he never missed stepping inside of each building. His time was getting short and we were hungry, but it was necessary to take things as they came.

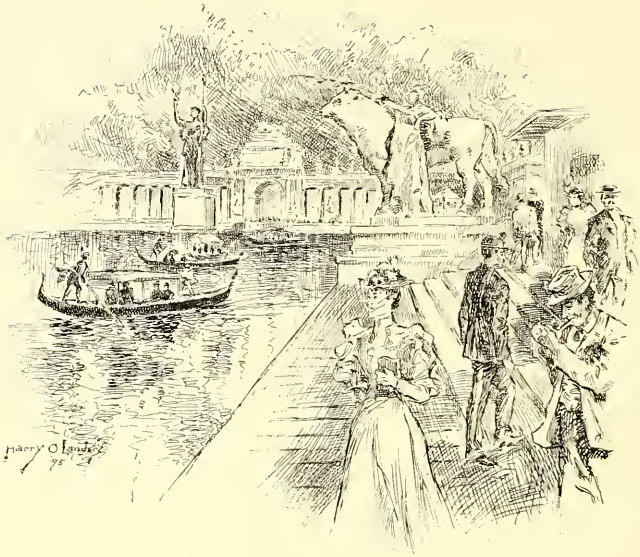
The Polish restaurant came in about here, so I said that while I was anxious for him to see all of the Fair he could I must have some coffee and something to eat. He looked at his watch and said "All right, we'll go in here."

We had a very nice lunch and N. Y. never criticised a bit of it. It was good coffee and good everything, until unfortunately he asked the waiter:

"Is your cook Polish or French?"

"Not Polish nor French. Dot cook he is German"—replied the waiter. That settled it. He never could endure German cooking, and it was an imposition for a Polish

restaurant to have a German cook. It would not be allowed in New York. We went on into the Midway Plaisance. When he found that he had to pay to go into the foreign villages his wrath broke forth. He said he knew before he left home that the Fair was a fraud, and now he could go back and tell them all about it. When I said that he had seen nothing at all of the Fair, and that I should go home and write down for my column just the way that he and others looked at it, when they were determined to be disappointed, he became very indignant. He said that he had invited me as a friend and because I could save time for him. That made no difference to me. He was not honest with me, nor with the Fair, nor with himself. And I have told the story just as it is. I hope his friends will read my column before he tells them that he knows "all about the Fair, because he has been in every building."



"A Vision of Beauty; the dream of artists, the inspiration of poets, the joy of the people."

JUNE.

JUNE.

June 1st.

By a chain of accidents and incidents I found myself on the cable cars on the way to the Fair yesterday. It is rather a long ride, but you get there just the same, and you have plenty of time to study the fact that whatever way you go, the one intent of travel seems to be the Exposition. And there are just as many going by one route as the other. Every road that leads to the great "Rome" is crowded. On the way we were blockaded for a few minutes. While we were waiting for the cable procession to move on, five Arabs stopped a policeman on the street corner. They were lost. They made frantic endeavors to tell blue-coat and brass-buttons what they wanted. They talked and gestured in the Arabic language and in French, but poor "Paddy Whack," from Ballyhack, could not understand either words or gestures. Finally someone who understood French discovered that they were anxious to get back to the "Rue de Cairo," and did not know the way. They were directed to our train.

When the conductor came to them to collect the car fare, they took out a lot of American pennies. They knew all about American money and American car fare. They had, also, heard something about fraudulent systems or mistakes made by conductors. Whether they were working for the interest of the South Side Cable company or looking out for No. 1 remains a mystery, but this is the way each one of those innocents from Egypt paid his fare.

The first one initiated the conductor, and came near having a row with him. He counted out three pennies into the conductor's hand, and then stopped. The conductor held out his hand for the other two, but the Arab shook his head and made a motion to the conductor's bell-punch. The conductor shook his head and insisted on two more pennies. The Egyptian insisted on something else in Arabic. The conductor held up five fingers, and tried to make the Arab understand that a full-fledged man could not ride for three cents.

Finally the Arab reached up suddenly and pulled the conductor's bell himself. The conductor jumped back. His face commenced to get purple, and his tongue was just ready to explode into a tirade when the Arab handed him the other two cents. And each one of the Arabs did the same—would not give the whole of the fare until the conductor gave him credit on that register. Everybody in the car, but the conductor and the Arabs, laughed at every cent that was dropped into the conductor's hand.

It was a matter of serious business with the Arabs, and a matter of more serious indignation with the conductor. It was too much that a conductor's honor could be doubted even by these wild Egyptians.

Those two companies of the Third United States Infantry are going to have a beautiful home for their "Model Camp." Ground is being staked on the lake shore just east of the Government Building, and soon the visitors to Uncle Sam's exhibit can see the differences between "blue-jay" work and the work of the real soldiers. Evidently our respected government does not feel safe to have its treasures protected by the Columbian Guards. With the "regulars" taking care of La Rabida, and these two companies, and the United States marines, the lake shore has quite a military atmosphere.

A popular place to take a cup of tea is over in "India." You can get a most excellent cup of real tea, and it will be served to you by a waiter in a most gorgeous red and gold costume, the livery worn by the servants of the viceroy. The reception rooms, balconies, and counters in the pretty building are filled with idols, silks, laces, and trinkets from India. I bought a—as I look at it I don't know whether it is meant for a hatchet, a fan, or a dust brush. Anyway, I bought it from a salesman, who was dressed with very tight and very wrinkled white trousers, a long gray and blue brocaded silk coat, and a pale crepe blue turban folded around his head. He spoke very good English. I asked him if he learned it in his own country. He said:

"Yes. I have to learn it there. I am a lawyer in my own country, and I sometimes have to plead my cases in English."

"Do you enjoy selling goods as much as pleading cases?"

"I care not much for the selling, but it gives me experience. I came to learn American civilization practically. I learn much here behind this counter."

Buddhist idols leered down at me in bright gold from the corners of the room, and idols in marble were peering at me from every other direction. With the East Indian temples, and idols, and various display of goods, and the costumes of the attendants, it was not difficult to imagine one's self in a foreign country.

As I came out of the building I met a dear little woman whom I knew. She was "almost dead"—she was so tired. She had been sight-seeing all day. I asked her what she had enjoyed the most. Without hesitation she said:

"Oh, the Indians. I never saw anything I enjoyed more in my life. They were in groups. Some of them were in

family groups, and some of them were dressed for war. There were Apaches, Sioux, Cheyennes, and a lot of different nations that I cannot remember now. They were just as clean and neat-looking, and really quite handsome."

"Indians clean and neat? Where under the sun did you see these Indians? In Professor Putnam's show or Colonel Cody's show?"

"Where did I see them? Why, in the Government Building."

"Oh, they were wax figures!"

"Of course they were wax. Did you think I would go in the vicinity of a live Indian? I am as afraid as death of one."

Undoubtedly the fascination produced by the fear made the wax the more enjoyable.

June 2nd.

There were so many visitors at the Exposition yesterday that every little ways you could hear people wondering if there was anything special going on. There was nothing more special than a perfect summer day. It was the grandest day that has been known in the White City. June had on its most brilliant attire. The foliage and flowers over on Wooded Island conspired to outdo in brilliancy the blue of Lake Michigan and the reflections in the lagoon of the gold and white sunlit palaces. They did not succeed, but the effort made the day a never-to-be-forgotten dream. People sat around on the "deck" of the pretty little White Star Line Building and imagined themselves on shipboard, sailing away into fairyland. It was a constantly varying procession that promenaded

along the graveled road, and all the time over beyond against the clear sky that quiet, exquisitely beautiful picture that can never be imagined—only seen. While I stood drinking it in, a detachment of regulars from Fort Sheridan came tramping by. They stepped as one man. They, with their commanding officer, never looked to the right or left. They went by silently, but for the footsteps, and seemed to add to the scene just what was needed to show perfect peace. Every eye followed them until the tread died away in the distance.

Another beautiful picture along the way was the American husband walking beside the tired wife who was being pushed along in the rolling chair. It seems to be a devotion confined to the American. Englishmen and other foreigners appear to consider their wives as well able to walk as they are themselves. An American out with his wife invariably insists on her taking one of the chairs, then, as the guide propels it, he explains to her what are the different buildings. It was a day for devotion. It was in the air. Between the Mining Building and the Electricity Building I overtook a white-haired old lady with a boy about twelve years old. She was standing still, evidently too tired to go any farther. The music from the plaza was floating down the road in inspiring strains, and the boy could scarcely restrain himself from leaping forward and rushing around into the thickest of the crowd. But he didn't go. He had one arm around the sweet old lady's waist, and was saying:

"Just a little further, grandma, and there are seats, and the prettiest view, and the music is playing, and I will get you a drink of water and—"

And the dear old lady moved slowly on. The dearer boy moved slowly, patiently, and yet with his face aglow

with the pleasure he and his grandma would have in a few minutes more.

On the bridge near I met a young lady who I know from the East. She stood there spellbound. There were tears in her eyes. She said:

"I am foolish, but I cannot keep the tears back. Do you know, I heard before I left the East that the Fair was a fizzle. Just look at this view! It is heaven. I have traveled all over the world nearly, and I never saw anything half so grand. No picture, no pen can ever tell what this beauty is, here in the sunlight. I have been here a week, and each hour that I spend here I discover a new charm. How can I leave it? When I think of the indifference I had about coming, it seems like a crime. It is a crime for anyone to miss seeing just what I have seen, and I spend most of my time walking around through the grounds. I want to always remember this picture. I must go home to-morrow, but I am coming again to visit the inside of the buildings."

I passed on and came down from the sublime to the practical with a dull thud by overhearing a fellow say:

"Well, I am a busted community—I've paid for my lunch and a ride in a rolling chair. I'm going down town now and start a run on my bank."

Marie Bashkirtseff looks down upon the visitors of the main floor in the Woman's Building through a painting of two little street arabs named Jean et Jacques. It is strong and full of sympathy for the little fellows, who are true to the life as seen in the streets of Paris. The older is striding along with one hand in his pocket and the other holding the hand of the smaller brother. Between his teeth he is holding a green leaf that he has picked up from the pavement. His look is straight ahead, as if he was facing all dangers fearlessly for himself, and little

Jacques walks along with his hand resting with perfect trust in that of Jean, and he looks at you with all curiosity —fearlessly, too. He knows that he can afford to look around and take in things—he is being taken care of.

I went up to the Garden Café for a cup of Mrs. Riley's lovely coffee. As I stepped into the elevator a woman followed me, and said in a low voice to the elevator boy:

"How much is it?"

"How much is what?" answered the boy.

"How much is it to ride?"

"To ride in the elevator? My, it is free!"

"Is that so?" with great astonishment.

Another woman stepped in after her, and whispered to her: "How much did he say it was?"

"Nothing."

"You don't say so!"

The elevator boy smiled a broad smile. But the women had delight written all over their faces to think they had found one place where a step could be saved without paying for it.

On the train coming home, I sat down by an old man who was talking to a Frenchman. The Frenchman said that in 1848 he was four years old. The old man said he was seventy-two years old now. Then he said to the Frenchman's wife:

"Are you tired?"

She did not seem to understand him. She just smiled and said nothing. Then the old man nudged me in the ribs and said:

"Are you tired? I suppose you be. Everybody gets tired at the Fair. Pretty tired, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am tired," I said, to please him.

"I'm a leetle tired, too; bin out here since seven o'clock

this morning. Am coming back to see the illuminations to-night."

He asked the Frenchman if he was coming back. The Frenchman said "No," and added:

"I came four thousand miles to see the Exposition. I be in Paris on Sunday week."

Then the old man said to me: "He comes a long way; I wonder if he takes his lunch with him."

Something about the "lunch" seemed to please the old man. He laughed as he said it, and gave me another punch in the ribs. The Frenchman said something else about having crossed the ocean eight times. Then the o. m. said, with another laugh and nudge at me:

"Do you take your lunch with you?"

The Frenchman looked puzzled. Evidently his knowledge of English was limited. But the laugh and continued smile of his vis-a-vis needed an answer. He studied a minute, and then his face lighted up as he said:

"Oh, yes; I take you wiz me, but you must pay your passage. I only pay for myself."

The old man did not smile or talk any more. Some good joke of his had been wasted. Perhaps he had been reading about the World's Fair lunches that are brought from miles away, and was considering it an international joke.

June 3rd.

Here's a scrap of conversation I heard yesterday over by the Art Palace. Two women were eating their luncheons on the steps of the lagoon. One said to the other:

"What time did you get out?"

"Early this morning, and I've just had the loveliest time I ever had in my life. I came alone to-day. The other day when I came with Sam, he wouldn't let me do this or do that, but to-day I've done 'em all."

"What did you do?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You see, I found out that the next day after Sam and I came together he skipped out here all by himself. But, you bet your life, he didn't tell me so. I overheard him telling George, and I heard him telling about the sights he saw. I thought what was good enough for Sam to see was good enough for me. I wanted to see them dancers over in them theaters in the Midway Plaisance—not the Turkish one, but the Algerian and the ones in the streets of Cairo, but Sam said 'No'—it wasn't proper, and he wouldn't take me. But I've seen 'em. Saw 'em to-day. I made up my mind I would when I heard him telling George, but I said nothing. I just sawed wood, as they say. Then he didn't think it was proper for me to see them—the statuary in the French section of the Art Palace, and a lot of other things, but I've seen 'em. I've seen 'em all."

"Was it very bad?"

"Bad? Well, I should guess not. It was all beautiful. Well, some of the statuary and paintings I went by in a kind of hurry, but there was lots of elegant people that were just sitting around in chairs and on sofas, taking comfort while they looked. The dancers were dressed all in gold and satin and lace, and looked so foreign-like —just like people you read about. I didn't think much of their dancing. They stepped around quiet-like, and shook themselves all to pieces. Some of the girls were a good deal fleshier than the others, and their flesh did all the dancing. I couldn't see anything very bad about it. But I'll never dare to tell some I went there. There's some of

the girls in 'America' that seem a good deal worse to me. I don't mind tights, but I hate to see real undergarments, unless it is a lot of lace. And in 'America' you can see garments that there's no mistaking what they are. There's nothing real bad about it, but it's a heap worse than seeing the Egyptian girls, I think. Do you know what I'm going to do now?"

"No; what?"

"I'm going to have a ride in one of these 'ere gooseboats."

"Gooseboats!"

"Yes, these here. There's another name for 'em, but this pink one has geese at the ends."

"Those are swans, and they are gondolas," replied her friend with the air of condescension that will sometimes accompany knowledge.

"Gooseboats or gondolas, I am going to take my last cent for a ride. It's a good thing I have my ticket to go home on. I'd have the ride if I had to walk. Sam wouldn't let me ride the other day because I happened to say that the man paddling was the handsomest man I ever saw."

And who can say that the World's Fair is not an educator?

I sat down in the Polish restaurant for luncheon. My table was not very far from the bar. No one is allowed to stand up at the bar and drink, but orders are filled here and served at the tables. It is directly opposite one entrance and not noticeable from another. A pale and sanctimonious-looking man—evidently a divine from somewhere—came in with his meek little wife. They were seated at my table. The waiter handed the "D. D." the menu from which to make out his order. As he adjusted his eyeglasses, his glance fell on the rows of

pretty champagne and various wine glasses, the pretty redwood counter, mirrors and sideboard, and the white jacket, white apron and white "choker" of the man who pours out and mixes drinks. He settled the eyeglasses more firmly, and looked again. A horrified look commenced to gather on his face. He dropped the menu and looked at me. He looked around the room. There was not only a bar there before his eyes, but people were actually drinking the vile concoctions. He had innocently strayed into an iniquitous den. He took up his hat and red-covered guide-book and said:

"Come, Sarah."

But Sarah had not made the astounding discoveries which her respected pilot had made. She said:

"Come? Where to and what for? Aren't you going to get anything after all this tramp?"

He looked at her with blank astonishment—as if the world was coming to an end when Sarah objected to move when he said "Come." He, too, was getting educated. First, he had seated himself before a bar, and where sinners all around were not even hiding their disgrace. And now, here was Sarah so demoralized with fatigue or hunger or the sights that she had seen that she was asking for explanations, when he was leading. He finally said:

"We will lunch outside of the grounds if we can find no places that are different from this."

Then Sarah looked at me, and then around about. What she saw evidently did not convince her that it was necessary to look up another place. She slowly gathered herself together, and reluctantly followed her earthly lord and master out of the café. I heard her mutter something about coming "alone next time."

The Polish waiter looked after the vanishing patrons

—would-be patrons—and never knew what was the matter. He simply shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "Some more cranks."

By the way, "coming alone" to the Exposition is just what you ought to do invariably, unless you come with the most companionable people. Every day there are complaints to be heard, right and left, of pleasure being ruined by some one wanting to go one place while the other would only go somewhere else. If you go alone, you go where you choose, see what interests you, and you take all the time you want to study things. It is the only way to thoroughly enjoy the Fair.

June 4th.

Minnesota did not unveil, but it unboxed Jakob Fjelde's "Hiawatha and Minnehaha," which is to stand in the center of the entrance porch of the State building. On the base are the words of Longfellow: "O'er the wide and rushing waters, in his arms he bore the maiden." The tender expression in the face of Hiawatha and the trusting one in the face of the maiden makes one wish there was more reality and less imagination in the beautiful poem. The sculptor, however—who has resided in Minneapolis for several years—has evidently worked without any doubts of the loves of red men, and in perfect sympathy with these two immortalized children of the poet's brain. The sculptor himself assisted in removing the boxing and adjusting his creation to position. He is a thoughtful, brainy-looking little man, with untiring energy showing in his face. The statue was contributed to the Minnesota Building by the children of the State, through the Woman's

Auxiliary Board. A crowd was standing around to watch the last board come off. Each one had something to say about the "white Indians," the "marble feathers," and "clean moccasins," and whether she was heavy or not, and they said, "hold on tight there—don't let her drop," but not one seemed to know what the white figures meant to the sculptor, who went on with the unpacking with immovable countenance.

I went into the building and was met by the charming hostesses, Mrs. Almond A. White, of Moorhead, and Mrs. A. T. Stebbins, of Rochester. In an instant I realized how successful had been the aim of the Minnesota people to make their building a home. It is an elegant representation of the homes so characteristic of Minnesota's hospitality. Just opposite the entrance is a wide staircase with a halfway landing which has a cushioned window built out in the shape of a dome. The lower floor has on one side in miniature Duluth harbor, and on the other side the animals found in the State. There is the elk, deer, bear, moose, and even the little gopher, all in a delightful state of stuffed preservation. There are on this floor exhibits from an Indian school which will show a remarkable civilization to the generation that can remember the terrors of Indian uprisings in this very part of the State. The cases are filled with the most ornamental of all kinds of Indian work and near this the very latest art needlework known to the city belle. On the top of one of the cases is a little model of the house where the first white blood in the State was shed by the Indians. In just the right light to show up clearly all its beauty and painstaking work is a painting comprised of all the flowers that grow in the State. It is by Miss May Johnson of Detroit, Becker County. For her studies she was not obliged to go out of her own county.

The most delightful—the home rooms—are on the second floor. There are reception-rooms, library, reading-rooms, drawing-rooms, and bedrooms ready for any one who might be taken suddenly ill. The rooms are all very handsomely furnished by a Minneapolis house. The State allowed only $500 for the entire furnishing. When this firm heard of it, they sent word to the lady managers to come and select what furniture they wanted and it should cost them nothing. They sent one of their best decorators down, and the rooms are furnished and draped without limit or thought of expense. Consequently many visitors to the building are in a constant state of wonder as to the beauty and richness of "state furnishings."

As we sat sipping a cup of tea in one of the cozy rooms where there was a grate fire curling up over a gas-log, the hostesses told me many amusing incidents about people who came in "just to see." They pick up the chairs and look at them, turn them upside down, ask if they are to sit on, and how much they cost. In the center of one room is a handsome mahogany table that was presided over by Governor McKinley during the convention held at Minneapolis. Both Mrs. White and Mrs. Stebbins, with the attendants of the building, are kept busy guarding this table from the knife of the souvenir fiend. They say: "Surely a little piece off from this corner will never be missed."

Sometimes elegantly dressed ladies will come in, and stretch themselves out on the couches and sofas to take an afternoon siesta, and if they are told that their feet are too muddy to rest on the satin furniture, they get up, very indignant that any one would dare to tell them how to treat furniture.

The moccasin flower or the "lady slipper" has been accepted by Minnesota for its State flower, and this design

runs through all the decorations. The frieze in the drawing-room, designed by Mrs. Center of Minneapolis, is particularly handsome. The dainty china that adorned a pretty little tea table was also decorated with the flowers, and was the work of Mrs. Stebbins, who is famed as a painter of china.

Minnesota was the first State to send in its quota toward the Children's Building, and it was also first to notice the work of colored women.

June 5th.

Governor Peck sat back in his chair yesterday in the Wisconsin Building, and wished for the good old times when he had a paper all his own in which to tell about the inevitable small boy. Sunday is the small boy's day. On that day he gets out with his father. Mothers are good enough, of course, but they always have their eyes open to the proclivities of their promising youths. Fathers wander along oblivious of the fact that a scion of the house —their house—can care to know more of the mysteries of the world than lies serenely on the surface of things. As the storm came upon the palaces of the White City, a father, strolling along ahead of his young hopeful, came across the broad piazza of the Wisconsin Building; he wandered through the door and the entrance hall to the opposite piazza to view the beautiful scene down the lagoon. Small boy kept a watchful eye on the paternal footsteps. Not that he was particularly anxious to be under surveillance, but he knew there was a time coming to eat something, and there was popcorn to buy, and he

might want gum, and there was a trip to make home, and the paternal was a great convenience when it comes to substantials. While keeping a watchful eye on his father he had his other eye open to rear investigations.

On the piazza he found little of interest aside from an old man who was eating a luncheon of apple pie and cheese. A lot of other people were sitting around in the rocking chairs eating their lunches, but this man had half a pie cut in two pieces. No one person would want to eat a half of a pie—no grown-up person. He hesitated an instant, and then sidled along up to gray-beard's chair. As he neared the old man's vicinity, he heard him call to Mandy to come and get her share of the pie. She was busy talking to someone. He called again and said it would be too mussy to carry home, and these Wisconsin people would not want it left around on the "piazzy." Still Mandy didn't come. Small boy was just deciding to take a chair and wait to see whether the pie was left around on the piazza or not, when he discovered that the paternal had turned some corner out of his sight. He leaped forward to the door and caught a glimpse of the familiar face, and then halted to take his own time again.

As he stopped, his eye lighted on a queer-looking red thing, with a sort of a wheel-handle and rubber hose. Just above the wheel, or screw, or handle, or whatever it was, it said in black letters, "Turn to the Right."

It took him a little time to study it out, but, of course, he knew all the time it was water—Wisconsin water—the hygeia, probably, he had heard so much about. He wasn't very thirsty, but he might as well take a drink while he was passing, and have the fun of getting it himself. He placed his hand on the wheel and looked around for a tumbler or cup. There was none. He didn't mind—he could drink out of the end of the hose. Funny,

though, there wasn't any cup. All the time he was trying to turn the wheel to the right. It turned hard. He gave an extra look for the cup, and an extra twist to the wheel. There was a "siss-ss-ss" and a "fizz," and a "swish;" a rush of something that looked like water and smelled like brimstone; a douche on the boy's chest that nearly knocked him down, and a rivulet up and down the length of his new summer costume. The boy, true to his country, grabbed hold of the wheel again to turn it the other way. It wouldn't turn. He got another shot—this time in the neck. Then he yelled. A man came to his rescue. The wheel would not turn for him. He, too, had his trousers extinguished a la Babcock.

Then two women came through the door and received their share of Wisconsin's greeting. They looked astonished, but seemed more or less prepared for the unexpected around the Exposition, and took the sprinkling mildly, and as a matter of course. Then two men took the "queer red thing" and placed it out on the lawn for the chemical force to exhaust itself. A near-sighted woman came up the walk and thought it was something new under the sun for lawn ornamentation. She stopped to investigate. Just then the fire extinguisher gave a final spurt, and she, too, received her reward for being willing to learn. And then Governor Peck came to the rescue. He explained that Babcock was a great inventor, but when once the wheels of his extinguishers were turned to the right, the fluid must be exhausted, and the only thing to do was to stand out of the way. While the janitor cleared away the deluge the small boy was taken care of by Wisconsin's popular governor, who tried to impress upon his investigating mind the fact that there were a lot of things in this world that were made to see and not to touch; that they were harmless when looked at, but al-

ways ready to explode when touched. The boy believed every word he said.

Another small boy received the Governor's individual attention. It is Governor Peck's aim to make the Wisconsin Building a comfortable home for all the State visitors, and there are no orders given that any one, even from other States, shall be refused the hospitalities of the building. Yesterday, when the storm came up, everybody in the neighborhood flocked to the spacious building, where they were sure of a welcome. Lunch baskets were unpacked, and in no time every chair and table on the lower floor was occupied. This other small boy could not content himself with the family party. He wandered around from window to window, and door to door, to study the picture and the people and the storm outside. His greatest ambition in the meantime seemed to be to find out how many sandwiches he could dispose of. With what he stuffed into his mouth, added to the amount scattered along the floor, he was getting rid of a remarkable number. With a kind remembrance of his own youth and his love for sandwiches, Governor Peck watched the boy with great interest. As the crumbs commenced to pile up along the boy's route the Governor heaved a sigh, and said:

"I hate to do it, but I believe I must speak to that boy. He will be the first one, though, whose comfort has ever been interfered with in this house."

He asked the boy if he lived in Wisconsin. The boy said:

"No-p. Indi-anny."

"Well, Indi-anny, just you get yourself on the outside of that sandwich, and don't feed any more of it to the floor, and you're welcome to the whole State of Wisconsin."

The boy grinned appreciatively, and disappeared through the door.

June 6th.

I am in trouble about my pass.

It commenced on Sunday. Someone gave a reckless order to the gatemen to scrutinize every pass that was presented at the gates.

Now, I have been going in at a certain gate for some time. Whether it was to spare me embarrassment or to save time for himself, this gate-keeper has never examined closely that photograph of mine.

You have heard me speak of it before—the World's Fair pass photograph—where the focus was thrown on to some white figures on a slate, instead of on my features.

He examined it Sunday. He had torn off the coupon and was handing me the pass-book, when he chanced to think of that order he had received. He drew back the cover, turned around to the light, looked at the picture, then at me. He shook his head and looked again. Newcomers commenced to fill up the passageway with their pass-books in hand. He finally said:

"That's the first one I've caught to-day. It won't go. I'll just keep this. Some of 'em you can't tell for the life of you. This one is plain enough. You can't go in. Just step back, please."

This last clause was addressed to me. The other part was spoken to the people back of me. And he had my pass-book on the way to his inside pocket.

Once I carried a revolver out on the plains among a lot of hostile Indians. It was hidden away in the deep

recesses of a pocket, and never saw the light of day—or night, for that matter. Those hostile Indians and that precious revolver came flying into my mind. The Indians seemed, for the minute, like white-winged angels, but the revolver—well, as I felt then—I would not even have been afraid of it. It was goodness knows where, but not with me. I thought of the old adage, about honey and vinegar, and tried to smile as I said:

"You are mistaken. That is my picture and my pass-book, and if you will look at the name you will recognize that, if you ever read the newspapers."

"I can't go by anything but the pictures to-day—them's my orders," said the honorable Mr. Gatekeeper.

Then I said—never mind what I said! My pass-book was returned to me. I went through the gate and heard a dim sort of an apology, as the iron arrangement registered my entrance.

The photograph was not pasted in very securely. I took it off the cover and laid it between the leaves. Yesterday the pass-book was presented at another gate. The man started to tear off the coupon, when he discovered there was no photograph. He said:

"Oh, no. That pass is no good. It expired days ago. Look at the date and place where that photograph ought to be. It looks to me as if you—as if someone had taken that picture out of it."

"Look at the name on the cover, and you will see that it is a press pass, and the photograph not strictly necessary," I replied.

"I never heard of that name before, and you can't go in. Orders are strict. Give the next one room, please."

And there I was! A photograph between the leaves that had made one gate-keeper refuse me admission, and no photograph on the cover to run the gauntlet of this

one! There was no use trying to make this man believe the photograph was mine, and a lot of people were waiting for me to get through the gate.

There was nothing to do, however, but to try the picture again. I said:

"There's a photograph here, if you insist on seeing it."

I showed it to him.

He glanced at it, unhesitatingly tore off the coupon and said:

"What did you take that picture out for? If you had left it in, it would have saved you all this trouble."

As I passed through the gate, I heard him say to the next in line:

"These women are so vain. That picture looks just like her. Suppose she thought it wasn't good enough looking to stay on the cover."

June 7th.

A dozen pretty girls, or a dozen girls with pretty white aprons and white caps, were learning yesterday to make soup in the "kitchen" of the Woman's Building. They were struggling with "cream of tomatoes" and the plain soup. Mrs. Rohrer seemed to be taking great care that the soups should be all right. I wish I could tell you it was, but I can't. I didn't have an opportunity to taste of it. I don't think they felt quite up to the work of making soup for press representatives. It would do for friends, who would say: "It is just lovely, my dear," as they did. But strangers might expect too much. One man said, however—and there were a lot of men standing around—that "any soup would be good, whatever way it was made, if it was made by such pretty girls."

It is amusing to notice how little faith men have in fellow men. Every man of 'em makes straight to the "beauty show" the instant he strikes Midway Plaisance. Then he commences to criticise the beauties. There's not a girl there that he has not seen for years in Chicago. And if one is to believe what he or she overhears, he has not seen the beauty in places where he would take his wife or sister.

Then he says the beauties cannot talk German, French, Italian, Swedish, Russian, Polish, or whatever country the pretty girl represents, because he or his friends have tried all the different languages on the different girls—and they could not understand! I would pity the girls if they could—if the German and French and the other tongues were as execrable as the critic's English. As a matter of exceedingly true fact—and with all due respect to exchange newspapers—the beauties are just from the countries they represent. They have been selected with great care—not only for their beauty, but also for their self-respect. The managers have one great trouble with them—they will smoke cigarettes. They smoke them, and they question any one's right to tell them they shall not. It is a native habit, and they cannot understand how it affects respectability one way or another. They have so insisted on this one privilege that I hear that three or four of the dark-skinned Oriental beauties have been discharged. But, goodness, why not let them smoke? It is their custom; the custom of the country. Why try to instill American habits into their foreign souls? To have them as they are in their own country makes them all the more interesting to the visitors. There are enough girls from the countries where smoking cigarettes is not a feminine custom to reserve the dignity of the "I. D. and C. Company." Let them smoke.

It will not demoralize America, and Americans will not misunderstand it. They are getting educated and more liberal. And surely if a cigarette can ease up the tediousness of beauty's hours, none will object.

I sat down in the Woman's Building in front of a painting by Hermine von Preuschen.

The name of the picture, or of the artist, is not given in the catalogue. But it is presumably an elaborated idea of Tennyson's "Elaine." It is a woman cold in death, but warm with the brightest flowers for covering, as she is being taken across the water in a gondola.

A young man and his best girl, or new wife, came by hand in hand. She was full of wonder at everything she saw, and he was full of importance and knowledge. She said:

"Oh, look at that! Is she sleeping or dead? Who is it?"

"That? Why, that is Cleopatra in her barge, of course."

And he rushed her by before she could hear any one say anything different. Then two women stopped. One said:

"I wonder what this is? It must be Ophelia. She was drowned, wasn't she? Yes, that is Ophelia, but it does not seem natural that they would place so many flowers over her, when they have just taken her out of the water."

Then a group of women stopped. One said:

"That thing must be meant for Tennyson's 'Elaine.'"

"Well," said another, "I looked it up, and 'Elaine' has a letter in one hand and a lily in the other."

And the whole group commenced to study the painting for lilies. Some found them and some did not. One was sure she could see a lily, and another said she could see nothing but poppies, and "Elaine would never have been prepared for the gondola ride with a lot of red poppies."

An artist came by who should be up in such things, and some one asked her what the painting was to represent. She said:

"I'm sure I don't know. There's a lot of things here that you never can tell what the artist meant, and I am tired trying to find out. You can't find things in the catalogue, and pictures will have to go for what the canvases tell you."

A man, in passing, overheard her, and said:

"Well, that girl over there in pink, coming down those steps, can go for what the canvas tells you. She's a beauty, and don't you forget it. Anyone can stand all day and look at it and not even ask who it is. But I believe it is a portrait of a young lady whose lover was killed accidentally just after that picture was painted. They say she has a very different expression now."

June 8th.

It's a dollar an hour to ride in the Sedan chairs, or 25 cents for the quarter hours. But the fellows with the collapsed-balloon adjustments—which in this country are called trousers—expect to receive "pour boire," which is the price of a drink, extra. Sometimes they get it, more often they do not. They have been very docile about it until lately—since business is getting to be an assured thing with them. Now, when the extra nickel or dime is not forthcoming, they do not hesitate to grumble and say, "Pour boire! pour boire?" Not one in ten, however, of their customers knows what "pour boire" means. Yesterday they found a customer who did know. Just as I was passing the Sedan chair station, three of the Egyptian turnouts deposited their burdens, and a mother and

two daughters—evidently—stepped out of three of the yellow-curtained, black chairs. One of the girls seemed to be acting as manager of the trio. She was a stunning looking blonde. She wore a navy-blue suit, jacket and skirt, trimmed with red, and red silk shirt-waist, a navy-blue sailor hat with a red band, and a red silk parasol. I mention the suit particularly because I heard of it later.

She handed the three fellows seventy-five cents—twenty-five cents apiece for a fifteen-minute ride—and walked away. Each one hopped forward and said:

"Pour boire! Pour boire!"

"Pour boire?" she said. "Pour boire after paying twenty-five cents for a fifteen-minute ride? Well, I guess not."

They insisted, and the other three men joined in, making two men to each woman. The mother drew herself up with great dignity and said:

"What does 'Pour boire' mean?"

"It means money for a drink," replied the daughter.

"For a drink of liquor? Certainly they cannot have it."

"Now, mother, don't you interfere. The drink is all right. It's the principle of the thing."

The six men still kept jabbering and waiting with outstretched hands. The pretty blonde looked at them indignantly, and said finally:

"Do you know what you can do? You can all six go to the devil, where you belong, and stay there."

The curious onlookers shouted with laughter. The girl said, "Come, mother," and walked away. The six chair-carriers settled back quietly to wait for more customers.

An electric current, or some kind of a current that sometimes controls the inclinations of people, seemed to

guide me along all day yesterday in the footsteps of that mother and her daughters. I brought up alongside of them again in the Moorish Palace. The mother was just ahead of the two girls. She was going into ecstasies over the labyrinth and mirrors and draperies, and was getting near the harem where the Moor sits with his beautiful and numerous wives. These wives have not any too many clothes, and there are many who think they should have more. But that is a matter entirely of taste, country and custom. As I was saying, the mother's face was beaming with pleasure, and she was saying:

"Oh, girls! If your father was only here! How he would enjoy——"

Just then she saw the harem. She drew herself back with a jerk, with her enthusiasm broken off in the middle. She took one more look and said:

"Turn right around, girls, immediately. We will go the other way."

The girls said:

"No, no, mother; we want to see these people——"

"Girls, come here!"—said the mother almost with a stamp of her foot—"have you lost all sense of modesty?"

"We will come in just a minute, mother, dear——"

"Girls!!!"

"Yes, ma"—and the girls took a final look at the harem, smiled at the women, sort of winked at each other, and then drew their faces down to the length which showed their mother that they had been properly horrified.

The next time I met them they were coming out of the German Village Garden. The girls were convulsed with laughter. One of them said:

"Well, mother, we got a glass of beer down you, any way. All you need is a little experience, and you will be one of the boys, yet—just as much as papa and we are.

I am going to write to papa all about it, when we return to the hotel."

The mother did not smile. She said severely:

"Now, girls, if you tell your father that I took a glass of beer I will never forgive you. It was not beer, it was 'Edelweiss,' the man said so. It was very different from beer."

"How do you know it is different?"

"I know it because it did not fuddle me, and beer would."

"Just the same, ma, that was beer, and you can't say anything more about papa and us drinking it."

Again I ran across them in the Woman's Building. They were sauntering down the main floor, when the mother spied the painting "Eurydice Sinking Back Into Hades." She halted, stood and looked at the nude figure an instant, then said:

"Well, I thought I could come into the Woman's Building in peace, and here's one of those perfectly disgraceful pictures in full view of everybody."

Then the oldest girl, the "acting manager," spoke up and without the sign of a smile, said:

"Now, ma, I wish you would stop such nonsense. You are making us miserable. In the first place you made a fuss about this suit of mine that papa likes so well. You have harped on that until I could jump in the lake every time any one looks at me. You say it is this loud dress. Then the next thing you positively refused to go into the Art Palace because of something you read in one of the Boston papers—probably written by some one who had never seen it. And now you come in here and because you see a picture of a beautiful woman you commence to mourn that you have no peace. I tell you it is nonsense, and it is—it is—well, it's queer. And I don't want to be

disrespectful. I may as well tell you that sister and I went through every room in the Art Palace and looked at every picture. Did you think I was going home and tell papa we had not seen those magnificent pictures? Do you know what I think? I think you ought to be bled and get some of that old Puritan blood out of you, and then you would be the dearest mother in the world."

The elder lady was fishing for her handkerchief to wipe away the cold beads of perspiration from her forehead. She was so astonished by the tirade poured out by the pretty blonde that she could find no words to answer.

She finally took a seat, and told the girls to go on, and look until they were satisfied, and not think of her. She was of no account in the family anyway; that they and their father ran things to suit themselves; they would not have many more years of it and then they would get over being miserable. In a few minutes the girls came flying back. They had found some exquisite laces and embroideries that she would enjoy. And the sunshine came back to all three faces.

I did not see them again.

June 9th.

It was the colors of Spain everywhere at the Fair yesterday—"Princess' Day" from Dahomey to the last white column on the peristyle. Flags, flowers, badges, and ribbons were red and yellow. Everything, everybody looked and walked Spanish but the princess herself. She seemed more like a pretty, smiling blonde American than the dark beauty the masses expected to see. And the masses had the full benefit of the pleasant face, particularly in the Woman's Building. The doors were not closed, and every

one came in fully up to a line of red and yellow ribbons which marked the pathway of the royal party. The entrance was made at the English vestibule. The princess wore a blue and white striped crepe over blue silk; a little figaro jacket of white lace; at her belt was a knot of red velvet; a tiny lace bonnet with a glimmer of blue in it, and a bunch of red roses at the back; a white lace veil covered her face and hair, but it was plain to be seen that her eyes were blue, very blue, and her hair nearer yellow than brown. As she walked down the carpet that had been laid for her royal feet, she looked at the cases of embroidery and was particularly and naturally interested in the case which is filled with Spanish laces and embroideries. After the dedication of the Spanish section tea was served at the Ceylonese pagoda. The natives were very attractive in their white gowns and red sashes, and their faces beamed with the pleasure it gave them to wait on the pretty princess and her suite. The princess smiled and bowed graciously to the right and left and everywhere when she met the eager faces.

Over in President Palmer's room in the Administration Building she did a particularly pretty thing. Miss Gertrude Small—a very bright newspaper woman, formerly of Boston, but who is now connected with a Chicago daily paper—was taking notes for her paper of the reception. The princess saw one woman in the room who was not presented. While she was wondering why she looked over to the attractive face and smiled. She then spoke to President Palmer, and they both looked again. He explained something to her—probably that newspaper writers were not officially presentable—then the princess smiled again and bowed low to the bright journalist.

I've been thinking what a hit Princess Eulalia would make if she would take a sneak some day when Com-

mander Davis' back was turned, and see Chicago and the Fair as other people see it. Americans, real Americans, would fall down and worship her. Confidentially, she looks to me just like the sensible woman who would enjoy stepping down from her pedestal and doing as the "Romans do."

Luncheon and dinner were served in the Administration Building—luncheon in the same room where President Cleveland dined, and dinner in a little side room. Both rooms were magnificently decorated with Spanish and American flags and flowers. Blossoming plants filled in the circular space of the lunch table, and every bit of floor between the potted plants was covered with pansies. The table was long and set with the finest silver, linen and cut glass. In the center were red and yellow flowers, and running the whole length of the table through the center were the pansies again.

The time appointed for the dinner was 7 o'clock. The order was given at 5 o'clock, and no one was supposed to know that the royal party had concluded to remain.

But it seemed to travel in the air, and crowds congregated to get one more glimpse of the princess. A guard and several stewards and waiters tried to keep the curious out of the dining-rooms, but it took constant watching. People—women mostly—would slip in to take a peep at the lovely table and room, even if they knew they would get jerked out. Elegantly dressed women were just as eager as the woman dressed in the ten-year-old bonnet and shawl. When, finally, word was sent that the party were crossing the rotunda it took a lot of quiet work to get the stragglers out of the way. With all the shoo-ing they only flocked over to the rail that overlooks the rotunda. The princess with President Palmer and the prince

with Mrs. Potter Palmer stepped out of the elevator first and led the way into the dining-room.

It was a sort of a question with the rest of them as to who was who—officially. One man, with a pretty woman on his arm, fell in line for the third couple, but was pulled off the carpet unceremoniously. Some one motioned to some one else to come next. This some one hesitated and placed another one of the officials in front of him. Then they all fell back to allow Potter Palmer to take his place.

The man who was pulled off the carpet brought up the rear. When he arrived at the door of the dining-room he found that only twenty guests had been invited, and all the seats were filled. There was a small row hanging around in that neighborhood about that time, but no one seemed at all worried that this one official had been left out in the cold, cold hall. It must have been a little embarrassing for the lady on his arm, but her beautiful face never changed expression. It was rumored that the duties of the day had been a little too much for this one official, and that he had forgotten whether it was the breakfast or the dinner to which he was invited. Of course none of the party were in evening costumes, as no toilets had been made since the breakfast. The ladies were in reception dresses and the gentlemen in Prince Albert coats.

The crowd waited to see the prince and princess ride away after the illuminations. They were packed in like sardines on the terminal side of the Administration Building. As they rode away the men and boys ran along after the carriage, and the crowd shouted themselves hoarse as the princess waved her handkerchief and the prince raised his hat.

June 10th.

Over in the French section of the Manufactures Building is a bronze vase thirteen feet high that attracts a great deal of attention. Everybody stops to look at it because others do, but there are comparatively few out of the many who seem to know what they are looking at. Yesterday a woman with a note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other stood looking at the monster vase several minutes. She would look first at the vase, and then at the people who were standing round while she tried to catch something they might say. Finally she stepped to the man in attendance and asked him to explain the vase to her. He said:

"Madame, if you will be so kind as to look at the vase it will do its own talking."

She looked at him indignantly for an instant, then turned and left the railed-in space. She muttered as she walked away: "It's nothing but a make-believe vase anyway; nothing worth studying—the size of it makes everybody stop."

The size of it makes some of them stop. It is the vase, however, that holds them spellbound. I overheard the conversation, then read the placard, which said: "Vase, La Vigne. Designed and modeled by Gustave Dore. Value, $20,000."

I sat down in a chair to see if the vase would talk for itself. It did. I found myself laughing involuntarily at the explanation it gave silently.

Saucy little cupids were having a great lark in and out among the grape vines on the outside of the vase, and with the wine that was supposed to be on the inside. They were helping each other up to the top edge of the vase to take a sip of the wine. They were convulsed with laughter because Bacchus and Venus had sipped too much of it,

and were in consequence reeling around, and lost to all dignity. They were trying to hold back lizards that were trying to get away without having had a taste of the wine, and they were holding butterflies and bees in their arms while they allowed them to kiss the sweet from their lips. They were scampering around among the grape vines after serpents to keep them from getting drowned in what they might mistake for water. They wanted all and everything to partake of the wine. Only one thing was rejected, and that was the spider. The spider wanted to come into the fun, but a cupid guard was stationed near the base of the vase to keep the unwelcome guest away. It is a most wonderfully designed vase. It is full of life and truly does do its own talking. In the design is the merit of the famous artist's great imagination, with every touch of somberness left out. No one could imagine for a minute in looking at the mad frolic of those plump little cupids that the same artist had illustrated Eugene Aram's dream.

It was very amusing yesterday to hear the comments made about the American princess—Mrs. Potter Palmer. The " 'arts were true to Poll." It seemed as if every one must have seen the princess the day before, as they saw Mrs. Palmer, and they all declared that Mrs. Palmer looks and acts the princess much more than the Spanish Infanta. One lady, who waited in line to make her bow to the princess—the bow she had been practicing for several days—said:

"The princess seemed to me more like a school girl than a woman who is accustomed to receiving homage. Mrs. Palmer seemed the princess to the manor born. Every move she makes is perfect self-possession and she shows herself mistress of all situations—expected and unexpected."

A little nervousness on the part of the princess during

the reception in the assembly-room of the Woman's Building was particularly noticeable. It may have been due to the fact that the Chicago or the American climate had produced an indisposition which must have made her grateful for the fact that some dead and gone queen or empress made the use of the mouchoir a perfectly proper thing. With about every other handshake or bow she raised her dainty veil and applied a delicate handkerchief to her nostrils, which made her seem very human and approachable. Many of the ladies really wanted to sympathize with her and tell her what they knew about this horrible climate, but they refrained.

While the princess might have been a little nervous at close range, she was not at all so with the masses of humanity which lined all the roadways. She seemed to understand perfectly the value of popularity with the part of the universe that has been known to make thrones totter and even disappear entirely. Her parasol was closed whenever the carriage would pass into the shadow of the buildings and her smiles, and handkerchief were waved right and left to the people who were clamoring and climbing on each other to get a glimpse of the pretty face. At night, when she came out of the Administration Building after the fireworks, she insisted on the carriage being thrown completely open so she could see them all and they see her. It took time to get the carriage top all down, and of course all kinds of remarks were floating about, some in commendation of her kindness and consideration of the many who were so anxious to see her, and some not so complimentary from the would-be cynic. I had my little French friend with me—Leonie; you have heard me speak of her. We stood watching the departure of the prince and princess, the seething mass of people, and the struggle with the carriage top from a window in the Ad-

ministration Building. Leonie heard the would-be wits saying:

"She is making a grand stand play."

"Of course she wouldn't miss the opportunity of being admired."

"Oh, she will not be introduced to any one not officially worthy, but she will smile and bow and wave her hand to that motley crew."

And a lot more, more careless than unkind remarks. Leonie watched the proceedings down below, and fidgeted uncomfortably at the remarks around her, until she finally wheeled around with a flash and said:

"You know not what you say—you Americans. Ze princess she knows well zat she must not ride through the crowd wiz ze carriage closed. It is not ze courtesy, and ze crowd might open ze carriage. You live in Par-ee and you would know ze crowds bettaire."

No more remarks were heard from that vicinity.

Yesterday Leonie wanted to ride in a Sedan chair which we happened to meet in Midway Plaisance. We hailed the men and said we wanted two chairs. They looked up and down the road. There were no more in sight. They said they would take us both in the one. We said: "Oh, no." They thought of the money and said "Yes." We hesitated. They insisted. We stepped in. We are not fairies in weight. There's no doubt about their earning their price for a ride and the extra "pour boire" that time. It was a tug for them, but the enjoyment of companionship for us. You need a companion to fully appreciate the native grace of the Sedan chair carriers as viewed in the rear. The motion as they amble along is like nothing else human under the sun. Their trot is very likely scientific in the extreme, and means great ease to the passenger. But the passenger needs educating to it, or he is

sure to bring disgrace on himself, as we did. I have always wondered what caused the incessant smile of passengers in the Sedan chair. Now I know. It is that rear view of the head man. It was so irresistibly funny that we laughed and made some remarks. Unfortunately Leonie made them in French. The man understood, and when he came to the viaduct he set the chair down with a thump. He said he "was a poor man" and he "try to give us pleasure" and "we laugh" at him. He "go no farther." We paid him and made apology, as if we believed in his reason for stopping. Our opinion was that he was afraid the chair would give out, as his strength had already. We gave him money enough extra for two drinks.

June 11th.

My! My! The ears of Princess Eulalia must have burned yesterday. She was being discussed from all sides. She, vulgarly speaking, caught it. They—the great and mighty they—did not say that she had been doing any snubbing, but that she had been rude; that she had been guilty of accepting invitations—accepting officially official invitations—and had then considered herself bored and ill-treated to the extent that she had been guilty of showing temper, real temper. They said she had been rude, positively rude to Mrs. Potter Palmer—America's princess. That she had left the house, after accepting the invitation to the reception given in her honor, without partaking of even a crumb or giving a glance at the elegant repast prepared for her in the private dining-room. And every woman in the Woman's Building, representing States from Maine to California, and every country, was rejoicing over the fact that Mrs. Palmer had telephoned her in-

tention of not occupying her box yesterday afternoon at the concert in Festival Hall, to which the princess had received and accepted an invitation—officially.

They also rejoiced that she did not occupy it, and that neither did any of the lady managers to whom the box was offered. Then these women—these "they"—elaborated on the temper of the princess, and, as an illustration, told how she had refused to go out in white satin dress and white satin slippers, into the wind, rain and storm, under a dripping black umbrella at her hotel on starting for the reception given in her honor. That she actually went back to her room, and said she would not go to the reception!

Now in the main all they said was true, very true; but everybody seemed to forget that Princess Eulalia is, after all, nothing but a woman. And as for that storm Friday night, it was something awful for white dresses and white slippers. I, myself, am only just myself; but that night a big man stood back of me at my hotel, and when he saw the storm that was sweeping rivulets of water under the portico, and my own white slippers and dress, he said: "You cannot go out in such a storm; it is impossible to get into the carriage without getting drenched." And I was obliged to wait until the storm abated. There was no one to spread a carpet or put an awning for me. The princess was perfectly right in expecting a carpet and awning to protect her from the storm. And where under the sun was Commander Davis—the man "near to the president"—that he was not taking better care of his charge? How would a dripping and mud-bespattered princess look to walk into that brilliant company?

And yet it seems to me that there are some things where the princess does herself and Chicago a great injustice. All Chicago wants her to enjoy herself in her own best

way. If she had been ignored, officially or otherwise, Spain would not have considered their representative queen had been treated with common respect. If the representative queen was receiving too much attention—which at the worst is only meant to be kind and hospitable—then official invitations can be declined as well as can private ones. If invitations are accepted, then they should be accompanied with official patience and amiability. And truth compels me to state that there were times when she appeared either vexed or nervous while she was receiving the bows of those presented to her.

But if she was vexed the night before at seeing so many to whom it looked as if she must be presented, she was sweetness itself yesterday while skipping around on Midway Plaisance. She even kissed a little girl that stood near her carriage as she came out of the Libby glass works. I asked the little girl afterward how it was that the princess happened to kiss her. She answered naively:

"Well, I frew a kiss right at her, and then she wanted to kiss me real bad, an' I let her."

The little girl, whose home is in Kansas, was the lion of the day—after the princess. And the princess would not be lionized. A magnificent musical program was prepared for "Their Royal Highnesses, the Infanta Eulalia, and the Infante Antoine, of Spain," and the concert was given by President Higinbotham and Mrs. Bertha Honore Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers. The number admitted to the hall was limited. The seats were comfortably filled, however, and many was the anxious glance turned toward the boxes draped with Spanish and American flags, caught together with the coat-of-arms of Spain. People looked, and the fine program given by the selected musicians from all over the world went on, but the princess and her suite came not.

Finally in the midst of a Spanish rhapsody the royal party were ushered into their seats. When the rhapsody ended the royal party left. They were in the house about two minutes. They came and went without many knowing they were in the house. The orchestra never stopped, and for once the princess could not have been bored with too much attention. She wore a close-fitting navy blue gown with a sailor's hat. Navy blue and sailor hats seemed to be favorites with the half-dozen ladies accompanying her. They were all dressed similarly with one exception. Senora Dupuy de Lome was dressed in brown, with brown bonnet. The party hurried up the stairs as if they were rushing to a disagreeable duty which they wanted to get out of the way. They were very successful.

New York has been so kind to us. We are so much obliged. We have done just as it so thoughtfully suggested. We have bowed to the prince every time we have bowed to the princess. There are some things New York should have whispered also to the princess. Among others that it lightens and thunders and rains in Chicago, and most unexpectedly. And that she has only to say that even official invitations bore her, and she will find the whole city ready to be as kind in one way as in another.

At the station, as I was passing through the gate to take my train, I heard a weary-looking female say:

"I want to go home."

"Ah, yes," said the man at the window.

"Will this train take me home?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. It will take you to Van Buren Street," said the ticket-seller.

"Well, I'll take a ticket and ask some one there who knows," said the discouraged princess-chaser.

June 12th.

Jack went with me to the Fair yesterday.

That is, we started for the Fair, but the Ferris wheel, with the scaffolding all down, caught Jack's eye from the train, and he would go up to view the mechanism.

That settled the Fair! It was Midway Plaisance.

Jack has two great weaknesses. One is a desire to view the world from somewhere up in the sky, and the other is music. We were victims to both weaknesses before the day was over. He said he just wanted to study for a little while the wonderful perfection of the cantilever and the truss principle. I knew—silently—that he had a sort of inward hope that the wheel was going around, and that he would get a view of things from the highest part of the circle.

We started up Midway with the procession. Everybody was out. There was music to the right of us, and music to the left of us, and everywhere that Jack heard the music, good, bad or indifferent, he would go in.

I thought first of the banks that were being shaken and wondered if Jack had all of his money in his pockets, or had something left to fall back on, and then I commenced to regret I had not kept an itemized account of expenses to see just how much it did cost to "do" the Midway Plaisance with a generous companion, and in completeness.

The Ferris wheel was moving, but not for passengers. The workmen were adjusting the cars to position. It makes one dizzy to look up at the top of the immense iron structure, but the cars are built so that no one will take a tumble unless he is particularly desirous of committing suicide.

Just beyond is the Vienna Café. A Hungarian band was holding forth on one of the verandas.

Jack said that he was hungry. I knew he wasn't. It was that music again.

We went up the stairs. The first thing we saw, as the waiter seated us by an open window which faced west on the street, was a balloon making trips into the air. The view up the Midway was very fine from this window, but not a thing did Jack see but that balloon which was held captive by a rope which seemed to run into the Chinese theater, but the waiter said it was beyond.

Jack said nothing, but you ought to have heard him hurry that waiter! There was a trip into the air in his mind, without any doubt.

Whether it was Jack's eagerness to get up into the clouds, or whether it was discouragement because business was so dull inside, with so many outside, I know not, but the service in that restaurant and the food, were not up to the prices charged for them. The waiter complained bitterly about people objecting to pay fifteen cents for a cup of coffee. He said they wanted it for a nickel. They wanted rolls for a nickel, and they wanted everything for a nickel. And how could they serve things for a nickel when the building cost $65,000! The building may have cost $65,000, but none of the money could have gone into the table linen and silver. The forks and spoons were tin, and the napkins—I did not have a napkin. Jack loaned me his. It may have been our fault. We did not order napkins and water with the luncheon, and perhaps they thought we did not know how to drink water or how to use a napkin. We had a salad that was dressed with eggs packed in the eighteenth century, and vinegar that was colored with cochineal to prove that it was pure wine

vinegar. It was a beautiful color—the vinegar—but prettier for a druggist's show window than for salads.

We hied ourselves to the captive balloon park. There was music here also, a cafe all around the edges, with the balloon in the center.

A basket that could hold six or eight people, with the inflated silk above it, was just settling down to the earth. An engine was running in one corner of the park that wound and unwound about fifteen hundred feet of rope. It held the pretty balloon captive, and there was no danger of passengers settling down calmly to death in Lake Michigan.

The tickets for the ride, which took about twenty minutes to go to the end of the rope and back, were $2, which meant $4 for two people.

"Maggie Murphy's Home" was floating out enticingly on the air, and I was beginning to feel Jack's enthusiasm to ride straight up into the azure blue—but $4!

Four dollars after all that music we had paid for! Even "Maggie Murphy's Home" from the sky would lose its charm. Then I happened to remember that I was myself. I always do forget that when Jack's around. I represented the press. There was not need of our buying but one ticket. That would not be so bad. It was worth $2 seeing Chicago from way up there on such a day, but it was a question whether it was worth four of them.

I sent my card to the manager. He was very polite and kind, but he had been having so much trouble with the weather man, and had the promise of but a few hours of sunshine, and he must make hay while the sun was shining with two-dollar passengers. If I would come in the morning early, when he had time to take up his friends, he would be only too glad to add me to the list.

It was generally cloudy in the morning, but, oh! he was

very, very kind. Jack had my ticket bought long before he was through with his apologies.

Now, I suppose for revenge—revenge for that man not having more respect for the power of the press—I ought to say that that balloon ascension was a failure. But I cannot. It was the grandest sight I ever saw. Not a cloud in the sky. We stood up in the basket, six of us, and went slowly up 1,200 feet. Lake Michigan's blue surface was in the east, a green forest in the west, and between the two the White City and Chicago. Down below the people growing smaller and smaller on Midway Plaisance. In Old Vienna little white spots that in the sunshine looked like dolls' tables. Dahomey village with a square in the center around which were grouped people watching the natives who seemed only a black mass.

The hum and roar of a big city came up through the space with a restlessness that did not seem at all a part of the perfect peace on which we were looking.

When we reached the end of the rope the captain waved the American flag, the engine reversed its motion, and we settled down again.

"Maggie Murphy's Home" had been changed to "After the Ball," and we were again a part of the White City.

June 13th.

I stood in the rotunda of the Administration Building yesterday trying to decide which way I would go to spend the next hour or so. An elderly man and woman took a seat directly back of me. That rotunda is a great place for people to take seats. The visitors came in there to get out of the rain, to rest, to make plans, and to discuss what

they had and what they hadn't seen. There were only about these two seats left in the whole rotunda. The woman seated herself with a thump and sigh of relief—she was so glad to get the seat before I did. She turned to the man with her and said:

"I don't suppose it was just the right thing to do, but I went right up to President Higinbotham and he told me just as if he had nothing else to do but answer questions."

"Well! Well! You ought not to ask the president of a big thing like this questions of that kind—ask the guards. They are hired for that purpose," said the man.

"Oh, yes, I know all that, but I've heard of them guards, and I knew by President Higinbotham's face that he would tell me, and he did."

"How did you know it was him?"

"I knew him from a picture that was in one of the papers."

I moved away and wondered to myself if President Higinbotham knows how many friends he is making among the people who go to the Exposition. Every little while I hear of some simple kindness on his part to some one of whom he probably never thinks again, but which is never forgotten by the recipients. Certainly he is getting up a most enviable reputation for kindness and consideration. And between you and me, such reputations are as rare in some quarters of the Fair as are some of Uncle John Thorpe's plants. He—President Higinbotham—does not seem to be very politic with his thoughtfulness for the happiness for other people, for the things I run on to in my roamings never seem to be the result of wire-pulling or official presentation, or where he thinks he will ever hear of it again. It seems to be all due to the fact that his heart and soul is in the interest of the Fair, and to the fact that he wants everybody to have the enjoyment that he knows

awaits them if they only know how to find it. Here is an illustration of the spontaneity of his kindness:

On the train going out to the Fair one day was an old gentleman and a lady. They were evidently strangers. From their conversation you could hear they felt their ignorance about getting around the grounds to advantage. President Higinbotham sat near them. In stepping from the train the old gentleman asked him some question. He said that he was going to the grounds and he would show them the way. He pointed out this building and that one to them, the nearest routes, and then took them into the Administration Building to show them the dome. He explained it in detail to them, and gave them in all a great deal of valuable information. As he was leaving them, the lady said:

"You seem to know a great deal about this fair. Are you connected with it?"

"Yes, I am associated with it," he replied.

"I thought you must be—you are so well posted. Are you one of the superintendents?"

"I am the president," he replied, hesitatingly.

"President Higinbotham?" the lady asked, eagerly.

He answered in the affirmative. The lady said:

"How very kind of you to take all this trouble. Allow me to introduce my father—Senator Dawes of Massachusetts."

That was one time when he did hear of the kindness again. Senator Dawes takes great pleasure in telling the story.

People were piled up, ten deep or more, against the glass partition in the children's building looking into the dainty rooms beyond, where the babies and children are taken care of while their mothers are out doing the Exposition. It is a glimpse into paradise apparently, and yet my heart

ached until the tears almost came, as I stood there—one of the ten deep. In the little babies' room there was a row of tiny white cradles lining the rooms. A little white canopy, caught back with blue ribbons, hangs over the spotless covers. In the center of the room was a little fenced-in square filled with blankets and pillows. Just over the railing were a pair of baby feet kicking furiously at the air. A nurse in cap and apron stood at one side sorting out linen. In the next room were several children from a year old to four or five. Around the walls of this room were the same white and blue resting-places—but tiny beds instead of cradles. Here was where my heart commenced to ache. One little fellow about four years old was sitting on a chair crying as if his heart would break. You could see tears and see lips say that he wanted "Mamma," but you could not hear a sound. Every woman that stood there looking in was ready to be a mother to the little fellow, and each had something to say about the mother who could be so cruel as to leave her boy there.

They said nothing about the cruelty of the mothers of the other children, but that mother—that mother would not have enjoyed hearing her heartlessness laid bare. Finally a pretty nurse went up to the little fellow and said something. He jumped down and commenced piling toys onto one of the beds. In a minute three or four other children were helping him. Smiles were playing over his face, and you would never have known that a tear had rested there. It was an object lesson to many a mother. It was a pantomime, but every one understood that the nurse had asked the child in the most matter-of-fact way if he could not help her pick up the playthings that were scattered all over the floor. Few mothers would have known how to bring back the sunshine to the little face so quickly. The baby rooms will be one of the great attrac-

tions of the Fair. They are the sweetest rooms. You don't know the meaning of the word sweet until you see them.

June 15th.

I was wandering around the French section of the Woman's Building yesterday when I heard a woman say to Monsieur de Loynes, who has charge of all the French exhibits:

"Can you tell me, please, where to find a handkerchief which is on exhibition in this building somewhere, that was made for the Empress Eugenie?"

Monsieur threw up his hands and said:

"Oh, if I could only get hold of zat woman who write in ze newspaper about zat handkerchief! My hair it has turned gray wiz zat question. I believe not in zat handkerchief. It is ten thousand times I answer and say I know not."

He shrugged his shoulders and extended his hand again with a pathetic gesture.

It was a question with me for an instant whether or no I dare acknowledge to the crime of having described the wonderful handkerchief that had been made for the empress. But I finally stepped forward and said:

"I am the woman that you would like to get hold of. I wrote the story of the handkerchief, of the women becoming blind who embroidered it, of the wonderful design and its cost, and of the starvation price paid the women who lost their eyesight in doing the work."

The woman looked at me eagerly, and Monsieur de Loynes looked as if he was not sure whether he wanted to shake me or was glad to see me. He decided that he was glad I was there to answer this last question at least.

I told the inquirer that the exquisite handkerchief was in a box on the top of a desk belonging to one of the lady managers in one of the rooms with "private" on the door; that I did not know when it would be placed on exhibition; that I had done my best toward getting it placed for the reason that I had had so many personal inquiries about it, and that I could not tell when it would be. She went away much disappointed.

Then the manager from France told me of the innumerable times he had been asked that question. At first he thought some of the "Jolie Americaines" in the building were trying to play a trick on him. Then visitors from all over the country, East and West, North and South, came with the same question. He asked them where they heard about the handkerchief, and they said they read it in their home paper; it had been copied from a Chicago paper. Then he said they must never believe anything they read in a newspaper—he knew nothing about the handkerchief, didn't believe in the handkerchief, and did not believe that any one else did.

Monsieur de Loynes is the only man exhibitor in the Woman's Building. He is a sort of friend, protector and brother to all the women under the roof. And the women visitors seem to take more liberties with him than they do with the women exhibitors. They ask him all sorts of questions, and then if his answers do not exactly meet their expectations, they do not hesitate to accuse him of deceiving them.

In the center of the main floor of the building is a life-size bronze Psyche. It is as perfect as Venus. It knows not the meaning of the word drapery, but its modest color prevents any great shock to even the most rural visitor.

Yesterday it had a special visitor who did not explain whether he admired most or was shocked most. No one

else could tell just what was his impression. He wore a very broad-brimmed sombrero and top-boots. There was a suspicion of a belt and pistols around his waist and under his coat-tails, but no one could swear to it. He had his hands in his pockets. He walked around Psyche two or three times and looked at her from head to foot. He finally stopped and rested his eyes on the bowed head, and said:

"Wal, I'll be gosh-darned!"

As I came out of the Woman's Building I stopped to admire the dainty decorations on the outside of the "children's building." They are all a delicate greenish blue against the pure white. While I stood there two women and a little boy about three years old came along. One said to the other:

"Will you wait here while I go in and check baby, or will you go with me?"

"I will wait here. Sallie may come and she would not know where to find us."

While she was waiting I asked her about the check. She said they had been out three times with the baby and always checked him. Yesterday her sister lost the check, and if her baby had not called her mamma when she went for him she would not have been allowed to take him from the check-room.

Tiffany dazzled all eyes with his magnificent opening yesterday in the Manufactures Building. One pearl necklace in the center case on a wax figure was valued at $85,000. It was a string of pearls that went twice around the neck. Attached to it was a ruby pendant worth $22,000. Another necklace of pearls of three strands was $200,000. A diamond necklace of Tiffany's own cutting was $20,000. Near this was a sapphire and diamond aigrette for the hair that was $27,000. A

straw-colored diamond, the finest one known to be in existence, is worth $100,000. It was "Ah!" and "Oh!" and "Look at this!" and "Look at that!" from every direction after the iron gates were thrown open to the public. Words could not be found to express the delight felt. "Oh, ain't that b-e-a-u-tiful!" was said more times in a minute than it is said in an hour in other places around the Fair, and that is a good many times. "Oh, I'm so tired," and "Oh, ain't that beautiful?" are the two standard expressions of the Columbian Exposition.

June 16th.

A pretty black-eyed woman was just ahead of me yesterday as I stood waiting to be next in going through the "Pass Gate." She had a four-legged gilded stool on her arm. She gave her pass-book—a photograph full term pass—to the gateman. He tore out the coupon for the day and returned the book with:

"Here! Here! You cannot go in with that stool."

"Well, I just will go in with this stool," said the lady.

"I would like to see you get in unless I unlock the gate."

"You will see me get in, and you will unlock the gate. I have been through here too many times to have any trouble now over this stool that I prefer to carry instead of waiting days for its delivery."

"You can't go in, and I will call a policeman if you do not stand back out of the way."

It was getting interesting. I made up my mind I would "back" her as long as she wanted to fight. There is something about those gatemen—some of 'em—that does so bring out all the fight there is in anybody. But she was able to do her own fighting. She said:

"You call a policeman if you want to, and we will see who gets the worst of it. I am an exhibitor, and this stool is to be utilized in my exhibit. You open the gate immediately. You cannot come any butter and eggs trick on me."

The man opened the gate at once with a broad grin, and said: "You ought to have said you were an exhibitor."

"You ought to have looked at my pass and found out before you made any objections, and you ought to have remembered me, anyway, after a daily entrance of seven weeks."

I hurried after the pretty woman and asked her to tell me about the "butter and eggs trick." She laughed and said:

"You will have to get Mrs. Rohrer over in the model kitchen of the Woman's Building to tell you the story. She tells it in the most inimitable way. She was to give one of her lectures the other morning, and needed some butter and eggs. On her way to the grounds she stopped and made the purchase. She gave the man who was to deliver them the proper credentials, and he said he would come immediately. This was about 9 o'clock in the morning. When the time came for the lecture, the butter and eggs had not arrived. She delayed as long as she could, until there was a threatened departure of every one in the room—and the room was full—then she commenced without the proper materials. Of course her lecture was more or less a failure that morning.

"At 12:30 her man came puffing in with the butter and eggs. He had been running up and down the line of stupidity and red tape for three and a half hours. The eggs and the butter had cost 50 cents, and she had to pay the man $1.50 extra for his time. You ought to hear her tell the man's experience as he was sent from one gate to

another. It would be worth your while to hunt her up." And the pretty woman looked with pride at the gilded stool which she had brought over the line sans ceremonie. That woman would get butter and eggs through on time.

On my way over to the Russian exhibit in the Woman's Building I sat down to study a painting. While there I overheard a conversation that seemed to me told a whole volume. A man and woman stood leaning against one of the cases. I don't know who the man was, but the woman was one of the lady managers. I wish I knew who the man is. He is a man after my own heart. He is not afraid of a lady manager nor any number of them. He was saying:

"What you ladies need, and must have, is a competent head. Your social position is all right, but it is time now to give up social ambitions and go to work. Social ambitions don't amount to anything in a place like this unless accompanied by executive ability. You seem to fight more to protect the social pedestal on which you place yourselves, than you work for the success of your lovely building. There are things to be done here that need instant and undivided attention. There is one little woman here who can accomplish more in an hour than a good many of the rest of you, all together, can do in a week."

"Who is that?"

"That pretty little Mrs. ——," replied the man of moral courage.

"Mrs. ——? Why, she is no one but our clerk," answered the woman with an expression that showed her lack of respect for a man who knew so little about social conditions.

The man looked very much amused and then said with a quizzical smile.

"Well, possibly the position of being nothing but your

clerk may not amount to anything, but I still maintain that she is a very competent woman and should be given a position where her ability can have full sway where it is so much needed."

The Russian exhibit, which will be open to the public on Saturday, will be a gorgeous display of the industries of the women of that country. Countess Shahovsky is giving the arrangements her personal attention. There's a countess to whom one could bow down! She is so charmingly unassuming and kind. Yesterday people were crowding around the lined-off entrances to catch a glimpse of the magnificent embroideries and court dresses that were being placed in position. They were often in the way, and would have ordinarily annoyed any one who was obliged to elbow his way through. The countess went in and out and among them in the sweetest way. The only remark she made that showed that she noticed at all was: "I am sorry that so many are disappointed that they cannot come in."

The court dresses are embroidered solidly with gold thread. And there are silk curtains and draperies in shaded embroidery, laces, and the finest knit-work done by the peasants.

One piece of knitted work made of goat's down is forty-nine square yards in size. It weighs $8\frac{3}{4}$ ounces and has 24,500,000 stitches. Two little oil paintings are hanging on the wall that will make English and American sister artists green with envy when they see them. The canvas has no artist's name on the face, but the princess said the names were on the back. One is evidently a portrait of a woman whose face does not show. She is sitting in a chair that does not hide her graceful back and slender figure and is reading a paper. The position and drawing are so lifelike and perfect that every one will stop involuntarily to

look at it. The other is a portrait of a man, also over his morning paper and coffee. His face is shown, however, and he does not appear so oblivious to surroundings. Both pictures are wonderfully strong and yet most delicate in handling.

June 21st.

I fell in with some "jolly good fellows" yesterday. They were three women. By the way, this World's Fair is developing a lot of good fellows among women. I mean by that that women are laying aside prejudices and are studying up facts from personal observation, where heretofore they have, so many of them, formed their opinions entirely from hearsay. Now two of these women are blessed with husbands who are anxious for their wives to see the Fair in its entirety, but who had said that there were some places where they had better go with women. Among these places particularly were the Egyptian theaters. I don't know why these husbands thought that being with women would remove all questions of impropriety, or would have a tendency to refine Egyptian methods, but these ladies thought that now was their opportunity to see the "danse du ventre." It was raining and there were four of us. Egyptian dancing was not new to me, but I was anxious to see what an impression the far eastern idea of grace would make on these three broad-minded, sensible women. You will remember that I have told you before that the dances of these people are peculiar to their country, and that the Arabian ideas of grace, refinement and science are not based on the American plan. And it takes an exceedingly generous mind not to view the performances from an American standpoint.

The American idea has got accustomed to reckless kicking and billowy lace flying around until you cannot tell half of the time whether a woman is dancing on her feet or on her head, but the American idea is not quite up to the science of seeing the flesh dance a jig—hence the great cry against some of the Midway Plaisance theaters. There's a great fuss made, but everybody goes just the same. As one of another party of women said as we took our seats in the "Cairo" theater: "We all come, sooner or later."

It was warm and the dancing girls were not in very good humor. It was sort of nip and tuck between the heathenish music and the more heathenish dances. Sometimes the "tom-tom" was ahead and sometimes the flesh was ahead. When the flesh got too far out of the way the girls would stop and tell the orchestra exactly what they thought of them, and then wait for them to catch up with their thumping, or walk off from the stage in disgust. They were unmindful that the rain had driven people inside until nearly every chair was filled with spectators. Farida, the pretty girl who goes through her contortions with a chair held between her teeth and balanced in mid-air, was particularly unfortunate in her musical support. She slapped her handkerchief at the Arabs, and finally threw the chair itself at them. All this time I had almost forgotten that I was anxious to know the impression on my three sensible companions. Here are the impressions. One of them said:

"It is beastly. No dancing at all. It is low and immoral."

The next one said:

"Well, I don't wonder that my husband had not the courage to come with me. I don't want him to come, and I do not want my boy to come."

The third one said:

"I haven't a boy and I haven't a husband. But really now, I don't see anything to make a fuss about. It is not refined. In fact, it is very coarse, but to me it is interesting, until it becomes monotonous, from the fact of its being purely an Egyptian dance. Surely you have only to look at the faces of the dancers to see that they have only a desire to show their scientific abilities. I have no doubt but what those same girls would blush at some of the dancing in our down-town theaters."

We stopped at the South Sea Island village. The theater is running, but the village is not yet open to the public. The Samoans were all dressed to take part in the stage performance, but were resting in one of the houses until it was time. Two of them were preparing their favorite drink, "Kava." This is made from grinding kava root and mixing it with water. The mixture is strained by mopping out the sediment with some kind of seaweed. The manager said the man who was washing and swishing the seaweed through the mixture had washed his hands before he commenced, and that we must wait and have a drink. Now that drink did not look very inviting. If you have studied up the personal appearance of these descendants of the cannibals you will understand the expressions that flitted over our faces at the thought of partaking of that green-looking stuff that was playing around those black hands. We all said that we were not at all thirsty, but the manager said it would never do to refuse; that we were the guests of honor and it would be passed to us first. It was. We drank it. I don't know what the rest did, but for myself I looked at the big black son of the Cannibal Islands and thought how much better off I was than were some of the people who had been waited upon by some of his ancestors. The drink was not bad. I drank fast, to not remember how it was made, and after-

ward found myself very much refreshed. The managers said too much of the drink was bad for the nerves, but a little was beneficial. To-morrow I will tell you about the costumes of the Fijis. It will not take long.

June 22d.

Julian Hawthorne and his daughter have been making daily visits to the South Sea Island theater. The Fijis seem to have a peculiar fascination for the popular writer. Those who have recognized him have been wondering whether or no he is thinking up a cannibal romance and is devoting himself to the entertainment for the purpose of studying types. The stage performance is not much of a tax on the histrionic ability of the natives, but it is very interesting. It consists of their war songs and dances, their love songs and spear drills.

Out of respect to the civilized country which is their home for the present they are wearing a little more clothing than they think is necessary at home. Still, to the onlookers in the theater and to those who congregate to watch them in their village, it is not elaborate or far-reaching enough for them to lose their Samoan identity.

In their own country the costume de rigueur, and the one which makes them respected citizens, is a tattooed skin. The males are tattooed at the age of fifteen years, and all with the same design. The design, as you can get glimpses of it around the edges of the costumes, which are arranged as a tribute to Chicago, is a broad belt around the waist and a sort of imitation of knee breeches for the front of the legs. The arms have designs in the shape of bracelets. When nothing but boys they are compelled to go through

the torture, or they cannot have the respect of their fellows or sit in council or ever be looked upon as trustworthy men and warriors. There are different grades of artists who do the tattooing, but the best ones are men of great dignity and come high. When a certain number of boys are at an age and ready to be tattooed into manhood a present is sent to the selected artist. If he thinks the present is in the correct proportion to his dignity he accepts it. If not, he returns it, and the aspirants and their friends are obliged to try something else. When the present is finally accepted great preparation is made for the celebration. When the artist arrives he comes prepared to stay several weeks and brings his family. He is entertained royally all the time of his stay and made the recipient of a great many more presents. It takes about a month for the boy to become a man wise enough to sit in council.

The patient is laid on the ground or on a mat, his feet and head are held by his friends, while the other natives dance and sing around him to distract his mind from the pain and to drown his cries and groans. All the candidates for manhood are treated at the same time, one after the other, on the installment plan. One leg is decorated first, then the leg of the next fellow, and so on. The next day, while the torture from the first application of the needles is just commencing to be almost unendurable, the treatment is commenced on the other leg, and so it continues for the four weeks. You can see it takes great courage to become men in some countries. The Samoan women are held in high respect by the men and are treated very tenderly, and are always protected against all dangers. In times of war, if the women should happen to be in the line of danger, the battle will be postponed with a tacit understanding on both sides, until they are gotten out of the way. As a race they are peculiarly chivalrous toward each

other. In times of war if the enemy should be less prepared for battle than they are themselves, they will wait patiently until intrenchments are thrown up and the enemy is good and ready.

I heard that a private account book of George Washington's was over in the Louisiana mansion. I went over to see it. On the way over I ran across a man who is seeing the Fair under difficulties. He had his wife with him. And some wives—well, here is a little conversation I heard between that man and his wife. They were coming out of a State building. As she stepped down from the stone walk he stepped on her dress and said:

"There's one place you haven't seen, dear."

She jerked her dress up at the back and said: "There's a good many places I will never see if you walk upon my dress that way."

"I could not walk upon your dress if it was not dragging," said he.

"I don't see how it can be drag—" said she.

"I'm sure you would enjoy—" interrupted he.

"Can't enjoy anything and have a man stepping on my dress—" interrupted she.

"This place is really a very interesting—"

"Does make me so mad to have any one awkward enough to step on my dress."

"I am sure, dear, that you would enjoy—"

"Got a pin? So awkward to step where you ought not! Where is the place you're talking about?"

"India. You can get a fine cup of tea, dear, and get rested and look at the fine embroideries and the heathen idols."

"Well, come on, then," said dear, and domestic peace was restored.

George Washington's private account book with the

government was worth going to see. In the first place the Louisiana mansion is a typical Southern home. It breathes of hospitality and comfort from the instant you step on the broad veranda. People were sitting around everywhere keeping cool and happy. The reception room on the lower floor from where the stairs lead to the upper floor is furnished with very rich and very ancient furniture, and it is scattered around in most delightful confusion as if inviting constant use. At the right is a smaller room furnished in modern elegance. Upstairs are the curios, and an Arcadian beauty who sits spinning and assisting another French woman who is sitting at a loom weaving blankets. They are from the Iberia and Vermillion parishes, and represent the genuine Arcadian homespun industries. This account book that George Washington kept with the United States commenced in June of 1775 and continued until June, 1782. The first item reads, "To the purchase of horses (two of which were had on credit from Mr. James Pease) to equip me for my journey to the army at Cambridge—as per the service I was then going upon—having sent my chariot and horses back to Virginia—£239." Another entry was "To 333 1-3 dollars given to ——,* to induce him to go into the town of Boston to establish a secret correspondence for the purpose of conveying intelligence of the enemy's movements and designs." It was dated July 15, 1775, but did not say whether they had to give any more money to "——"* to get his consent after he was induced.

Some of our illustrious forefather's accounts with the government seemed to have struck him as being too small and some too large. At the end, however, he appeared to even up the thing with a sort of an apology to the United States. He evidently thought in balancing up that he was too much the loser to not get it all in.

Louisiana seems to have a sort of corner on Washington and Nellie Custis relics—which is natural, as many of the descendants of the Custis family are living there. The ladies who are the hostesses of the "mansion" are delighted with this warm weather, and say it is typical New Orleans weather, with every breeze from Lake Michigan reminding them of the gulf breeze at home. Mrs. Bond and Miss Christy are welcoming all visitors at present in their charming way, and every one feels that he has had a glimpse of true Southern contentment.

June 26th.

It was Jack's day again. And you never can tell what Jack will do, nor where Jack will go. He himself does not know. But he always returns serenely satisfied with himself and everybody and everything. He has a way of discovering things. He seems to find the most interesting things where there seems to be the least attraction. The first thing he discovered yesterday was the water route to the White City. Of course every one knows of the steamboats that are plying back and forth, but time is valuable, and to get there in "fourteen minutes" is an inducement. As we were stepping serenely along to the "special," Jack pulled out his watch and said:

"We have just two minutes and a half to catch the 'Whaleback.'"

He grabbed my arm and scurried me across the viaduct bridge to the steamer. Jack strode — I trotted. Tickets were bought and an additional breath taken for a rush to reach the boat before the gangplank was hauled up. Jack was puffing and wiping the perspiration from

his face, when a man in uniform, and looking provokingly cool, said:

"Oh, don't hurry—plenty of time—six minutes yet." And there we were—Jack's collar melted down, not a curl in my bang, breath all gone, and plenty of time to spare. As we walked on I commenced to gather my forces to tell Jack just what I thought of men in general who tear through life so recklessly, when I heard the sweetest music floating down the hatchway, and I forgot everything else. It was a mandolin, a guitar, and a violin. The music alone was worth much more than the price of the ride to the Exposition. But that ride on the "Whaleback!" It was like a tale of the "Arabian Nights" to go aboard the beautiful boat and ride away over the smooth water to the gleaming, sparkling, sunlit White City.

And the illusion was not destroyed by fakirs yelling and screaming and flourishing their wares on the way to the peristyle after we stepped on to the pier. Not a solitary thing was offered in exchange for the contents of your pocket-book. As you walk through the peristyle the dream still goes on with the music that reaches down through the casino. People were sitting around silently, just looking and listening. It all seemed like another World's Fair—a place to rest where all the pathway to it was strewn with sweetest peace.

Jack said, "Let's go around the corner and see where it will lead us." It led us to La Rabida and "Krupp." Just the two things, of course, that Jack wanted to see most. While he was studying the last will of Columbus, and the correspondence of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the pictures loaned from the Vatican, I wandered around in the court galleries to study the paintings and engravings not considered of enough value to be watched over by the United States Army. The Columbian Guards are good

enough for these, while the "regulars," with their guns, stand at the cases in the Columbus part of the convent.

A lot of women were grouped around the black and white pictures, which are supposed to illustrate the wonderful tales told by the sailors of the sights they had seen in discovering America. The pictures are not beautiful either in drawing or conception. Men are being cut up and die to slow music as they watched their arms and legs feed a fire around which the natives are dancing. And men are being held down by the head and feet, while melted gold is poured down their throats. And men are being strung up over limbs of trees while a jubilee is going on underneath their feet, and a lot of other scenes that are rather blood-curdling—or would be if there had been a little left to the imagination. It was all as plain as the daylight that streamed in over the flowers and plants on the window ledges, that fiends were torturing their victims to an extent that could be only at the worst a distorted idea of fact, and yet the women were asking the poor guards all sorts of questions. For once my sympathies were with the blue-coat and brass-buttons. If he had said, "I do know" instead of the usual "I don't know," the spirit of the monk who wrote the book of travels, as told him by the sailor, would have haunted him ever more for just one-tenth of his knowledge.

Then we went to the Krupp exhibit. Some one, some high dignitary, was being shown through the buildings, and you would have thought by the way Jack acted that the twisting and turning and raising and lowering of the guns was entirely for his benefit. I am pretty sure that the men exhibiting the wonderful guns were working for his benefit in a very few minutes. Those Germans appreciate an interested looker-on. The sun beat down through

the glass roof and the perspiration rolled down our cheeks, but the wonderful guns absorbed every interest for Jack. He said it was the most delightful part of the Exposition. He must be preparing for war. The thing that seemed of most interest to me was the model of the first house owned by Krupp senior. The model of the last house was not shown, presumably for the reason that there are so many of them. The first house was a small house with green blinds. The last one—there are 3,626 of them. The guard told with great pride in broken English that Mr. Fried Krupp was worth over a hundred million dollars. Some one asked him if the big gun was going to be given to Chicago. His nose went up at an angle of 45 degrees as he said:

"Dot is sometings dot dem newspapers said. Dem reborters say anyting, so you must not belief."

A Norwegian Laplander came in with some friends and attracted a great deal of attention by his peculiar costume. It was black, trimmed with red and green. His hat, or cap, was high, and looked like a drum-major's hat, with the upper story taken off.

We went out of a side door and found ourselves at the entrance of the Hide and Leather Building. I was beginning to wish that I had left Jack at home — his tastes were so different from mine. He did not ask me if I wanted to go in; he simply walked me in. Hide and leather could not interest me, I thought. I thought that at the entrance. In a few minutes I discovered that the building was full of interest to women. There were shoes and slippers that would be a revelation to the most artistic taste, and hand-satchels and trunks and furniture and embroideries that the ordinary shopper never dreamed of. The exhibits are not all completed,

but will be soon. From there we went to the home of the cliff-dwellers, which I will tell you about to-morrow. I will just say this now: There are some wonderful exhibits in the back-yard of the World's Fair.

June 27th.

It sets you to doing a pile of thinking to go into the cliff-dweller exhibit. You are not so very sure about Adam being the first man or Eve being the first woman on this mundane sphere of ours. Dates and doubts, facts, specimens and faith get dreadfully mixed. You look around on these uncertainties that were accidentally unfolded in a barren, desolate country, and realize that it must be a monument, and all that is left of what was once, mayhaps, a spot rich with vegetation, mines, mineral and people—people who lived so long ago that history has no power to tell who or what they were. The exhibit is a reproduction of one of the canons looking up to Battle Rock Mountain. In the sides, in crevices, and under the cliffs are represented the houses—one-tenth the original size—of this strange race. The different houses, castles and "palaces" are exact reproductions of the city of a dead past. One house running up the cliff is ten stories high. They are crumbling away, but are still in a wonderful state of preservation on account of the dry atmosphere. These ruins were discovered a few years ago by an exploring party, and they extend along the canons of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico.

While the reproductions are on a small scale, the truth, even to measurement and thickness of cement is faithfully presented. What is not done with rocks and clay is car-

ried out by paintings which are seen through lighted apertures as you walk along through the different rooms in the cave. At the cases holding the skulls and bones and mummies all doubts commence to desert you. You are sure that Columbus and Leif Erickson are not in it, and that a lot of other rubbish that has been told you must be taken with a grain, several grains of salt. Here are evidences before your eyes that America must have been inhabited by white people thousands of years ago. They not only inhabited the continent, but got through it and disappeared from a living existence before that part of the country went to waste.

Here are skulls of white men and bones of ordinary sized people, and mummies in a state of preservation that make the 2,000 years' old mummies in the British museum seem like infants in comparison. These cliff dwellers paid little attention to straightening out their dead. They evidently thought position of the body had little to do with the flight of the soul.

Arms were folded across the breast in a sort of heroic through-with-life style, but the heroism and restfulness were counterbalanced by the knees being drawn up to the body indicative of the more or less pain it took to throw off the mortal coil. One woman in this position had dried up without the form being lost at all nor the numerous wrappings in which she was laid away being destroyed. Her hair was plainly visible on the skull. It was a reddish blonde, just the color so fashionable at present. Her wrappings for her long sleep seemed to be, first, a cotton cloth or skin; then feather cloth; next matting and lastly a covering of reeds. I think this body is called "She." It was found in the house called the "She House," and is much better preserved than the other bodies. The hair is very fine. All the skulls are shaped very differently

from an Indian's skull, and show remarkable intelligence. In fact, the pottery, the fragments of cloth, the implements used in agriculture and the weapons of defense show them to have possessed a great degree of ingenuity, and make one think there's little that's new under the sun. All ideas seemed to have existed with these people. A loom was found in which their clothes were woven, and needles and crochet hooks made of wood with which lace-like sandals and garments were made. There are among the specimens necklaces and jewelry made up of turkey bones, tiny shells, and small jet beads.

The pottery has peculiarly crude designs, and yet shows an ambition toward art. The ambition does not tend to very straight lines or true curves, or else execution proved false where ambition would have been true. The pottery in the prehistoric age was evidently used for practical purposes—cooking, eating and drinking—though one piece is inlaid with squares of mother-of-pearl. Case after case is filled with the crude dishes, and knives and implements used for farming and war, and with the fragments of wearing apparel that have been found. Yucca seemed to be the foundation of all the woven cloths. The curios are kept in air-tight glass cases, but there has been a great change in them since they were found, and since bringing them away from the dry atmosphere which has kept them in such a state of preservation all these years. The only things that seem to hold their own are the seeds and corn-cobs. Columbus was supposed to have discovered corn with America, but these people had it in abundance, and squash and melons also. The jars were filled with the seeds, and corn-cobs were used as ornaments to sandals and in various other ways.

The "canon" and cave were filled with people who seemed to have no idea how many thousand years reached

back from to-day to the time when these mummies and bones were living people and living right here in our own country. They were filled, however, with the idea of getting up to the top of the miniature mountain. The pathway inside the exhibit to the top, which overlooks the White City, runs up about two hundred feet. The visitors can make the ascent on foot or on the back of the patient burros, who stand ready saddled for any one who desires to test their sure footing. Some climb up and over and around, and others trust the donkeys.

The donkeys are all right, but the visitors have as much trouble in riding as they do in walking. And they lose their balance just as often when on their own feet as when they are trusting to the feet of the donkey. The donkey looks at them with disgust as they almost invariably slide off next the wall and finish the trip on foot, or almost on their hands and feet. But they get to the top and decide they have had their money's worth in experience.

One of the cliff-dweller explorers has almost lost his mind through the life of solitude he has led for years. His searching out the mysteries of a dead and silent past seems to have developed a dislike for the living of to-day. He cannot endure the bustle of civilization. He has been in Chicago while preparing the cliff dwellers' exhibit, but has been obliged to go away, and his friends say he is in a dangerous condition.

June 30th.

Crowds are the queerest things on earth. They are all alike. Not a whiff's difference between them. They walk, saunter, lag, and loiter the same day after day. They

never know where they are going, why they are going, or at what they are looking. They are as one vast machine that is set going, and goes until it runs down. Then they either drop by the wayside and go to sleep, or go home to come again the next day to join the procession.

The worst thing that can befall the individual who has some purpose in view, is to fall into the midst of a crowd and be obliged to strike its gait. If you never tore your hair before you will then. Of course, I am talking about World's Fair crowds. I actually believe that two-thirds of the people who visit the Exposition do not know what they are looking at nor why they should look. They simply know that this is a World's Fair. They move along half awake—past the buildings and the exhibits. They never stop to examine anything unless, perchance, they discover that someone else has found something worth looking at. Then in an instant the wheels stop moving and leave them all blocked up in a mass, to see what it is. Sometimes they do so see; more often they do not; but they never start into motion again until the whole mass is ready. I went by a little thing of interest yesterday, and stopped to point it out to a friend. Not a soul was noticing it or around it when we halted. In less time than it takes to tell it we were hemmed in by a crowd, and it was impossible to get away for a few minutes. It proved to me that the crowds want to see things, but they do not know how to discover them. They all need a Columbus.

Somehow or other, however, the crowds collectively have discovered the Art Palace. All types of humanity center there. It seems at first surprising that the people you meet among the statuary and paintings would care for this part of the Fair. After watching them a little while you see that they do not care. They have wandered in

with the crowd. They care so little and understand so little and know so little about art, and are so sort of half-awake that they really do not know that around them and above them are statuary and paintings that are considered by some to need slight degrees of drapery. And they never find out there's a chance to blush, or that the nude in art is a matter of more or less discussion, unless the solitary individual comes along and stops to investigate. They halt then, and sometimes awaken to the situation, and express forceful opinions of the disgrace or else hurry away from contamination. The rooms in the Art Palace are always filled, and the seats are always occupied. But the people who take the seats do not do so to study the pictures. They sit down to rest, and generally go to sleep. Yesterday an old man and woman were seated directly in front of "Frina," in the Russian section. The painting holds the place of honor in the room, and is well worth days of study. The figures are all life-size, and the principal one stands there in her blushing beauty deprived of all clothing, waiting for the verdict, which, on account of her loveliness, proclaimed her innocent of murder. The white-haired old man had on a broad-brimmed hat, and his hands were folded peacefully across his stomach. The woman wore an old-fashioned silk shawl, with a deep fringe around the edge. By her side was a lunch basket. Both heads were resting on the back of the seat, and both were in a deep sleep. Evidently they had seated themselves there to rest in the delightfully cool spot, without glancing up at the painting that the Social Purity Society would, if it could, furnish with drapery. Every one smiled at the innocent pair, and some took seats to wait until they opened their eyes to see what would be their judgment of the great painting loaned by the emperor.

One most peculiar streak of generosity in the manage-

ment of the art exhibit is the fact that umbrellas and canes and anything one happens to carry is allowed in among the paintings. Many of the points of interest on the canvases are designated with umbrellas and parasols. The only thing that protects the paintings are the numerous signs, "Please do not touch the works of art." It seems to me that a great risk is run to leave so much to the judgment of the careless onlooker, but I suppose Chief Ives knows what he is about.

Mary and John, and Aunt Hannah and Uncle Josh go through the French section without stopping to rest. They have evidently read descriptions of French art that have lessened their interest. One of them said yesterday:

"Them French pictures are too much for me. I'll stick to United States."

Many of the loiterers avoid "France" with similar remarks, which is extremely ridiculous and a loss of opportunity which may never come again. There is no difference in art or in pictures as far as the different sections go. The United States exhibit can be avoided as well as the French one if God's own creation of dainty, natural curves of the human body are to be looked on as something impure. Art is art in every country, and it is the artist of France, or of America, or Russia, or Germany who can teach these people that purity speaks for itself whether draped or undraped, and that study and education in art will purify the mind that blushes in ignorance at something that is not there. It is wonderful how much the Art Palace is doing in the way of educating the many who go there day after day. I heard an elderly man say yesterday:

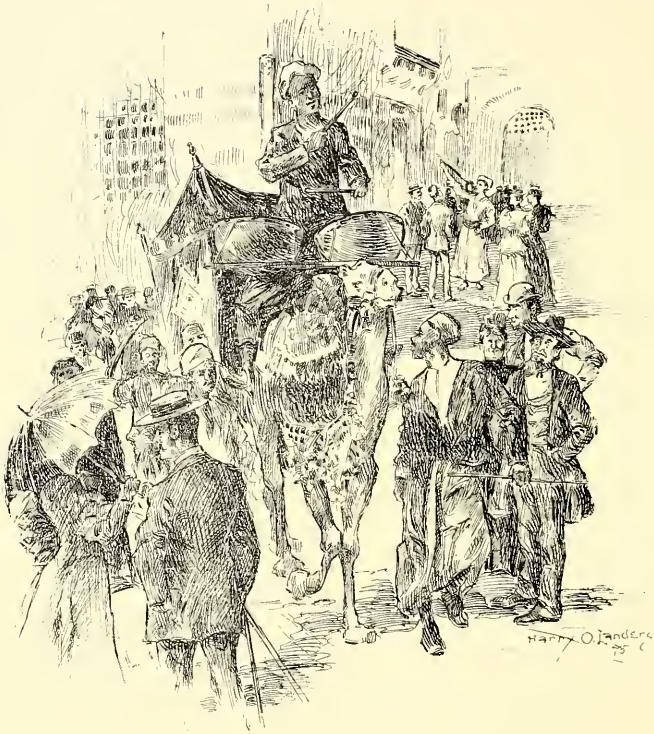
"I come here for a while every day. I never had lived where I could see paintings and sculpture. I had read all about them, and have thought all my life I would travel

some time and see them all. But I have always been a hard-working man, and my money had to go for other things. My daughter has a good education and is studying painting now in Paris. She has written me a great deal about the way to look at pictures. My wife and I waited for this World's Fair. We knew our chance would come here. We rented our home over in Michigan and have left everything in care of a man and his wife. We are going to stay here until August. My wife doesn't care as much for pictures, but I'd rather come here than go anywhere else. We start out in the morning together, then I come over here and wait for her to get through. I am learning just as much about the world as she is, and I am learning it through art. It is surprising how much these canvases can tell one."

I asked him which section he liked the best. He hesitated a little, and then said:

"Well, maybe it is because my daughter is studying in Paris, but it seems to me the French section pleases me the most. They are all grand—grand."

There is a little painting in the Japanese section that attracts a great deal of attention. It is purely Japanese in style, and yet can rank with European art. It is simply a snow-topped blue mountain in a cloud. The painting is framed in black. The artist's name is not given. It may be because of contrast, or it may be the softness of the handling, but certainly it is wonderfully restful to look at it, and wonderfully surprising that it is Japanese art.



"—— the World Itself Has Come to Chicago,"

JULY.

JULY.

July 2d.

Roses! Roses! Everybody is talking about the roses that are over on Wooded Island. Along the promenades people ask the way to the roses, and on the bridges you hear, "Where are the roses?" and on the island you hear nothing but roses. Two men were sauntering along yesterday on the part of the island nearest the Administration Building. One of them said:

"They say there are some fine roses along here somewhere. I wonder where they are."

An immense woman stood in the pathway on the other side from the direction they were looking. She overheard the remark, and said:

"Roses? Is it roses you are looking for? Just turn this way and look your fill."

They turned around and both said "Ah!" in the same breath. There at the right were roses red, and roses white, roses yellow and roses pink, roses little, large, opened, half opened, and in the bud. They were growing on the bushes and smiling up at you from the ground. The air was filled with the fragrance, and the earth was covered with the petals that were through with life and had fallen to rest from the bushes. The variety of coloring with the bright June green of the foliage makes the island seem like a summer dream. In another direction and almost in every direction for that matter, are the pansies. They seem to have laid aside their dark, rich raiment, in which they were

clothed in the cool days about the first of June, and have come out in pale tints of violet, canary, lavender, and in white. They are attired to hold their own with the handsomest and most delicate summer dresses that grace the pathways. As I sat there yesterday, among the flowers and watched the continual passing of the Saturday afternoon visitors in their pretty gowns, I could not but notice the similarity of coloring between the dainty warm weather fabrics and the delicate colors of the pansies.

Melchoir Lutschg, the chief gardener on the island during the Exposition, is from Switzerland. He is, when in his own country, the city gardener of Neufchatel. He has been gardener to Napoleon III., and to his cousin, Prince Napoleon, who was known as "Plon-Plon." Everybody knows of the utter disregard Prince Napoleon had for conventionalities or decencies when they were not in accord with his own desires. It was "Plon-Plon" who, while president of the Senate, fell in love with the most notorious woman in Paris, and without regard or respect for himself, friends or family, associated with her openly. He had no respect for any human being unless it happened to please his fancy. He treated every one, even his cousin, Napoleon III., as an underling. He would write the most insolent letters to Napoleon III., and criticise his actions if they did not happen to please him. He was a man of remarkable memory and through it passed for a man of wonderful information. For instance, he would meet some one who was authority on some kind of manufacturing or military matters, or affairs of the nation, or whatever the case might be, and would draw him out in detail on the special thing the gentleman might be interested in—perhaps talk with him twenty-five minutes. Afterward, among his associates, he himself would go into minute description of the subject, and his acquaintances

would wonder and talk about his gigantic stock of information. He married Princess Clothilde, the sister of the king of Italy. He was called "Plon-Plon" because he had not inherited the daring bravery of his ancestors, though he was said to look more like Napoleon I. than any of the other Napoleons. The meaning of the word "Plon-Plon" without being a literal translation is, "He fears lead."

But with all this record standing against his late employer you cannot get Melchoir Lutschg to say anything against him. He says he was more of a philosopher than a soldier; that he may have been unconventional and care little for the dictates of society, but that was because he knew so well the shams of society; that he was a sort of Bohemian in his habits because of his great intelligence; that he hated and perhaps was hated by many, but where he was kind he was so kind that it redeemed all else. And Melchoir Lutschg picked up a pansy and commenced to study it, as if in its thoughtful face he could see backward into those days when he had seen glimpses of the better side of Prince Napoleon through the flowers he loved so well. For the prince had loved flowers, and though Melchoir did not say it, I knew he felt that no man's heart can be all bad where the love for flowers has a resting place.

July 3rd.

There was a great rivalry yesterday between the domes, towers, minarets, statuary, and goddesses on the tops of the White City Buildings and the rainbows that were also decorating the sky. Diana, in her glistening gold, seemed to hold her own; but the other sky trimmings were rather dimmed by the brilliant colors of the repeated

rainbows that held forth a good share of the afternoon.

By the way, I wonder how many there are out of the thousands who visit the Fair who notice Diana—the pretty, graceful, modern Diana—who came on from New York with such misgivings in the minds of our Eastern brothers and sisters. They telegraphed and sent for interviews to publish to their readers what the Chicago idea was of having a goddess in their midst clothed only in gold leaf, a bow and arrow and a sickle. Diana had evidently taken New York through a haze of question and doubt, and it was expected that crude Chicago would necessarily have her introduction and become acquainted with the different degrees of art through a labyrinth of mock modesty and ignorance. But, bless you! Diana stands up there on the Agricultural Building, with bow drawn and balanced on one foot in the breezes from off Lake Michigan, and no one notices her as any thing different from just what she ought to be. Diana has too many assistants in her branch of instruction to be singled out as doing all the work.

The Manufactures Building comes out in Sunday clothes more than any other building. The clothes and the rest of the building do not seem to be attractive enough to draw the crowds. Yesterday there was a scarcity of visitors throughout the building, comparatively speaking, and yet there were enough of the exhibits left uncovered to have more than satisfied the large demand. Those who did come had a fine chance to study and appreciate the magnificent display. It seemed to me that I never before had had an opportunity to know just how much the foreign countries had done toward making the exhibits in that building a success. Russia, Norway, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, France, Holland, Italy, Austria, and all the rest are there, and to visit the different sections is indeed a trip around the world.

In the center of the Manufactures Building, underneath the clock tower, workmen were busy gluing the Isabella silver coins to the Washington monument. Twenty-five-cent pieces were falling around in all directions, but no one had a chance to pick them up before the workmen were down from the ladders with the coins protected by their hands.

A beautiful booth is a white and gold affair—lighted with an artistic arrangement of electricity—and showing the magnificent goods of a St. Louis jewelry firm. The words "St. Louis," in incandescent lights, shine out above the booth, and bring everybody over there to see what on earth St. Louis—the town at the other end of the bridge—is doing. The booth is dainty and filled with a collection of jewels, cut glass and silver and gold ware, that do not take second place in comparison with the foreign exhibits.

I took the elevator and went to the roof of the building. You feel as you near the top that the elevator must have slipped its moorings and gone down into the bowels of the earth, where the lakes of fire are supposed to be. All the heat in the immense building seems to have joined hands to accompany you on the 240-feet elevation. It stays by you until you get away from the outlet to the promenade. As you first step out, you are between two evils: too much heat and too much cold—the breezy, rushing heat of the building that scampers after you in the passageway, and the cold wind from the lake. But the wind from the lake wins the battle, and you look out on the wonderful scene. There's nothing to disturb your view but the placards telling you that you are in danger of instant arrest if you climb upon that railing. I did not want to climb upon that railing, and I should not think any one else would try it. It was plenty high

enough. But you never can tell what people will want to do. Those managers of the elevator appear to have had more or less trouble in various ways. On the landing as we stepped out of the elevator, was a placard saying, "People caught spitting on the people below will be promptly arrested." It is rather cruel that the management has not provided paper wads if people so insist on measuring distances. As we stood there watching the "Dream City," dream Chicago, dream everything, we heard the chimes in the clock tower ring out "The Last Rose of Summer," and eight bells strike on the battle ship, and sweet strains of music came up to us from the Administration Plaza.

July 5th.

It was a bedraggled bird instead of screeching American eagle, and umbrellas instead of a great waving of American flags, that greeted me at the Exposition yesterday, as I came out of the Terminal Building—the new terminus of the "special" trains. The Terminal Building itself was one gigantic lunch-room. To see the number of people who had congregated there to eat their mid-day lunch would convince one that the million dollars in the Terminal Building and its environments had not gone to waste. As train-load after train-load was brought into the grounds over the new route, they all with one accord seemed to take it for granted that here was the one place to dispose of a part of the contents of the baskets that had been brought to sustain the flesh while the mind was getting its fill.

On the outside of the building, between it and the Administration Building, the space was black with umbrellas just then, while the people stood and sat waiting for some-

thing to go on over on a platform in the center. That the eagle was screaming in the shape of speeches you could see by the expressive gesticulation of an arm and hand, and sometimes two. Then a tame "Hurrah" would be given by those nearest the speaker, and the umbrellas would gather forward for a minute to hear what the eagle was saying. They could not hear, so they invariably would settle back. As I looked on from above, it seemed as if the "Hurrah" was simply a signal for that automatic movement of the umbrellas. Then the bands played "America," which caused a slight agitation among the umbrellas. "Home, Sweet Home" came next, and the umbrellas seemed to be held gently for the touch of the rain drops. "Star Spangled Banner" set them jumping a little, while "Marching Through Georgia" broke the spell, and they were closed for a minute for the owners to join in the chorus, and not have the effort thrown to the ground instead of to the eagle.

Flags were unfurled, and flags were dipped, and cannons were fired, but the enthusiasm of that umbrella crowd did not burst forth. Whatever the eagle did, he had to do it alone. The crowd all along the different lines seemed to be waiting to be entertained rather than to join in the celebration themselves.

It was the same when the rain drops ceased and the sun came out. If any one had suggested to them that they themselves do a little toward making the eagle scream, they would not have known what to make of it. They did not come to peep, they came to look. It was easily entertained, but it would not entertain. They did not even wear the tiny flags for personal adornment, as the Americans do on the great "Fourth" while traveling in Europe. They would even pay extra baggage, if necessary, to take the flags along for that one great day. But not a flag, nor

the "red, white and blue," did I see wave yesterday.

I could not help but wonder how the foreigners would take the lack of individual "enthusiasm." In Europe the people each and every one are joyous on such days. They dance, they sing along the streets, and throw flowers and crown each other with happiness. Our people come to listen and look at what is prepared for their amusement. They pay their money, and make their criticisms. Work as you will, sometimes you amuse them, and sometimes you do not. They will sit down in despondent disappointment and say they are sorry they came, as a woman did yesterday.

I was standing at the Transportation Building, looking over across the island at the beautiful buildings with their gay decorations of flags, and thinking what a picture it was there in the sunlight after the clearing away of the clouds, when this woman took a seat near me. She sighed as she sat down in a way that was almost a remark. Anyway, it would have been inhuman not to notice it, so I said:

"Are you sick?"

"No—and yes," said the woman. "I was just thinking I wouldn't have come out here if I had known they weren't going to have anything but speeches and music. I expected great things."

"Have you ever been to the Fair before?"

"Oh, yes; I spent a whole day here last week."

"What did you expect to-day?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly, but something different."

"Well, if there's nothing about the Exposition will interest you, if you wait until evening perhaps the fireworks will."

"Yes, I am going to wait, but I don't know what on earth I'll do until then."

I didn't know, either. I moved on, and I presume she did as many others did—just sat down and waited for evening and the fireworks to come. Every seat, every step to the buildings on the outside, and every seat on the inside of the buildings were filled with people waiting, waiting, waiting for something to happen which would celebrate the great day.

A little Italian newsboy, or messenger, or street boy of some description got a crowd together around him to listen to his accordion and his song, "Afto de Fair is Ofer." It was a parody, and told them all how they had to pay for a drink of water and a chair, and the high prices in general now, but what good times were coming "Afto de Fair." It pleased them all immensely, and his audience steadily increased, until he jumped at them with his hat and the words, "Don't run away just now." They laughed at him, and his audacity and words would have caught many a nickel, but the ambulance came tearing down the road with a young lady inside, and the crowd was scattered, and the attention given to wondering what had happened to the occupant of the ambulance. I wonder how that boy got his accordion under the line of red tape at the entrance gates. And I wonder how much percentage of his gross receipts he gave the World's Fair commissioners. There was no guard in the vicinity, or I would have asked him. He might have known something about that.

A man yesterday was hunting for the races on Midway Plaisance. He asked some one which way to go.

"Races—what races?"

"Why, the Fourth of July races."

"The races of the nations are here along the Plaisance, but you mean the races at Washington Park, don't you?"

"I mean horses, of course. I asked some one where the races were, and they directed me to Midway Plaisance.

I am a banker from Nebraska. I have been tied up in the bank squeeze, and thought I would come in here and make a stake to-day. I found enough here, but I didn't find any place to bet. Am much obliged to you. How will I get to Washington Park?"

He was told just how to get there before it was too late, and his chance for a stake gone.

July 6th.

I'm catching it. In yesterday's column I inadvertently made the remark that I did not see anyone wearing flags in honor of the day, and to show their patriotism. Now I find that whether I happened to see it or not, there were plenty who did. Here is a letter telling me that the writer not only wore a skirt waist made of red, white and blue silk, with forty-four stars on the collar, and cuffs embroidered with white, but that she dressed her little girl and boy in the colors of the nation, and she was not the only one who showed her patriotism. There were many more. I felt glad of it, and very sorry that I did not meet the colors. It is strange what false statements a writer will make, and more strange how those beautiful colors will get lost in a crowd of over 300,000 people, or how my footsteps took me one way while the red, white and blue went another.

The popular expression around the Exposition yesterday was, "Were you out last night? Wasn't it something awful—how did you get home? No more crowds for me." Several remarked that they had remained in town another day to enjoy the Fair; that the crowd was too great on the Fourth for any satisfactory sight-seeing.

A man with his family—five of them—was passing a Hygeia booth yesterday. One of the children said:

"Oh, look! Here is some water."

"That's so," said the father; "we will all take a drink, and feel better."

He walked up to the booth to wait on his loved ones. The attendant was reading a book, but when she heard some one at the cooler she came forward, and said:

"How many?"

"Five," said the man.

She arranged the glasses on the counter, with one under the faucet, and said:

"Drop the penny in the slot."

"Penny? Well, all right. Cheap enough. Where is it?"

She showed him the slot and returned to her chair and the book. Incidentally, that's the beauty of being a Hygeia cashier. The slot, the penny, and the water take care of themselves, and you can read, chew gum, watch the crowd, and enjoy the Fair.

The penny went in and the water came out. Five hands reached for the glass, but Pa said:

"Don't be in a hurry; Ma must have the first one—here's plenty more."

And he shoved the next glass under the faucet, but the water had stopped running. He fussed with the thing, but could not start the water again. He said to the girl:

"What's the matter with the thing—it won't come?"

She looked up with a weary expression, and said:

"Did you put the penny in?"

"Did I put the penny in? Didn't you see me put the penny in?"

"No; I only saw the first one."

"First one? Does it take another one?"

"Yes, a penny for each glass."

And she went on with her reading.

"Well, I'll be honswoggled! Five cents for drinking water! I've got the pennies, and five cents ain't much, but I'd like to know"—and he went on dropping pennies and getting drinks for the rest—"I'd like to know where this thing is going to end"—each penny went down with additional force—"here, children, come up and get your water, and mark it down as one of the things to remember about this great Fair, that you had to pay for a drink of God's pure water. I suppose before the day is over we'll be so all-fired tired that we will be paying ten cents to sit down on them plaguy camp chairs after lugging 'em around. I've got an eye to business myself, but I'll be darned if I have got the cheek to ask people to pay for a drink of water."

They all placed their glasses on the counter. The girl with the book never looked up. Ma never said a word, but she looked as if she were ready for the camp chair that minute.

Over in the Arizona section of the Mining Building the visitors were treated to a sight of a genuine Arizonian yesterday. He wore his hair long, and his face was as brown as an Indian's. His trousers were tight at the knee and flared over the boot, and his boots were adorned with a high, pointed heel. Under his corduroy short coat was a flannel shirt, rather low in the neck, where a red silk handkerchief was tied carelessly comfortable. A leather belt went around the waist, and on his head was a wide light-colored sombrero. The visitors all saw him and admired him as a specimen of the typical wild Westerner, but they didn't know that the name which he wrote on the register was one known as belonging to one of the richest men in Arizona.

In the center of the California Building is a statue of the man who discovered that there was gold in California. His name was James W. Marshall. He made his discovery on January 19, 1848. Around the statue are cases filled with specimens of gold ore. It is a great point of interest in the building. Old "forty-niners" congregate there to talk over those memorable times. Yesterday two of them stood there looking at the sturdy bronze features of the discoverer. One of them said:

"Just think! We ought not to complain that we failed. There is the man who discovered the gold. Since he discovered it, $1,310,000,000 has been taken out, and that man died poor."

July 7th.

A somewhat unfortunate impression floats, more or less, about the Exposition grounds—unfortunate for the people having the impression. It is that the Woman's Building is filled with quilts and patchwork and knitted socks, or something of the kind. Every little while you hear, when a visit to the Woman's Building is suggested:

"Oh, there's nothing of interest particularly there—let's not waste the time."

And with all the people there are who keep the building almost if not quite crowded from opening until closing time daily, there are many who do not go simply because it is a building devoted to the interests of women. These many, evidently, cannot comprehend, from the outside, that there has been advancement in the industries and occupations of women since the time when woman's work meant washing dishes, sweeping and dusting, spinning and weaving, and doing the family sewing.

As a matter of very great fact, the Woman's Building is one of the most attractive buildings on the grounds for both sexes. To be sure, it is devoted to woman's work, but it is an astonishing revelation as well as an education to see how much of the work in this world is woman's work. And here in the Woman's Building it is presented practically. If the various collections from the different countries are not all the handiwork of women, they are there through the instrumentality of women. And the exhibits are so arranged and placarded that the visitors are in no doubt as to what the eye is resting on. The placards are very explicit, and teach their lesson or give instruction as well as a guide could do.

A nephew of Madame de Stael, Monsieur Necker, was a visitor at the Fair yesterday, and called on Monsieur de Loynes in the French section of the Woman's Building. Everyone knows the history of the famous author, Madame de Stael. Her proper name was Anne Louise Germaine Necker, baroness of Stael-Holstein. She died in 1817. She became famous through her powers of pen and politics to disturb the peace of mind of Napoleon. She had been exiled from Paris on account of her writings, but about 1810 she was exiled from France altogether after the publication of her book, "De l'Allemagne." The fight made by Napoleon against her at this time was so strong that those who dared to visit her in her retirement were exiled also. She did not return to Paris until the restoration of Louis XVIII.

This nephew, M. Necker, is a fine looking, elderly gentleman, and, as a lady said to whom he was pointed out, "He is aristocratic from head to toe."

I was walking along the promenade in front of the Horticultural Building when a woman stopped another one directly in front of me with the question:

"Can you tell me which building the lagoon is in?"

"No, I can't," said the other. "I am a stranger here, and I don't even know where I am myself half the time. I haven't heard any one mention the—what did you say?"

"Lagoon. I have heard and read an awful lot about it. I think it must be in the Electricity Building."

When I showed the woman what and where the lagoon was, she looked very much as if she doubted the correctness of my information. Then I told her that I thought she had connected it with the Electricity Building on account of the electric launches of which she had read. She was convinced then, because she said that she could not understand how boats could run by electricity in water.

In the Horticultural Building are some ferns which are celled "elkhorn." They are shaped like an elk's horn. Some of them are arranged around tree trunks or hollow stumps for vases and some are suspended in midair. Yesterday they were spied by a man from somewhere—Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, or Kankakee. He called to his wife to come and look at the queer things. He looked at the vases and read the name "Elkhorn Ferns." Then he looked up and saw the hanging ones. He said:

"Well, I'll be gosh-darned if there ain't some o' them tarnel things growin' with the bottom knocked out. What'll we see next?"

On the train coming home yesterday I overheard a Chicago man telling how easy it was to get up a sensation in Chicago.

He said that last Sunday he was out to Midway Plaisance with a friend from Iowa. While there he saw Mrs. Potter Palmer with Secretary Gresham and wife alight from a carriage at the Javanese Village. It was in the morning, and there seemed to be no one around who

recognized the distinguished party. Several remarks were made about the beautiful woman and the handsome costume, but no one knew it was Mrs. Palmer with friends, and they attracted no particular attention. He pointed them out to his friend, and the friend made the remark that it was strange a crowd was not following them. He then suggested that they see how long it would take to get up a crowd. He thought it was rather a mean thing to do, but he wanted to initiate his friend into the wonders of Chicago. So he said to him:

"You go one way and I will go another, and we will both remark to people near us, 'That is Mrs. Potter Palmer and Secretary and Mrs. Gresham.'"

His friend started in one direction and he another, and in about five minutes the president of the Board of Lady Managers and her guests were the center of attraction in the little village. Finally his friend came along aside of a tall, fine-looking man with white hair and beard, and said confidentially:

"That is Mrs. Potter Palmer and Secretary and Mrs. Gresham."

"Yes, I believe it is," said the fine-looking man.

In a few minutes the man from Iowa saw the tall, white-haired man join the party and commence to talk with them. He mentioned the fact to his friend. His friend said:

"That is Potter Palmer."

The man from Iowa said:

"Let's get out of this."

July 8th.

A picture that is attracting a great deal of attention at the art palace is called "The Underground Railroad." It is in room No. 6 of the United States section and is No. 1,079. The painting in itself stops the passers-by and when information about it is looked for in the catalogue they try to find out the meaning of the name as well as the picture. "The Underground Railroad" tells of a time far back in the memory of the older ones in our generation.

The scene of the picture seems to be a landing on the bank of a river. Everything is covered with snow. In the foreground is a kind, motherly woman who appears to be giving help and encouragement to an aged negro, as he hobbles through the snow. Another elderly woman at the left is caring for some negro children and is evidently on her way to the house, which must be in the background somewhere, and not far from the barn and sheds which are seen off at the right.

On a wagon near the river is an old gentleman with his overcoat buttoned up close and a comforter tied around his neck, while a broad-brimmed hat protects his face from the wind or the snow that may be in the air. With him in the wagon and on the ground near are several more negroes. At the horses' heads is another man.

The peculiar strength of the picture, and which undoubtedly calls a halt to the footsteps and signals this out as interesting among the many, is the expression on the different faces. The man in the wagon is standing up, and is looking back over the road that has just been traversed. He looks long and anxiously, and surely misses no danger that may be lurking there. The younger man, holding the horses, also has an expectant, worried, thoughtful and yet determined attitude. The elderly woman with the

encouraging words and helping hand for the decrepit negro is anxious and hopeful, and while her hands and arms help him forward her face is also turned back toward the route of the perilous journey. But the negroes, one and all, seem to avoid the backward look. They are trusting to a future, and dare not turn to look at what may be behind. They must have this one moment of freedom. It is theirs for the minute, though in an instant they may hear the baying of the hounds on their track. For this is what the picture means—an escape from bondage with only a vague hope of getting beyond the reach of their master.

And "The Underground Railroad" which became so famous in those old abolition days was nothing more than what is depicted here in this painting; the help given by friendly white people who lived across the river called the "Jordan of Slavery"—the Ohio River.

But that is not all of the story this picture has told. The other day a gentleman who is here visiting the Fair and stopping at one of our hotels stood spellbound before the painting. It was a scene of his boyhood. He was carried back to the details of a time in his life that he had almost forgotten, but the memory of which now, as he stood there, came crowding back with such force that he wondered if it could be possible that all the years lay between. There were the same horses, the same old barn, the same trees with every branch, an old chum and friend to every year of his boyhood. As he lived it all over again, he felt that in the face of the kind woman who was helping the old negro, he saw his sainted mother, and then—was he just imagining it?—he was sure that the man in the wagon was his father. It was all, perhaps, the fancy of his brain, because of the familiarity of the scenes in his own childhood days, but it grew upon him so strongly that he took

the name and address of the artist, and went to his hotel and wrote to ask if the principal figures—the man and the woman—in the painting were simply sketches or portraits.

The artist replied "Dear sir: I thank you for your kind appreciation of my picture. It was painted for William Haydock of St. Louis, and there are now on my easel two other parts—the auction of slaves in the South and the arrival in Canada, respectively to be named 'The Land of Bondage' and 'The Land of Freedom.' * * * The white people are taken from portraits which I painted from life of Levi Coffin, the one standing in the wagon, Mrs. Levi Coffin, the old lady leading the negro man. * * *"

The artist's name is C. T. Webber, Cincinnati. The man who wrote the letter asking for information is H. W. Coffin, the son of Levi Coffin and "Aunt Katie," as she was called by all who knew her. Levi Coffin was president, director and proprietor of this "Underground Railroad," which meant that he became so famous as a friend to the fugitive slaves, that when they were traced to his vicinity his house and barns were the first to be searched, but they were never found. He had his own way of getting them off to Canada No one knew just what that way was, but it was proverbially successful. Through his strategies never being discovered the phrase "Levi Coffin's Underground Railroad" was started, and became known all over the country.

He was a conscientious Quaker, and considered that the constitution of the United States did not uphold slavery, and he fought for the right and God without consideration or thought of depriving any man of his property. It was considered in those days, that if a fugitive slave could get to Levi Coffin's, he was perfectly sure to get to Canada and under the protection of the British lion. He piloted

them through forests at night, and he carried them through towns in the daytime. In the daytime they were sometimes concealed in loads of hay or straw, and sometimes were underneath loads of old furniture. He would disguise the women as men, and the girls as boys, and vice versa. He would dress up beautiful girls, who were nearly white, as elegant ladies, with their own servants in attendance, and there was no trick to which he would not resort and which his coolness did not aid him to carry through.

One time two little girls were refugees in his house when some men came to search for them. "Aunt Katie" put them between a mattress and feather bed. The situation was so funny to the little girls that they could not help giggling. Aunt Katie sat by in momentary expectation of their being discovered. When the men passed the door, however, with her husband she said:

"Here, thee has not been in this room. Thee wants to look sharp. Is there any other place thee wants to see?"

It was then that the "Underground Railroad" was started. After the men had given up the hunt in despair the owner of the girls said:

"I'd like to know where all the niggers go to when they get to old Coffin's. That old Quaker must have an underground railroad, for once a slave gets here he is never seen again."

July 9th.

A woman and her husband, or a man and his wife, just as you like, started out with a lot of money yesterday to "do" Midway Plaisance. They crossed from side to side for a while, until the woman proposed that they save some

walking by going down one side and up the other. The man said all right. They "took in" everything, as they expressed it, until they came to an "Exit Here." And they added that to their list, and found themselves on the outside of the grounds, and the gateman would not allow them to return without their paying for another admission to the Fair. I ran onto them in the heat of the argument. They explained to him that they did not know that the "exit" took them outside of the grounds instead of into another "show," but he was inexorable. He said he could not let them through the gates because it would register an admission with no ticket to show for it, and he would be accused of dishonesty, or some one else would. His argument was good, and theirs was better. He felt sorry for them and they felt sorry for him. Finally he said, if they could squeeze by the ends of the stile-arms so that the gate would not have to be turned clear around he would let them pass through. The man went through very easily. The woman was fleshy and the gates have not been built with the fore-thought that people were going to make the mistake of taking in the exits with the other sideshows. She crowded and tugged, caught her lace on the iron and tore herself up generally about twice fifty cents' worth, and was once more ready to go down one side and up the other of Midway Plaisance.

I started out yesterday to hunt up a bedstead worth $3,000 and a seal skin coat worth something way up in the thousands. I did not hear the price of the latter, but several times during the past week I have heard people talking about the wonderful bedstead and the enormously high-priced "sealskin that was made of the tails of the animal." I could not understand just how a sealskin coat could be made of the tails of the animal, but curiosity to find out prompted me to make the search. These two in-

teresting things were in the Manufactures Building. One woman had said the bedstead was brass, another had said it was carved mahogany, but they had all been of one opinion about the tails being used for the fur coat. Some sort of an instinct led me over to furniture row in the Manufactures Building. It is on the side of the building facing Lake Michigan. The furniture displayed is so beautiful and so varied, and arranged so artistically by the different exhibitors that in my admiration I almost forgot that I was looking for one particularly expensive bedstead. I could not tell whether it was a folding one or what it was, only that it was valued at $3,000. Not one of those furniture men could give me any information about it. Each one informed me, however, that while he did not have any one piece of furniture so high-priced, he himself had the handsomest exhibit in the building. I quite agreed with them all. And by the number of people who were filling the aisle, it was safe to conclude that the exhibits of furniture is the one thing of interest to all classes and all nations.

One man said, after I had given due attention to his exhibit—which, by the way, is a new idea of decorating wall, ceiling and furniture with rattan—that he thought I must mean an ivory and gold room that was fitted up at the east end of the aisle by a firm from New York; that it was probably the most expensive exhibit, if not the most beautiful of any in the building.

I arrived at this exhibit just as they were covering up the furniture for the evening, but I saw enough to decide that it was the exhibit that is fast becoming famous. And it does not take very long for fame to travel around these Fair Grounds. One person becomes interested in something and tells another; that one tells the next one, and so on. I cannot understand why the price of the "bed-

stead" should go traveling around the grounds, however, when all the furniture is just as valuable in proportion. The room is fitted up with the walls, ceiling and furniture to correspond. Everything is ivory and gold with hand painting and hand carving. The wood is cherry finished in this ivory polish. The "bedstead" is two single ones arranged under a canopy of the carved "ivory," with a dull, yellowish, old rose satin drapery, and valued at $3,500. The bed covers and window drapings were of the same satin combined with rich lace. The color of the "ivory" was exquisite. It seemed impossible to give wood such a finish and such a color.

Two bright-looking guards were standing in conversation with some pretty girls around the corner, and I concluded I would run the gantlet of criticism from the quartet by asking the guards if they had heard of the aforesaid sealskin cloak. I said it was a very high-priced one, and was attracting a good deal of attention, by way of explanation.

One of the guards said:

"Well, there's one down that way worth $50,000 and one down this way worth $75,000. I guess the one worth $50,000 is high-priced enough for you, ain't it? It is for us Chicago people. You better go to that one first."

I went in the direction he suggested. I knew there were no fur exhibits in the direction he pointed out as holding the $75,000, and I did not like to embarrass him with any questions before his friends which would prove that he had never heard of either of the cloaks of which he spoke. As it was, he posed as a well-informed sarcastic wit. And they are scarce. I took the $50,000 direction and came to a $17,500 cape, made of Russian sable tails that had taken years to collect. It is a magnificent thing, as are the sealskin and velvet and brocaded cloaks in the show-cases. It is an exhibit of New York's most popular furrier.

July 10th.

If Sunday is a day of rest anywhere it is so at the Fair. The visitors walk slower, talk lower, look at the things that come in their way instead of diving here and there to see, and they take the first seat which is along their pathway to sit down while they listen to the music.

Yesterday every seat near the Administration Building was occupied, not by a changing crowd, but by those who sat through the two hours to catch every note of the popular "Chicago Band." The quiet enjoyment of the beautiful day in the more beautiful "city" seems to be everywhere. Launches and gondolas were plying up and down and around the lagoon, filled with people, but all were more or less silent, or subdued in their enthusiasm. It seemed to be enough to be simply a part of it all, with no great desire for sight-seeing aside from what was the general effect of grandeur.

The three Columbus boats—Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina—which were brought up to the pier yesterday, received the first attention of all who came by water. They are lying in between the pier and La Rabida, and give everybody a fine opportunity to see and examine them. To see them one realizes more fully the courage it took to discover America. An American or Chicagoan would hesitate quite seriously before he got into a boat built similarly even to cross over to St. Joe, Mich. What was left out in point of safety in the building of the famous fleet seemed to be made up in quantity of rope.

President Palmer with some friends was paying his respects to the fleet and the officer in command, but these gentlemen were the only ones allowed to go aboard as I took a passing investigation. The boats, however, are all very easily inspected by standing on the pier. The

sailors looked decidedly weather-beaten and were all barefooted for comfort. The anchors of heavy iron, facsimiles of the one among the curios in La Rabida, are all in the center, which is the lower deck of the boats. The state-rooms are built up at the ends, which gives the boats the peculiar shape.

It was just luck that America was ever discovered by any one voyaging in such boats. I was much amused at a German who said to his companion in broken English:

"America is de only country vot does appreciate Columbus, and dose boats should be ours for a museum. Columbus he belong to us and we should puy dem boats. Dey are for us."

There was no doubt about that German having adopted America as his home. I overheard another remark from a German that struck me as being generous in the extreme, when coming from a German. He said:

"The German exhibits all through the Fair are fine, and show a great interest taken. Much money has been spent and everything is very imposing. But the French people have given everywhere a much more artistic exhibit. Their natural taste is everywhere noticeable. No country can beat France in fine, delicate and dainty arrangements. They spend less money and get much better effects."

In the Agricultural Building the government of Algeria has a very attractive section. In the center is a perfumed fountain. Turkish lamps are suspended around the sides of the booth and between all the different columns. Fine paintings are hung on the walls, and magnificently embroidered draperies give color to the temple-like architecture. Near this booth is another of South Africa. In this are some stuffed ostriches and cases holding hundreds of the magnificent plumes. Plumes that would cost

$10 or $15 apiece in this country are worn by women on the hats in the barn-yards of that country, as shown by a painting of a "Goaheaditive Farmer's Home."

A crowd was gathered around an exhibit of cork trees in this building. The collection shows the growth from the smallest to the largest tree and the different thicknesses of the bark. Near the cork is a cedar slab from Algiers with 500 rings in the grain of the wood from the center to the outer edge, which shows the tree to have been 500 years old.

The chocolate pavilion is another exhibit which catches the visitors. It looks like handsomely-carved dark wood with trimmings of gold leaf. It is made of 30,000 pounds of chocolate. The central statue, "Germania," is cut out of over 2,000 pounds of the chocolate, which gives out its odor all around the pavilion.

In passing through the Mining Building on my way over to Midway Plaisance, my attention was called to a white statue of Bartholdi's "Liberty Enlightening the World" by hearing some one say:

"Hello—there's Mrs. Lot."

The statue which reminded the man of the unfortunate wife of Lot in Biblical lore was made of salt.

All along the Midway Plaisance the route was alive and overflowing with sight-seers. Every "capper" was yelling himself hoarse to attract the many to his show, and the many seemed to be filling every one of the attractions, as well as the road which lies between the rival sides. It was a great day for Midway. Even the threatening clouds did not clear away the masses, and when the storm commenced to get uncomfortably near they did not speak of getting home, but "where to go to stay until the storm passed."

I was in the Street in Cairo when the raindrops com-

menced to fall. I heard a man telling another what a fine "barber" the Arabs had. The man said:

"Well, I'll just get shaved while the storm is passing. I haven't had time to-day."

He stepped up to one of the Arabs and said:

"Where is your barber shop? I want to get shaved."

"Oh, oh," said the Arab, "'you vill get k-e-e-led."

The man changed his mind. Said he would wait until he came downtown. His friend looked disappointed.

July 12th.

A white-haired woman and a white-haired man were passing along the avenue in front of the Indiana State Building yesterday. They looked tired and warm, and as if the most delightful part of the Fair to them would be just then a place to sit down and rest. They looked up at the name on the building and they looked at the people sitting in the comfortable chairs on the broad piazza. They looked at each other in doubt, but finally decided whether they were from Indiana or not they would try those inviting chairs. They came up the walk cautiously and helped themselves to seats as if they expected some one to ask if they were entitled to them. But no one did. The woman sat down with a sigh of relief, and said:

"God bless Indiana!"

"These Hoosiers have got a lot o' sense, hain't they, Delia?" replied the man.

And they were still sitting there when I returned an hour afterward. It is the comfort that is scattered everywhere about the State buildings that makes them so popular. There's never a time when the attendance is small among these buildings, and particularly where they have been

arranged with an idea to the comfort of visitors. Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin are all like summer hotels in their hospitality; broad piazzas, with plenty of easy chairs, makes every visitor these hot days feel like joining in a chorus with the old lady and saying, "God bless the managers who have thought of our weary feet." Right here I might suggest to those people who advertise themselves as a bureau for public comfort that they place a few more chairs around on their empty piazzas. It is a most excellent spot to catch the footsore and weary with just a mite of encouragement.

The Cold Storage Building was so far to one side of the Exposition Grounds proper, and of so little interest to the visitors in itself, that if it had not been for the subdued horror at the terrible loss of life, one would never have known yesterday that only one day before there had been the terrible fire. Every face wore a look of intense sympathy, and not once was any fault found, in my hearing, with the guards. Those dead comrades of theirs and their own heroic efforts to do what they could make the rest sacred. I've said many a thing against the guards in these "chips," and I am sorry for it. I hope they will recognize my passports in future, but if they do not it is all right. I'll get along the best way that I can, and always remember that when it came to heroic work—life or death—they never flinched. And what matter the trifles?

An interesting thing in which to study the advancement of the years is the exhibit of the New York Central Railroad. It is near the Transportation Building, directly south, and has an attractive white entrance, in the center of which is placed a model of their newest and finest engine, named Empire State. The exhibit consists of a train used in 1831 and another built in 1893. The first one has the coaches built similar to a stage coach—not

very different from the one in which "Calamity Jane" took her famous ride into Deadwood. They are set up on large iron wheels and are shaped like wagon wheels. The engine is small, and the wood or coal for firing and the water were carried in common hogsheads. The name of the engine is Dewitt Clinton.

I went to see the great Corbett, the man who whipped John L. Sullivan. You know that he is holding forth in what was in the first days of Midway Plaisance a natatorium.

This natatorium used to have tables around the basin of water, where people could sit and drink beer or lemonade and listen to the music and look at the people in the water. The combination, aided by suggestions made by some signs hanging around, which read "Do not spit on the floor, and by no means spit in the water," struck me as a little uncertain and vague the one time I wandered in there. The vagueness, the water, and the signs have all disappeared, and the gentleman prize-fighter makes things certain. The performance commenced with some Hungarian warblers, who were greeted warmly by the audience, and then the man who made Sullivan weep came out and pounded a bag in a way that seemed very easy to me. It was only a big rubber bag, and it was suspended from the ceiling so that it could not get away, and if it had been hit by a child it would have to come back, and it looked a good deal more than easy. I said so.

A man on one side of me and a boy on the other—who think they know a good deal about weeping Sullivans and "Gentleman Jims"—elevated their noses at a disdainful angle and said that was all I knew about such things; that that bag punching was a wonderfully scientific thing, and not one in a thousand, ten thousand, could do it. Then four girls came out and danced on the stage with one foot,

while they trod the air with the other. They smiled and threw kisses, and smiled again and bowed, and then Mr. Corbett came out again with his smile and gloves. He ducked and dodged and wouldn't let the other fellow hit him, but never let his smile shorten as his own blows caught the back of the neck, the side, the back of the ears of the man who—probably—weighs glory in being beaten by the champion.

July 13th.

I stopped at a booth on Midway Plaisance yesterday to get a drink of orange cider. I don't know just where it was, but it was along the hot way and near a cafe which provides seats and tables in the tempting shade of the building and its adjacent trees. It has not much to do with the story, but I overheard a chance remark that set me to thinking how much there is to learn along the Midway of foreign customs. A woman stood near me holding out her nickel for the orange cider and she said:

"I wonder if I could go over there among the trees and sit down to drink it."

The man said "No, they would expect you to buy something there if you sat down."

And it is something the American must learn—that these foreigners "expect you to buy something if you sit down." It is an education to "do" and study Midway Plaisance thoroughly. There are places there that prepare you very practically for traveling abroad.

Some of the concessionnaires are doing elaborate fault finding, but there are patrons of those same concessionnaires who are having experiences, that if brought to the notice of those granting concessions, would bring up ques-

tions of right and wrong, that might interfere materially with the privileges conceded.

Foreigners—some foreigners—have a way of making things very pleasant, enticing and hospitable, but unless you meet the pleasure and hospitality with ready money they sometimes go to the other extreme and make it decidedly unpleasant for you. For instance, you are attracted by the music and the shade and comfortable chairs that you hear and see through a gate which says, "Admission twenty-five cents." If you go in and take a seat at one of the tables, and do not buy something to eat or drink, you will soon be made to understand in some way that you are not welcome to that chair or the space you are occupying. There is a limit to the eating and drinking capacity of the American, and after he has visited a few of these Midway attractions he has to draw the line at something. As he is out for seeing all there is to be seen he is very likely to give his stomach a rest instead of his eyes. Then he realizes that he is not in the "land of the free and the home of the brave" as much as he thought he was—particularly if he happens to be in the German village, or "Old Vienna."

The other day a clergyman and his wife from the southern part of the State took luncheon in the "Castle" of the German village. The prices seemed rather exorbitant to them, but they enjoyed the fifteenth century surroundings and then paid the additional ten cents to go in to see the curios in the museum. It was all money well spent. As they came out of the moated castle they heard the sweet music from the garden.

The admission to it was twenty-five cents more, but it was warm, and they were tired, and the signboard said that it was a Royal Prussian band or something of the kind, and they never expected to have another such oppor-

tunity, and they thought there was no better or cheaper way of hearing sweet music than for twenty-five cents, and they bought two tickets. It was a little shocking to them to see so many people sitting at tables drinking beer, but the garden was large and there were plenty of tables unoccupied, and no trouble at all to find pure atmosphere in what looked exactly like a beer garden instead of a concert given by a Royal Prussian band.

They had not been at the table long before a waiter came up and asked them in German if they had ordered. They did not understand him and told him so in English. He shook his head and went away. In a few minutes, just as the band was in the sweetest strains of "Marguerite," another waiter came and asked them in English if they would have beer. The clergyman shook his head in a very dignified manner and never looked at the waiter. The waiter looked at him with a frown and moved away a few feet. He waited until the music stopped and then said again:

"Vill you have peer?"

"No, young man, I will not," said the clergyman.

"Vill you coffee?"

"No, nothing," was the reply.

The waiter was sullen and reported the good man, evidently, to headquarters. In a few minutes more they were told that those chairs and tables were for people who wanted to eat and drink. They arose from the shady nook, and with a half regretful and half-longing look—regret for the squandered fifty cents and longing for the beauties of the garden—they sauntered out into the hot sun on the road

Two prominent Chicagoans had a most disagreeable experience in "Old Vienna" the other night. They went there for supper and to hear the evening music. The admission fee here is also twenty-five cents. There are booths

for selling souvenirs, and cafes by the score, and demands on your purse strings at every turn. They did not mind that. They went up there to spend money and imagine themselves for the evening in a foreign country. It is the one place on the Fair Grounds where all outside of the village is cut off, and it is very easy to feel that America is left behind. And these two gentlemen did feel so with a vengeance before they were through with the trip. They went to the restaurant and ordered a dinner with its accompanying wines. For their coffee and cigars they went to a cafe at the left of the entrance to the village, where the proprietor is establishing a profitable reputation for delicious coffee. They sat there for a while and then decided they must see the "barmaid cafe." This place is around a corner in the village and is run by a man named Seidl. The beer is supposed to be served by twenty-five or thirty beautiful maids. In some way—whether through the beauty of the maids being "tough" or their actions not defining the meaning of refinement, I know not—the place is called a "tough joint" and "the Bowery;" and a few other Americanisms. Just as they were seated at a table a maid came up and asked the larger of the two men—who is a six-footer—if he would have beer. He said:

"Not just now."

She walked around the table and said again in German:

"Will you have beer?"

He said: "No, not just now," rather emphatically. She shook her fist in his face, and then took hold of his arm and tried to pull him out of the chair. All of the time she was jabbering away in her own language and saying what he supposed meant that he must buy beer or go out. He shook her off. As she went away they called another girl and gave her an order. The first girl sent a man up called

"Max," who said if they did not buy beer he would put them out. Then the big man, having a man to deal with, said:

"We will buy beer or anything else when we want it, and if you trouble us any more I will knock you so far that your friends will not find you for a week."

With that "Max" brought five immense glasses of water, and placed them on the table in front of the gentlemen and said:

"You are no gentlemen. Dot is what you want—something for notting."

The gentlemen waited until their beer came. They paid for it, and left it untouched. They then went to the proprietor and told him what his assistants had done, but he simply shrugged his shoulders and appeared to think it was all right. Afterward, through the concessionnaire, he was made to go through the form of an apology. As for "Max," he flourished a photograph pass numbered "12,323," and said no one could harm him.

I have told only the experience of a few. There are many more instances. Emperor William should come over here and remind some of his subjects that he is still alive. Free countries are bad for their manners.

July 15th.

The sun is hot enough, goodness knows, these days, around the Exposition Grounds, but its rays are like a whiff from the North Pole after you had been asked to buy a red guidebook held out to you by a boy dressed in the brightest red costume. Those suits are something unbearable. Unless those boys are made to sit down some-

where in the darkest shadows of the buildings, or to hide themselves under the trees over on Wooded Island until a cold wave strikes Chicago, something's going to happen. My dear Mr. Conkey, what is the matter with having cool, bright green suits for your young representatives through July and August? Suffering humanity will appeal to you with mile-long petitions soon if this weather and those costumes go hand in hand much longer.

The Manufactures Building appeared to be holding a sort of reception yesterday. It has so much of interest within the gigantic space, that through these warm days visitors go there in the morning with the determination to "stay all day." Plenty of seats have been provided, and with the many entrances allowing the breezes from off Lake Michigan to have full sway, comfort is taken and hot weather more or less forgotten.

If you have any kind of a position and a badge to show it you better go around with the insignia in sight, or you are apt many times to be treated as one of a big gang. Nothing does command respect so much in the Fair Grounds from those who are placed there to assist you as some kind of a badge. Yesterday in the German restaurant in the Manufactures Building a gentleman said to the waiter that he wanted his black coffee served in a glass. The waiter said no. The gentleman said yes. The waiter said it would break the glass. The gentleman said not necessarily. The waiter said it would, and the gentleman said let it break, he would pay for it. Then the waiter said that he wouldn't anyway. The gentleman said that he was one of the commissioners. Then the waiter commenced to make the most humble apologies, and said that he did not know it, and rushed off for the coffee in a glass.

The gentleman called him back and asked him if that

was the way he treated people who were not commissioners. The waiter said that they did not serve coffee in a glass because they could not have them broken. Then the commissioner gave him some good advice about remembering that all Americans were people of position, and it would be for his interest to pay strict attention to these little fads and wishes of his American customers. The waiter looked as if he had heard a bit of astonishing news and as if he had never heard before that people of position were not announced with a blast of trumpets and trappings of red velvet and gold trimmings.

July 16th.

It is too hot, too awfully hot, to try to make deductions, but there is a vague idea floating around in this head of mine that if the weather were cooler I could write something passably good about civilization and uncivilization. But as it is—with the idea bathed in about seventy per cent of humidity at the present writing—I am not sure which I'm "wid" and which I'm "agin." I am only sure of one thing—out here with these varied World's Fair experiences—that just as I get calmly settled down to one conviction, something occurs which snatches me over to the other side. Then, shortly, back I go to the first, and, as I say, this weather does not permit the sifting for deductions.

For instance, as I have intimated before, I am beginning to believe in the wearing of some kind of a badge, though in doing so you so often proclaim that you are only a very small part of something that is known collectively. But the badge will save you a lot of trouble and does so

help other people to realize that you are a sane, regular, and recognized citizen from somewhere.

Then I run onto something that is conclusive proof that you cannot gauge civilization or uncivilization by classes or races. Here are some of the cross-wired samples which do so mix up and blur one's ideas: Some one suggested to me that I squander a $10 bill in looking into the truth of how guests at the different restaurants and cafes get treated when they give a light order—an order that the average American would give in visiting the Fair through the day when he expects to dine at home or at his hotel. I was not feeling the need of refreshment just then, but thought I could drink a cup of coffee. I went into the Swedish restaurant, or rather I went under the tent outside, where there were pleasant, cool-looking seats. I sat down at a table neatly set with white linen and bright silver. A waiter came up to me very promptly and very business-like to take my order. I said:

"A cup of hot coffee."

"What more?" asked the waiter.

"Nothing."

Then he said in very uncertain English that I would have to go to another table, that these were dining tables. His manner had been very suave when he first came up, but he grew very cold and indifferent, and indicated with a wave of his arm where I could get a cup of coffee.

I went over there and took a seat at a table without any cloth and no bright silver. No waiter came up promptly and business-like this time. I waited a few minutes and then motioned for one. He came up reluctantly, and when I said "coffee" looked at me suspiciously, as if he thought I had some luncheon hidden away somewhere. He brought the coffee and placed it on the table and went off for sugar, cream, napkin and spoon, presumably. He

returned with cream, then hunted around for some sugar and didn't find it. He disappeared and was gone so long that I sent another waiter for it, and told him to bring a napkin. He said they had no napkins for the lunch tables. I said that I would pay extra for it. That made no difference. There were no napkins for that table, and he went for the sugar. The first one returned first, but had no spoons. I told him that I did not care for the coffee; it was cold. He shrugged his shoulders, but did not offer any apologies for the delay, nor to get some that was fresher. It was plainly evident that any one who would order a cup of coffee was not a desirable customer. I then decided that I would try that cup of coffee in the next one, which happened to be the Polish restaurant. I met with exactly the same reception, and did not drink that, either.

Then I spied down the road the Cafe de la Marine. The name was French, but I knew that a Chicago restaurateur was the proprietor. I would test the American citizen as well. The awning-covered verandas were filled with people, gayly dressed people, who were dining and wining. It was worth a high-priced dinner to sit there in a cool breeze. It was with some misgivings that I took the chair pulled out by the waiter at a dainty table. My courage was weakening, but I said with all the assurance I could muster, and with the expectation of being sent into the kitchen or somewhere equally hot:

"Just a cup of coffee, please."

"French coffee or American coffee?" asked the waiter.

"American," said I. And he gave me a fan from the next table, and brought me that coffee in as fine style as if I had ordered a bottle of the highest-priced champagne. And he was a foreigner, too. So that fast-forming theory about foreign waiters received a blow.

I soliloquized to myself on my way over to the French

Building about the indifference and injustice dealt out to strangers in these ways so many times by subordinates, and decided that in this glorious country of ours it was far better for these foreigners who are here to learn to treat every one with respect; that in the places around the Exposition they would only meet the better classes anyway.

I stopped to look at the beautiful statue, with its decorations, which had been erected in honor of the brave firemen at the fete the day before. A photographer was taking a negative of it for some pictures to send to Paris. Just as he finished—and while everybody who was standing around was hushed with the touching arrangement of hose, flags, axes, helmets, and crepe—a smart fellow from somewhere, who poses as the customary clown of his acquaintances, grabbed off a helmet from the end of the hose, put it on his own head, and commenced to make grimaces for the amusement of those with him. I did not wonder any longer that these foreigners think some of us Americans could eat without tablecloths and napkins.

Over by the Anthropological Building there is a highly educated Indian who speaks in a very quiet way about the "uncivilized whites." The other day while he was making his toilet the curtain to his tent was lifted, and two women, wearing badges—and from Boston—stood there and watched him go on with his dressing. He finally turned around and said to the one holding the curtain:

"Madam, how would you like to have me walk into your private dressing-room and watch you make your toilet?"

She looked astonished at his pure English, blushed and walked away. I will tell you more about that Indian in my next column. He is called the handsomest man at the World's Fair.

And, as I say, these contradictory "samples" and the hot weather have made me doubt where I am in my ideas of some things. All theories are knocked endways.

July 17th.

By far the handsomest man at the World's Fair is a full-blooded Apache Indian. His name is Antonio Apache. He is Professor Putnam's assistant, and has charge of the different Indian tribes in the ethnological exhibit. Every little while lately I have heard of the handsome Indian who talked such beautiful English with a low, musical voice, and sometimes with low, cutting sarcasm.

One story was that one day some people in a launch saw an Indian in a rowboat. They had seen Indians before and knew enough of the Sioux language to say "How do you do," so that they commenced to yell "How-ko-la! How-ko-la!" to this one. He paid no attention at first, only his face took on a more reserved coldness than before. As they came a little nearer to him they repeated the greeting. He finally looked up and said:

"Did I understand you to say you were from Oshkosh, Oconomowoc or Kalamazoo?"

Their mouths opened wide with astonishment, and they answered him not as the launch went by.

Another time this handsome Indian was out in his boat with an Englishman when some women in a gondola screamed out:

"Oh, look at the Eskimo! Look at the Eskimo!"

They all turned to look at him, when he said:

"No, ladies, I am not the Eskimo, it is my friend here," pointing to the Englishman.

The Englishman said nothing, and the Indian's pronunciation was so perfect and his manner so composed that the ladies in the gondola believed him, and directed their gaze to the blue-eyed Briton.

Finally one day when I was talking with George Kunze —that walking library of information who is here in charge of the Tiffany exhibits and about a dozen other things— he said to me:

"Have you ever met Antonio, that handsome Apache Indian?"

I said no, but that he must be the one of whom I was hearing from every corner, as astonishing the natives with his unexpected knowledge of our language, and his sarcasm. Then he told me that Antonio was captured by our army during the troubles with Geronimo, the Apache chief, who was exiled to Florida. He was a young boy then, and an army officer took him under his care and sent him first to school in Virginia and afterward to Boston, where his education was finished. He is a relative of Geronimo, and himself added the name "Apache" to Antonio in honor of his people, who were, as he supposed, separated from him forever.

Mr. Kunze provided me with some credentials which he thought would gain the confidence of Antonio so that he would talk with me. He told me also that Antonio's experiences with the white people who visited the Exposition were not of a nature to inspire his confidence; that he feels that he has become to the passing public a representative savage, and that they to him are worse savages than he has ever known before. As I said in yesterday's column, he has dubbed them the "uncivilized white people."

Yesterday I went over to the camps of Professor Putnam's Indians to find Antonio. In these camps are the Navajos, Penobscot, Iroquois, and Haidah or Quakall

Indians. They were out and in their tepees, and their faces all lighted up when I asked for Antonio, but he was not in his tent and they did not know where he was. One handsome boy said that he might be over in the cliff-dwellers' cave. I went over there, but could not find him. One of the managers of the cave said that I must see him and he would help me find him. And he had a host of pleasant and bright things to tell of Antonio and his wonderful ability, intelligence, wit, and sarcasm. But we could not find him.

Just as we were giving up the search, Antonio came down the little "bay" near the Anthropological Building in his boat. He sat straight and dignified, plying one oar or paddle, while a young Indian in white sailor costume sat in front using another. Antonio was a picture of grand manhood that Americans should be proud of. Dark, very dark, yet with a skin as clear as crystal. Eyes black and piercing, and coal black hair that hung straight and thick to his shoulders. He wore a straw hat and dark blue suit, and when I was introduced to him he looked me through as if he could tell at a glance every flaw and every weakness in my make-up. As I took his hand and felt its strong grasp I felt that my make-up was nothing but flaws and weaknesses; that I was a usurper on American soil, while this true-born American in his high education and strength and pride was only what all of his race would be with the same advantages. He is just what his friends had told me—"a magnificent fellow."

I had a long talk with him, and through it all was that terseness so characteristic of the Indian character, with every word containing something. I asked him where was his home. He said he had no home, though he had lived the greater share of his years in Boston. I may have imagined it, but I thought there was a touch of not exact-

ly bitterness but feeling when he said that he had no home. I asked him if he had ever visited his people since his capture, and he said "Yes, at Christmas time." When I asked him if they felt bitter against him for becoming one of us, he laughed low and musically, and said: "No, they would all do so if they could." He has a keen sense of humor, and told how an Indian always bought a pair of trousers with his first money, and then a cart and other things as fast as he could. He said an Indian, the most savage of them, was so proud of the costume of civilization that he would wear an overcoat with the thermometer at 98 in the shade if he had no other part of the costume of civilization. And he said a relative of his out among the Apaches is wearing just now a high silk hat, that some one had given him, with his paint and blanket.

I looked at Antonio as he sat there with his keen appreciation of all situations and in his high intelligence, and I could not help but think how easy it was for the lowest scum of immigration to come to this country and become voting citizens and yet the rights of such men as he were questioned.

It may be as he said: "It would not do for the Indians to know too much."

July 18th.

The signal bell rang for all aboard on the "special" train. Two men held out their hands simultaneously at a booth for tickets.

"Single," said the first man as he laid down ten cents.

"Married," said the second, and dropped twenty cents.

The ticket man smiled, the "single" man smiled, the rest

who were waiting smiled, the married man never changed expression, and all rushed on just in time to catch the train before the iron bar clanged to its place.

A man in St. Louis can tell you all about the Fair, and his friends say he was there only a half day. This man is the buyer in the hat department of a prominent St. Louis firm. His son, a wide-awake youth in his teens—so wide awake that he might hail from Chicago just as well—came up here to see the Fair, and wrote back insisting on his father coming to enjoy it with him. He told him that he had learned the "lay of the land" and they could get around together without waste of time or steps and have a great time. The father came and the son met him at the depot. They had a fine breakfast at a down-town hotel, and then took the cable cars for the Exposition. The son said there were a good many ways of going out, but the cable cars would save them some unnecessary walking. The cable landed them at the west entrance to Midway Plaisance. The son explained that this was a sort of side issue to the Fair, but a good many considered it the best part. As for himself he had not "done" it thoroughly. He had been waiting for his father to come and enjoy it with him. And as long as they were there they had better take in everything just as it came, he thought, and then they would not have to come again. The different places cost some trifling sum to go in, but not much—sometimes ten cents, twenty-five cents, and sometimes fifty cents, but it was like traveling around the world, and was very cheap, considering.

They would do this first and then go into the Fair Grounds proper. He had seen the most of that part, but he would enjoy going over it again with his dear father. So he and dear father started out. They went from right to left. The father paid the trifling sums. He paid them

into ostrich farms, into villages, into "streets," into theaters, into panoramas, for a ride in a wheel, for a ride on ice, in restaurants, in cafes, in beer gardens, in wild animal arenas, in beauty shows, and everything else that came in their way from that west end entrance to Midway Plaisance to the intramural railway. His hand was down in his pocket for trifles most of the time. He saw Turks, Arabs, Dahomeyans, and people from Vienna, from China, Germany, Java and the South Sea Islands, and then his son said:

"Now we will see the World's Fair." Said father:

"No, we will not. I've seen enough. I am done. The World's Fair can come again. Its side entrance has used up my strength, cracked my conscience, and got all the trifling sums that I can spare. I am going back to St. Louis."

"Well, father," said the son, "I really think you have seen the best of it. I thought so all the time I was tramping through the buildings, but you know you thought I would not need so much money, and Midway Plaisance does count up when a fellow has to go into his own pocket. Am awfully glad you came up. Good-by. I'll be home in a day or two."

And the father took the train back to St. Louis, while the son went on with his education of doing the Fair systematically.

Yesterday I overheard a Turk chiding a plain looking fellow—possibly a farmer—for swearing. He told Reuben how sacred were the oaths of Mohammedans; that they never used words profanely; that the Americans did, and that the Great Prophet would condemn them to some punishment if they took holy names lightly in their conversations with men. Reuben looked almost as if he was going to cry, and he walked away a very much ashamed man

to think that one of these men from a heathenish country and in a heathenish costume should take him to task for expressing himself in a way which, at its worst, was only carelessness on his part.

The Turk watched him until he was out of hearing, and then, turning to a man beside him, said:

"Umph! He tink me not swear! He vas von d—n fool."

A gentleman in the British section of the Agricultural Building says he could write a book of his experience with the great American public. He says the cry of the "unwashed" seems to be for samples of something. It makes no difference what the sample is. It is just samples—samples of anything and everything. Another trouble with this class is their inability to read English. Near him in very plain letters is a placard which explains that the goods beneath are "desiccated soup." Women stop and ask about that "discolated" soup, "dissected" soup, and "desecrated" soup, and all want samples. On a shelf are some large bottles with labels telling the public that the contents are "lime juice." Women asked if he had "any small sample bottles of that perfumery."

The other day he was at his desk answering his morning mail. A letter which he was just then answering was lying open beside him. A woman came by and halted. She looked around a minute or two and then sauntered up to the desk, adjusted her glasses, and took up the letter and read it through. He said nothing, but waited to see if she really would have the audacity to read it to the end. She finished it and laid it back again on the desk. He said:

"Well, madam, did you find anything in that letter of interest to you?"

"No," she said listlessly, and walked away.

Yesterday this gentleman had finished writing, addressing and stamping a dozen letters, when he was called away from his desk. He decided he might as well take the letters along to mail them and turned back for them. On his way he saw a woman gathering them up, and she deliberately walked away with them in her hand. He said:

"Madam, what are you doing with those letters?"

"Are they letters?" said she; "I thought they were samples of powder or perfumery."

He took them away from her with not very much patience in his touch or face. She did not seem to mind. She walked on with her eyes still open for samples.

The waiters in the Cafe de la Marine contributed $100 to the relief fund for the families of the unfortunate firemen. Through some mistake the kindness was accorded in the newspapers to the cafe itself instead of to the employes. A voluntary contribution was given by the waiters which amounted to $94 and some cents, and then they solicited enough among themselves to make it an even $100, which they took to President Higinbotham, who gave them the receipt. They were justly proud of the contribution, it being seldom that the employes of a restaurant raise that amount of money so quickly.

July 19th.

In the German village yesterday I overheard a piece of gossip that is worth repeating. An elegant-looking foreigner, who talked most excellent English, was with an American friend at one of the tables enjoying the music over their wine and cigars. My attention was enlisted by catching the name of a singer who has been heard of late-

ly more through the newspapers than she has through the public having an opportunity to judge of her voice. She is very beautiful, and is said to have a voice that is no disappointment. Through a misunderstanding which she claimed was a misrepresentation, the contract which brought her to this country was broken, and the lovers of music have not had much of an opportunity to judge for themselves. This gentleman, whose home I judged was in Berlin, attracted my attention by saying that the first time he saw the beautiful woman was in Italy. And he added that she had made wonderful strides in her profession, for that time she was singing in a concert garden where a collection was taken up after the musical numbers, and she could have been receiving no salary.

He said at one time, through an indiscretion which she meant to be a flattering attention, she bitterly offended the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Through the request of his chamberlain the duke had consented to receive the popular singer. She came in smiling, and as she was presented, grasped his hand and said rapturously:

"Is this the duke?"

Then she took from her flowers a rose, and, raising her hands to the lapel of the duke's coat, she took from the button-hole a rose that he wore, threw it on the floor and replaced it with her own. The duke frowned and said not a word, but motioned for his chamberlain to escort the daring woman out of the room. And she was hurried out. The duke paced the floor in disturbed anger for several minutes afterward. It was not because a pretty woman had placed a rose on his lapel, but because the rose that was there, and which she had thrown ruthlessly on the floor, was sacred to him. It was sacred to the memory of a loved woman who had died and to whom he had been betrothed. It had been her custom in the days

of their happiness to place each day a rose over his heart. Since her death he himself had placed it there as a link between the sad present and that beautiful past.

Upon Midway, or down on Midway, whichever you choose, is a much advertised performance called a torture dance. It is said to be a religious dance and a way these Mohammedans have of expiating their sins.

I went to see it. It was not a wise thing to do. The self-torture was not so bad. That was their affair. And there were some doubts about the extent of the real torture. But a snake that came on to the stage to expiate his sins was too much for the nerves of the ordinary mortal. A man with a smile announced that the first torture would be the eating of a cactus plant. A lot of men drummed and thumped on the Egyptian instruments, while the "sinner" commenced a Delsarte movement around the stage that either made eating a cactus seem mild in comparison, or else made him a lunatic and impervious to pain. Then he buried his head in a lot of smoke that came up from a stone jar, and after that his only desire on earth seemed to be to eat that cactus. And he ate it. Then the man with the smile announced cheerfully that the second torture would be a man who would eat a glass tumbler. He showed the glass to the audience. It was quite a pretty one. It seemed a great pity to have it eaten up. Then this man commenced the head dance. Any head that can stand that motion could eat glass or rocks. When he had swallowed all the smoke he wanted he cried for that glass as babies cry for milk. They were obliged to hold him back until the glass was ready. A man, the chief, broke it into pieces which the audience, or a part of it, fed to him. Then came another hilarious announcement that a man would pierce his flesh with needles. He went through the same preparation of dancing and smoke. It might

have been quite sickening, but he saved the audience the sight of any blood. It looked a little as if he was taking hypodermic injections.

Then we were told that the scorpions were all dead and that new ones had not arrived, and instead of the scorpion torture there would be a duel with a snake. The snake came out in a box and was placed on the stage. It was alive I left. There was no doubt about that part of the performance being real. Don't go.

I sat down for a few minutes yesterday in the corner of an awning-covered veranda of a popular cafe. I had been tramping around until through fatigue, for the time being, I was blind to all beauties of the Fair or anything else. I drank my coffee and watched listlessly the launches and gondolas gliding up and down the lagoon. Finally I noticed there was a restfulness of perfect quiet. It was in the middle of the afternoon, and there happened to be no one else in this corner of the veranda. The gondolas and launches went by without a sound. They themselves were noiseless, and if the occupants were talking it must have been low, for no voices floated up. Some swans sailed by in their pure white beauty, and some one, without a word, threw to them some pieces of bread. There were five swans, and five pieces of bread went out, but the five swans did not want five pieces; they all wanted one. And they all went for the one which the first one took and the rest did not get. And the first one had all of the five pieces. Then this some one who threw the bread—and who was probably my waiter, but it was too much trouble to turn my head and find out—said to himself:

"Good enough for you. The rest of you can go without. The fellows that get left in this world ought to. You all had the same chance, but you all wanted what some one else had. It's the way of the world."

And no more bread was thrown. The swans sailed away. As I turned my head a little to see if the other four would not do a little hunting for themselves, even for some of the crumbs, I saw a Japanese fishing. He was sitting on the end of a little platform that runs out into the lagoon back of the Japan tea-house. He had three palm leaf fans tied together by the handles and fastened on his head for a hat. The sun was warm, but he did not mind that. He sat patiently a while and then his line straightened out and he had caught his fish. While I was trying to figure out why the fish was sacred to these dark people, and why if fish were sacred to them in their country, they were not so here, two Americans came and seated themselves one on each side of the Jap, and threw in their lines. It was the way of the world. Human nature was the same in the two Americans as in the swans. They wanted what they knew some one else had. Then I looked over to the left and saw a Japanese village on the island, a red and gold Japanese bridge, some Venetians on the water, some Ceylonese passing down the road, white palaces all around me, and I thought no matter what any one wanted it had all come—the world itself had come to Chicago.

July 20th.

A crowd is always around the "Grace Darling" boat which stands in the center of the Transportation Building. It is painted green and white and black. It has the name in white letters on black, and is interestingly battered and scarred and unsafe-looking now.

One end has a hole which looks as if it had at some time run against a sharp rock. The crowd does not always

know what it is looking at; it looks because some one else does.

When they read: "In this boat in 1838, Grace Darling, at the age of twenty-two years, with her father, saved the lives of nine men," they are inclined to think it is not particularly remarkable; that it was a sort of eighteenth century heroism; that in these days women are brave by the score, where then it was only one, and she had her father to help her fight the danger.

An old man stood leaning over the edge of the boat yesterday and said to the next one:

"I remember well when this country and other countries rang with the bravery of Grace Darling, and the name was in everybody's mouth; but there's many a woman now just as brave if she should be placed as Grace Darling was.

"The change that has come into the life of women in my time is something wonderful. I can remember when they used to be considered of no more importance outside of the family circle than as if they were so many children. Now they are of so much importance that nothing is done that amounts to anything without talking it out with every female in the family.

"Just look at this Woman's Building out here, and the things in it. If that had been planned, built and filled by women when I was a boy, it would be a notch in history to-day that would make these Grace Darling things seem tame. It takes the same amount of bravery to do one thing as another, and to-day women are just as capable of doing daring things as men, if it comes their way.

"But they don't seem to get as much poetry written about them as they used to. Well, we haven't the time to read poetry, anyway. Women are doing good work. I don't think they are quite as contented as they used to be. Down

in my home in Iowa we never have the good old times around the fireplace in the winter and out on the kitchen porch in the summer, that we had when the children were little, and my wife and I were younger. We—well, it's all right. I'm glad that women are being heard of, and I'm glad that the world is full of Grace Darlings."

As he walked away it was plain to be seen that even with his generous philosophies there were drifts of disappointment hanging about him. His face had the look that lives over the facts of the past more than with hopes of the future.

In the Art Palace there is a portrait of James W. Scott —which is loaned by the Chicago Press Club, and painted by Laurie Wallace of Omaha—that has a most wonderful effect on the passing crowd.

It is safe to say that not one person who goes through the arch and into this wing fails to stop to look at that portrait. It is a likeness true to life, and the position is as if as you entered Mr. Scott had turned his head to greet you.

One woman declared yesterday that she saw the head turn, and that was why she looked up. After you catch the expression, the power of thought and the strength of will hold you there until it seems almost discourteous to pass on until the head is turned back again to the work lying on the great publisher's desk. It is one of those rare portraits that make you forget the brush and paint. It is life. Laurie Wallace, who was fortunate twice in having such a well-known subject and in being able to make his canvas speak, was formerly of Chicago, and I believe is to return again eventually.

One of the noticeable things in the furniture exhibits in the Manufactures Building is the stock of comfort thrown into the American productions as compared with

the foreign furniture. The foreign furniture is rich and elegant, but there is an utter lack of luxuriant ease. A bright newspaper woman remarked yesterday, in passing Belgium, where there is a magnificent bed made for royalty:

"It is no wonder that 'uneasy rests the head that wears a crown'—a head that did not wear a crown could find no comfort there."

The couches and chairs also seemed devoid of real comfort.

I am wondering if any one ever met a friend by appointment at the Fair. Every day I see people who are hunting for those whom they have promised to meet, but never yet have I heard of anything but disappointment. I heard some one say yesterday that the reason for it was that it is impossible to get by exhibits without stopping to look, and the minutes slip by without warning, and take with them the hour for the appointment.

Yesterday I heard a pretty woman champion the cause of Mrs. Potter Palmer in a way that tempted me to ask her her name.

It was in a café. Two women, two of a kind—the kind that cannot endure too much success meted out to any one person of their own sex—were at a table and discussing things in general, and the lady managers in particular. One said:

"Now, there's Mrs. Palmer. She is rather good looking, but who couldn't be with all of her fine clothes! She has patience, of course, but I believe she is a much overestimated woman. And I have been told with good authority that she never writes her speeches herself. She always has them written for her, and really is not capable of writing a line."

This pretty little woman wheeled around and said, with flashing eyes:

"Madam, you have been told a falsehood. Mrs. Palmer writes her own speeches, and can write much better than the public has ever heard from her as yet."

"How do you know?" said the woman.

"I know, because I have been with her in her office, and have seen her writing the speeches."

The two women said no more, and the champion went on with her luncheon.

I sat down on a bench on Midway Plaisance last evening to watch the crowd stream by. A Hungarian band was playing sweet airs back of me in a café, which gave the effect of a play. It did not seem real. With hundreds of Americans and Europeans, there were continually passing Turks, Arabs, Nubians, and all the races from South Africa to the Laplanders. There were Indians with blankets, and Indians in citizens' clothes, and cowboys all mixed in with the swellest of the swell society folks who are staying in the city for the Fair.

Elegant white dresses, lace trimmed, and pink silk and blue silk on beautiful girls, were sailing by in line with the Tyrolese and Norwegian peasant costumes. The little Eskimos were among the promenaders, and the Japanese, and a stray Javanese or two filled in the niches. Whatever you do and wherever you go, don't miss that sight of an evening on Midway Plaisance.

July 27th.

On the Midway is a man from India who decorates a card with his finger nails, while you wait. The card is

white paper of little more than ordinary thickness. The dark-eyed, swarthy-skinned man takes it in his hand between his thumb and middle finger, and while he talks most fluently of the intricacies of the different languages —living or dead—and the English language in particular, he marks out with the accuracy of stamping a beautiful flower with its stem and leaves on the white surface, all for ten cents. For five cents more, he will add your initials. And for the request he will write his own name on the back and consider it an appreciative honor that you ask it. He can stand and make the flowers all day with the strokes of the finger-nail, which makes indentations on the wrong side and raised work on the right side, and which so expand the paper that the ornamentation cannot be pressed out, and not one card will differ in the most minute point of drawing from another.

He attracts a great deal of attention as he stands there on the porch of the East Indian Bazaar, with his work, his costume, and his highly cultivated flow of the English language. He seems to have a half-formed contempt for all things not up to his standard of intellect, and his manner of conversation is didactic in the extreme. But for policy's sake he appears to tolerate all comers with their questions and their opinions of things about the Fair, the world itself, and himself in detail.

Yesterday a girl, evidently from Boston—it is always easy enough to tell the Boston girl. Her World's Fair suit generally labels her. It is of serge; plain skirt, with jacket and a double-breasted vest of another color; a shirt-waist underneath, with a high collar and four-in-hand tie; a broad-brimmed sailor hat with plain band; a pair of glasses hung on a hook over her heart, or hung on the bridge of her nose; in her hand a black silk umbrella, and all around her a general air of doing the Fair

systematically and intelligently. She has also this year a general air of being on the fence between an inclination to be a man—a real independent go-aheaditive man—and a dependent, clinging woman.

Well, this girl from Boston stood by the side of the man in the turban from India and watched him do the work while he supplied the demand for cards with flowers and with and without initials. She watched and she talked. The crowd, which gradually increased, as all these World's Fair crowds do increase, could not tell at first which was the center of attraction, the girl in the Boston costume or the man in the turban and robe. She said to him:

"Of course you notice the great difference in pronunciation of the people who stop to talk to you. It is very noticeable around the Fair. We see the difference between the East and the West at once."

"Ah, indeed! And what is the difference?" asked the finger-nail artist from India.

"One is so flat and the other so full and round."

"Which is the full and round?"

"Oh, the East."

"And to which do you belong?"

"Ah, cawn't you tell? I say 'l-ah-f,' and the people here would say 'l-a-ff' and 'c-a-n'-t.' I live in the East."

And she looked around over the people standing near with the pride that would have come to her if she could have announced that she was that smartest woman in America—Kate Field. But the man who was turning out decorated cards did not seem at all impressed with the distinction of living in the East. He never looked up, and his expression was as if he felt that there was only one East in the world to him, and that was much farther away

than Boston. Then she asked him patronizingly if it was easy for him to learn the English language. He said:

"The language in itself is very easy to learn. But the incompleteness of the language as you use it is very difficult. The half knowledge makes it difficult for the student of the language to make himself understood, and the syntax, the construction of the sentences which are in common use, makes it almost impossible for the foreigner to understand. These popular expressions do not seem to be controlled by any laws of the language, and there is no way to learn them."

The girl from Boston looked as if the subject was too deep for her to wade into, and she changed the subject by saying to the woman next to her:

"Is not that artistic? I could watch him all the afternoon."

He finished the last order, and, turning to the girl from the "Hub," said:

"Will you have one?"

"Oh, no. I have spent all my money. I will come again some other day."

The crowd laughed. The man's face still wore the half cynical smile, as if that was usually the way he was patronized by people who talked the most, and I passed on by the Ferris wheel. As I was in front of it a woman stood there with her face raised in a rapturous manner to the monster. Finally she caught her breath and yelled out to some one going around in the car:

"Good-by, dear."

"Good-by, darling," came floating back, and the woman sat down by the roadside to wait until her dear one came back from mid-air to her side.

I heard a good story about the unwritten side of World's Fair life during these days.

An American woman who proudly bears a title of high rank which was bought in the usual way—with a husband appendage—arrived in the city on a commission from the country to which she is indebted for having her name added to the list of nobility. She desired to meet without delay the President of the Board of Lady Managers—Mrs. Potter Palmer. With another American she took a carriage and drove to the lake-shore residence of Mrs. Palmer. The ladies were received in Mrs. Palmer's most gracious manner, and as they were leaving, Mrs. Palmer said:

"Countess, where are you stopping?"

"At the Palmer House," was the reply, "and it is the most miserable hole I was ever in."

Mrs. Palmer never changed expression, but answered in her own sweet way:

"I am very sorry. There are some very fine hotels here in the city, however, and I am sure that you can be pleased."

When the ladies were seated in their carriage the titled lady heard for the first time that the proprietor of the Palmer House and the owner of the lake-shore castle was one man.

The next morning Potter Palmer called personally on the titled American and extended the hospitalities of the hotel, which she accepted, and remained its guest for a week.

July 30th.

She was most eminently respectable-looking. Her hair was white and brushed back from her forehead in a way that showed that she was willing to take time as it

came, and cared not to cover up the tell-tale footprints that made furrows in the white brow. She had been silently eating her luncheon where, at the same table, Patsy and I were digging into the mysteries of watermelon. She seemed interested in our conversation. The conversation was a little of everything, with the everything based on the World's Fair. Patsy said that such noticeable changes took place in the crowds that came; one time it would seem so metropolitan, and another time so entirely the reverse, and that this month the sight-seers had appeared to be so very different from last month; that without any doubt society folks, generally speaking, were out to the summer resorts, while the people from the country were in to the Exposition.

Finally the dignified gray-haired woman, after gathering a little courage to begin with, said:

"Are you both perfectly familiar with the Fair?"

Patsy answered that she did not know as much about it as she wanted to know, but she was there every day and had been for months. And I said that in April I thought I knew a lot about it, but that in my daily pilgrimage I was deciding that the more I saw and the more I knew, the more there was to see and know, and that in striking balances I found that my actual knowledge was on the wrong side of my balance sheet.

"Well," said the sweet-faced woman, with a confidential air, "I have come way on here from the far East to see this wonderful Fair. I want to see it and I am going to see it if I have to stay here until the last day of October, but I am having a very hard time of it. It is a fact that I cannot find time to see anything. And do you know the reason why? It is on account of these silly social functions. It seems to me ridiculous that out here—with this spot so beautiful and so grand, that there will never be

enough time to do it justice before it has become in reality a dream of the past, as it is now a dream of the present—there should be daily these receptions to crowd in. Every day there is a reception somewhere, and some days there are two or three. And while I do not consider my social standing in my own home will suffer if I am not seen at these gatherings, I do not like to appear unappreciative of the cordial invitations I receive, and I find myself paying my respects with the rest to women that I will probably never meet again. I have an idea, also, that these receptions, or some of them, are all wrong. In these State buildings, for instance. The buildings are there for the benefit of the States they represent and their people. At these receptions the people of the State, aside from the commissioners and well-known people, are men on the list of invited guests. And it sometimes occurs to me that there are ladies who are making themselves social hostesses of the State that have never been heard of socially in their own homes. They are here representing the State, with some exceptions, of course, through some political power of their husbands or through their executive ability, and not through their social positions. And yet they seem to drop everything for this opportunity to entertain, and send out invitations to receptions, not to the people of the State which they represent, and to whom the building rightfully belongs, but to the people of prominence from other States. The people from the State stand around without the card that will take them through the executive door. I did not come here to enter society; I came to the Exposition. I am going to one more reception this afternoon because it is my own State, and that will be the last one for me."

Patsy and I looked at each other, and both told her almost in the same breath that she was not the only one

who preferred the grandness, and beauty, and instruction of the White City to a continual round of receptions.

A little while afterward I met a bright girl from Boston, whom I knew, on one of the lagoon bridges. She was standing there looking first one way and then the other. As she saw me, she cried out:

"Oh, oh! Was ever anything so beautiful! And the whole of Chicago, too! Why, do you know, ever so many people told me that Chicago was a city of palaces and hovels, and wealth and wooden pavements, and pork? I have seen nothing but the most elegant homes, and I haven't had one smell of pork."

She rattled on until I was afraid of a reaction in her pleasant expression of Chicago from sheer exhaustion.

Yesterday in the Manufactures Building, two ladies were sauntering around and looking at the different exhibits. One of the ladies had her hand resting on a rail in front of a show-case. In the hand was clasped her pocket-book. Suddenly she felt her hand grasped quickly by another hand. Instinctively she clutched her pocket-book firmer, but did not withdraw her hand. She looked around and saw that the only one who could have tried to get her pocket-book was a fine-looking man wearing a white vest, three-button cutaway, and silk hat. With him was an elderly lady. The man did not apologize for any mistake he had made, and both he and the woman seemed unconscious of her existence. It made such an impression on her that she thought that she would test the thing.

She told her friend about it, slipped the money out of the purse and, after walking along a little further, allowed her hand to rest again upon the rail. In a few minutes her hand and pocket-book were grabbed again. She jumped two or three feet to one side in her nervousness,

and was ready to cry for help. The man said, "Excuse me," and the woman laughed in the most amused way, as if it was perfect nonsense for her to think anyone was trying to steal her pocket-book. She reported it to the first guard that she met, and pointed out the man and the woman. He said that they were being watched, and asked her to try once more, and if he could see the move he would have the right to arrest them. But the fish did not bite the third time. The man who did the hand-clasping carried a small satchel in his hand.

On my way through the grounds to take my train, I heard a man say to a woman:

"Will you tell me where the Eternal Railway is?"

"I am sure I don't know where the Eternal Railway is," said the woman. "If I did, I would take it this minute. If you mean the Intramural Railroad, it is right over there."

"If I but had my choice to-night, of all the countries of men,
I'd take up my stand in Wonderland,
And never would leave it again."

AUGUST.

AUGUST.

August 1st.

One of the sights of the Fair is the Midway Plaisance after 11 o'clock at night.

I may as well preface things, however, by saying that if you are easily, very easily, shocked, it is better for you to leave on the last "special," which is just before these sights of which I speak commence. There are some things that may need missionary work; at the same time, if you can remember that it is an interesting study to watch these different races "off guard," it will amuse you.

After 11 o'clock the theaters and villages are closed to visitors, and the natives come out on the Plaisance to enjoy a rest, and see each other and the friends they make in this country. Between you and me, I don't know but that it is just as much of an amusement to study these "friends" they make—the Americans who hobnob with them.

Last night, two women stopped a Nubian to ask him to what race he belonged. He was tall and swarthy, and his hair hung in ringlets or kinky locks, that were white with lard or some kind of grease. He was dressed in a white cotton robe. He was an ugly-looking specimen, and it must have taken some courage for two women who were alone to have stopped him in his stroll.

The older of the two did the talking, but she could not make him understand what she wanted. She asked him in several different ways to what race he belonged, but he

only looked dazed and shook his head. Finally, a gentleman in passing, said:

"He is a Nubian."

"Oh, a Nubian," said the woman.

The Nubian's face lighted up, and he said something which signified "Yes," and that he understood now. The other woman had been laughing during the time, whether at his decorated hair, queer costume, or what she considered his stupidity, she did not say.

The Nubian looked at her and evidently decided her smiles, whatever they were for, were not complimentary to him. He turned to the woman who had questioned him, and said:

"You nice. She"—with a disdainful wave of the hand —"no good."

Along the road a little farther, two other women had blockaded a beautiful Syrian woman. One of these women was quite elderly. She had one arm over the shoulder of the Syrian in the most caressing manner, and was talking to her with the greatest affection. The Syrian woman stood there patiently, and quietly answered their questions in good English. They told her that she was as beautiful as a dream there in the moonlight—which was not far from the truth. The Syrian, however, did not know just how to take such broad compliments. She hung her head. Her dark hair mingled with the white and gold fringe that ornamented the silk 'kerchief which served as hat or bonnet, and the moonlight caught the sparkle of the gold embroideries on her white silk waist and skirt. She made a picture that attracted the eye of all the passers-by.

On the benches by the roadside were groups of the Javanese with their friends, and the Egyptians, the Turks and Arabs with theirs, the people from Damascus, and all the rest, not mingling with each other, but with the

Americans. Most of these foreigners have learned a little English, and manage to make themselves understood, as do the Americans. The people—the Americans—who do the hobnobbing, do not always appear to be aware of the fact, but not one of these dark-skinned people has any interest in the American, only for the money to be obtained thereby. They will do almost anything for money. They have been told that all Americans are rich, and to induce them to come to this country, great fortunes have been promised them. To pick up this fortune, they resort to all kinds of tricks.

An Oriental woman came up to one gentleman and said:

"You American?"

"Yes," he answered.

"American he good. Arab bad, very bad. See"—and she held up her hand to show a sore finger.

"My husband he bite. I love him. We poor—so poor," she continued.

Just then her husband came and said:

"No, no—me not bad. Me not bite. She cut watermelon—cut finger—so. Me go jail, pay big money and me poor. She cut finger, and say me bad. I no bad. Me poor, so poor."

The orchestras are gone from most of the cafés at 11 o'clock, but there are a few places where there is singing and some kind of music to keep up interest until after 12 o'clock. That interest means something to eat and drink. In one place in Old Vienna is a café where the attendants are waitresses.

These waitresses are the belles of the place. They have a forewoman, and that woman's interest in the success of her employers is only equaled by her capacity for drinking. She never refuses to drink with any one. I watched

her for about forty-five minutes, and saw the different men with whom she drank become boisterous and noisy, each in their turn, but her face never changed color, and never was there a minute when she was not perfectly well able to take care of herself and those around her.

One buxom girl wore the stars and stripes, made into a blouse waist. How the patrons of the place did love that American flag! They could not give an order for a glass of beer without throwing their arms around the red and white and blue when the order was filled.

Every waitress was an entertainer of some kind. They brought beer and they laughed and chatted and sat down to drink as many drinks as men would pay for. In this restaurant there was a great variety of people. There were many foreigners, representative and not so very well known, and there were America's best-known people mixed in with Chicago's society leaders and a miscellaneous crowd.

On the way home I heard an Egyptian woman say to an American:

"Buy a baby? One dollaire."

"Yes," he said.

"All right, dollaire first," she said.

He said "No," he must have the baby first.

She finally gave it to him, and he gave her the dollar. She walked away, and he tried to sell the little thing to the people standing around, but no one would buy it. Finally he and his friends commenced to toss it to each other. Then the mother came running and said:

"My baby! my baby! Give me my baby!"

"For one dollar," said the American.

"No, no," said the mother.

But the American would not sell for less than one dollar. She went away and after a few minutes returned with six

or seven men of her race. They came up together, took the baby, and then started off on the Sedan chair trot. The woman looked back, laughed and said:

"Me have baby, me have dollaire."

The baby took it all in a matter-of-fact sort of a way, as if he helped his parents earn that dollar several times a night.

August 5th.

There's many a cry in some quarters about the sons of highly respectable parents becoming contaminated and demoralized by the existence of some places along the Midway Plaisance, but you hear little, comparatively little, about the effect these dark-skinned people of the Orient can produce on the morals and minds of American daughters. And you hear nothing whatever about the demoralizing effect these self-same respectable sons and daughters, and sometimes the parents themselves, of America, produce on the minds of the oriental people. It is not all on one side.

I am not going to take up the defense of either particularly, but I will say this: Close observation has taught me that for a race that has had the advantage of education and refined surroundings, the Americans, these critical ones, have a most wonderful capacity for discovering evil there among those heathens. And I will say this, that where in the first place there was no evil intended, or thought of, the demoralization has to a great extent been implanted in the minds of the so-called sinners by these Americans themselves. They were determined to discover evil, and they still keep up the search, openly and broadly, until many of these Nautch girls have lost entirely

the unconscious expression which was particularly noticeable in their faces at first.

As for the morals of the girls in their private life, that must be left to the discovery of those who search. For the dancing, whatever the lack of refinement, or however shocking as viewed from the American standpoint, to them it is only a science which belongs purely to the Egyptian race, and is characteristic of their own country. They do not pretend to be representing the higher classes of their country any more than our dancing girls could go abroad as representative women of this country.

But all this is not what I started out to say. It was to call attention to the fact that great numbers of American girls are making a point of going out to the Midway to flirt with what they consider the good-looking Turks, Arabs and Bedouins. This matter could receive some very sensible attention. These silly girls have it in their heads that a gold-embroidered, lace-trimmed red or blue oriental costume means that in his own country this man must be a high dignitary, and they are proportionately flattered by his attentions. The Egyptians themselves, in their own estimations, are great beaux, and live to be admired. They are pleased at receiving the admiration of attractive-looking girls, and on their side return the attention by heaping flattery on any girl who will listen.

Here is a conversation I overheard the other day between a man who may have strayed from the Turkish village, and a pretty girl in a sailor hat and Eton suit:

"You beautiful, very beautiful," said the Turk.

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl reflectively. "You think that because I am light and you are dark."

"No, no; me think you very, very beautiful. Me love you," was the answer.

The girl giggled and tossed her head unbelievingly, but

with an air that said this life on the Midway would work into a first-class novel, with herself for the heroine. The more unbelieving she appeared, the more earnest became the Turk. He insisted that he loved her, and to prove it said:

"Me marry you—me marry you, right now."

This made the girl laugh outright. Just then some of her friends for whom she had been waiting came along. She went off went them, in high glee, while she told them the proposal of marriage she had received.

The little Javanese people are loved by everybody. Their village is thought to be one of the most interesting on the Midway. In their theater they have a real play, and their music has tones that really please the musical ear, which is saying a good deal for the music of these uneducated races.

A student of Delsarte said the European races did not have the first Delsartean idea when compared with the science shown by these little women. It is nothing at all for one of these performers to touch her elbows with the tips of her fingers.

The Indians in the Indian village never whip or scold their children when they deserve punishment. They say nothing whatever to them, but proceed quietly and stoically to tie them to a stake in the grounds or to a pole of the tent, or to anything that will hold them securely. The confinement and disgrace insure respectful obedience for a long time.

The beautiful Chinese girl in the "beauty show" is said to be a bright young man. He was recognized by a gentleman who had quite a conversation with him the day he arrived from the Pacific coast.

A gentleman went into the Irish village yesterday for luncheon. He ordered "Irish stew."

The pretty waiting maid said: "Tay or coffay?"

"Coffee," said the man.

"Say tay," said the girl. "We have no coffay."

The man said tea, with a broad smile, but she saw nothing at all to laugh at.

I am hunting for a reliable tattooer out here at the Fair. A Russian nobleman who is stopping at a downtown hotel is anxious to be tattooed before returning to his own country. He wants the words "The World's Fair" and "1893" tattooed on his arm.

August 9th.

Some of the Midway women were over in the Fair Grounds yesterday. They were with interpreters who asked for information about this thing and that thing, and who then carefully made the explanations to the dark-eyed Egyptian women. There were five or six of them and they attracted a great deal of attention. They were said to be the much-talked-of dancing girls.

If they were they were much more modest than any of the American women whom they met. Their faces were covered, excepting the forehead and one eye, with the long bernouse with which they were enveloped from head to foot. Their costumes were very rich. They were all made in the same way, with the bernouse and either a skirt or Turkish trousers—it was difficult to tell which—under the folds of the mantle. The material was of thin, shimmering silk. One costume was white, with embroidered bands of black and gold. Another was of striped red and gold silk.

What made me doubt them being dancing girls was the fact that their faces were covered from the vulgar gaze of

men as they walked along the promenades. The dancing girls and the women who have become Christians lay aside the veil. Dancing girls do not wear the veil because they are not considered good girls, and the Christian women do not wear the veil because—well, I don't know. Because they are good, I suppose. All Turkish women who worship Mohammed commence to wear the veil at sixteen. It is so sacred to the modesty of good women that even male members of the immediate family are not allowed to see them without it.

Madam Zacaroff, who has charge of the Turkish embroideries in the Woman's Building and at the Lexington Hotel, tells of one time when she was calling at a Turkish home. The women of the household desired to show the caller some embroideries that were in another room. They had laid aside their veils. They sent her in alone, because the brother-in-law had just come in, and they were afraid of meeting him.

This may be modesty and it may be vanity. These oriental women may or may not all be beautiful, but they all get the reputation of it—those who wear the veil. With this bernouse only the forehead, with its dark fringe of hair, and one eye is seen. And that one eye is pathetically soft and dreamy and romantic in expression. And the women understand perfectly well how becoming the bernouse can be to both the pretty and the plain face.

Costumes are a great study at the Fair. They are a great study to those who view them in their variety, and they are a great question with those who are preparing to go. The Fair is not a place to wear an elaborate costume, and it is far from the place to think that anything is good enough to wear out there in the dust and dirt. If you don a "dud" thinking that it will do, just so sure will you meet some one you have not seen for years and who will scru-

finize, and gauge your condition in life accordingly. Whatever you wear, you must look as if you knew just what is suitable for this great Fair. The blue serge Eton suits and shirts, and sailor hats have done nobly, but they are so common now, and so exactly alike, that they are beginning to look like the uniform of some charitable institution. Yesterday I saw a suit that appeared to me to be the prettiest thing I had seen this summer, and the most sensible, cool, and dirt-defying. It was made of pongee in its natural color, and trimmed with moss-green velvet. A small straw turban trimmed with the velvet was on the head, and silk gloves, tan-colored shoes, and a pongee parasol completed the costume. It was worn by a tall, stately woman. She was so refreshing, a picture in among the aforesaid Eton suits, that everybody involuntarily turned to look at her.

Men? Men should wear negligee costumes—flannel shirts, tennis suits, "Willie hats," and everything to keep comfortable. Men all look well in negligee costumes in the summer time. It is a crime to look hot and uncomfortable in starched shirts and high collars.

Speaking of "Willie hats," I saw a fellow having a great time with one yesterday. I don't know how it got there, but his hat was floating around on the water in the lagoon, and he stood on the shore trying to get it with his cane. I was in an electric launch. He appealed to our captain —or whatever he is—to get his hat for him. The captain said:

"All right," he would.

But he didn't. The hat, the broad-brimmed "Willie," floated along, just out of reach of the launch, as easily as if it were trolled by electricity itself. The young fellow walked along the shore, expecting every minute that our launch would overtake his head-covering.

People in the gondolas and launches all looked and laughed and said:

"Oh, look at Willie!"

The captain finally gave up the chase. The motion of the water made by the launch was propelling the hat. Another launch came by and ran it to shore. "Willie" shook the water out and laid it in the sun to dry, while he waited patiently in the shade of a tree.

August 11th.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! After all our bowing and scraping, and running after and dining the Indian prince, the maharajah of Kapurthella, or whatever he is, we are now told that he is of low caste, and money and an abundance of wives cut no figure in India. My friend, the finger-nail artist, of whom I told you last week, who stands in front of the East India Bazaar, not far from the Ferris wheel, and decorates cards while you wait, told me yesterday that it was not modest for him to say so, but he himself was of the caste higher than the maharajah, and he would receive a salaam from him if the "prince" came by. And he said there were several here from India who were of the very first caste. He mentioned one of these moguls as holding forth just now, for the amusement of the World's Fair sight-seers, in the "Street in Cairo." He is a snake-charmer. It may not sound in this country as a criterion or as a passport to the creme de la creme of society, but in India finances or conditions, or surroundings, or snakes would not interfere. And even in this country, if this great maharajah should chance to visit this side-show in the "Street in Cairo," he would be obliged to

bow to the earth before his superior—the man of the first caste who is charming snakes with an admittance fee of twenty-five cents apiece.

Countess di Brazza is working these days in explaining the beautiful Italian laces to all comers. The subject of laces is a new one to many of the visitors, and when told the prices, which run up into the thousands per yard, their interest commences. A woman stood there yesterday listening with silent interest as the differences in quality and pattern were explained to her. She looked at the laces, she looked at the countess, she looked around the section, and finally, as the countess paused in her discourse, she said:

"Be you the Queen of Italy?"

"Oh, no," said the countess, "I am Madame di Brazza."

"Well, is the Queen of Italy the Empress of France, too?"

The countess turned away, thinking she would not teach to her present audience any more of the history of laces.

I met a lady at the Exposition yesterday who has just returned from New York. While there, she was riding on the elevated road one day. The car was crowded, and she was standing. She was too short to reach the strap. A gentleman near handed her his cane. She hooked it into the strap. Another gentleman with him said in an undertone:

"What did you do that for—you would not have handed it to a man?"

"No," was the answer, "but she is a woman."

"Oh, yes; I used to be imbued with all that chivalry, but since I returned from the World's Fair and have seen all that equality of women, congresses, speeches, jurors, and all the rest of it, I am changed. If women are going

in for those things they must stand by themselves. My usefulness is all gone as far as they are concerned—unless I happen to know the woman. Equality is all right, but they cannot expect the same tenderness and solicitude from men."

One of the sweetest faces I saw yesterday among the many on the white roads was that of Susan B. Anthony. I looked at it in its restfulness, and wondered if the peace had come through the fact that in the years that have come women have found a foothold, or through the fact that all the time, in the years Miss Anthony struggled so hard for her sex, ambition had found an outlet. I was inclined to think it was the latter. It is the busy life that brings contentment, even if some things must be left undone. I wish all white-haired ladies would dress with the thought of color that runs through Miss Anthony's toilet. She wore a summer silk with black ground, and sprinkled over it a sprig of pale blue. On her head was a tiny black-lace bonnet with a face border of forget-me-nots the same shade as the blue in the dress. Her gloves were light with a bluish cast, and with her fair face and white hair she looked as cool as if the sun was not beating down on her as on the rest of us poor mortals.

Over in the Government Building, in Uncle Sam's ethnological exhibit, a man and woman stood looking at the wax figures. She said:

"John, are they wax?"

"Wax maybe. May be wax and they may be stuffed. Come to look at 'em sharp, Mirandy, I wouldn't be at all surprised if they was stuffed—real folks stuffed. You never can tell what these science people will do next. Science has to be studied, and they would think it was all right, and the government would probably think so too, if people were killed for science sake, and stuffed and

put on exhibition. Nothing surprises me any more, Mirandy. I would like to ask that soldier over there about it, but if I should be mistaken he might laugh, and I have been laughed at enough since I have been here. I suppose they are wax, still I'd like to know."

On the side of the Government Building facing the lake some one remarked:

"Oh, look! There's the 'Whaleback!'"

A man turned around eagerly, and said:

"Where? Show me where—do they really have whales in this lake?"

The gentleman explained that the "Whaleback" was a boat. The man looked disappointed, and as if Chicago ought to have whales with the rest of the show. He said, as he walked off:

"Well, I thought myself that it was mighty queer that I had not heard of 'em before."

August 13th.

Yesterday, Bohemia's day at the Fair, was a great day. Everybody said it was the greatest day since Princess day. I think it was. It was a rush for seats going out, and a rush for tickets when you arrived, and elbow to elbow all day after getting there. Girls in short red skirts, white waists, and black velvet girdles tripped along the streets with men in dark blue suits trimmed with white, and men in blue suits, not so dark, trimmed with red, with elderly women with characteristic head-gear in the shape of an immense Alsatian bow, all making the White City appear like a vision of a faraway land. The day was cool and bright, and every face wore an expression of enjoyment

that made one feel like putting iron clasps on this bit of fairyland, and never allowing it to escape us. Every little while yesterday I heard, as I have every day, "Isn't it sad to think that all this magnificence must soon be torn down!" The crowds seem to be waking up to the fact that we are on the last half of the grandeur that can never be ours again. Never again, in all probability, can we see here in America so many of the different races of this world's people. It seems almost a crime that every man, woman and child in America cannot come to this beautiful dream called the White City. A glimpse of it even would leave a picture in the mind that would ever after be a spot of happiness in the heart.

I sat down on one of the benches along the Midway to watch the stream of people pass by. By the way, that is getting to be almost a daily trick of mine. It is one of the most interesting sights of the Exposition. It is peculiar to notice how for a few minutes the tide of people appears to be going all one way, and then, though your eyes have not left the moving mass, it is turned, and everybody seems to be going the other way. It is a constant surging, first one way and then the other, and never do you see the same person twice. As I was saying, I took my customary seat to watch the panorama. Two foreigners were on the seat. One was a German and the other must have been some other nationality. The accent was a strange one to me. Both were talking English—such as it was—evidently for convenience sake. The German said:

"I have been over here three times since the Fair opened. I cannot stay very long at a time on account of my business interests, and neither can I stay away from this wonderful, wonderful Exposition. It is so grand, so grand. I come and I bring all my family and all my friends. I tell them that I cannot describe it. They must

see it, and remember it with me, so that when it is all gone we can talk about it in our home across the water. We had no idea it was what it is. I came first on business, and I came alone, because all the papers said it was a robbery for any one to come to the Fair. I thought it would not do to bring my family; it would cost too much. It was all not true. I have not been robbed at all, my friends find no very high prices. I go back next week, but I leave all my family here until the last of September. It is a great education for my girls and boys. It is so bad about these railroads not bringing the people cheaper. It is wicked. If I had a railroad I would tell everybody, 'You must get on my cars and come to the Fair. You come for nothing. Nobody must die without seeing the enchantment.' We come way across the water, and so many Americans not come at all. They say the railroads they kill the Fair."

The other man was not so enthusiastic about the magnificence of the whole thing, but he agreed perfectly with the German that everybody should see "Venice and die" —or rather not die until they had seen the White Cit

It was a great day for pickpockets along the Midway. The "Beauty show" and the Irish Village have rival music to attract the comers, and the comers get blocked up at both these entrances to listen to efforts of the orchestras, whether they go any farther or not. Yesterday an elderly woman stood in the crowd when she felt a hand slip into her pocket. It was an old-fashioned capacious pocket, with plenty of room for all of her valuables, and several hands. As the strange hand went in, her hand went in also. She grabbed her pocket-book, and the other hand came quietly out. When she turned to see who it was, no one was there. A gentleman standing by had seen the attempt at robbery and called to a guard. The would-be

pickpocket was walking quietly away, and must have heard himself pointed out as a thief. He neither ran nor stopped to deny the charge. Evidently failure made him feel secure.

The guard tapped him on the shoulder. The fellow did not seem at all disconcerted. He simply said, with some little surprise:

"Do you want me?"

The guard said he did. He took him back to the old lady, followed by a crowd, and said:

"Is this the man who picked your pocket?"

"Law sakes alive! I never could tell. You see I've got the pocket-book. I just felt the hand, and I heer'n tell o' the dangers out here and sort o' slipped my hand in quiet-like and got the purse first. He didn't harm me any, and I guess he won't try it again—would you now, young man? I've got boys of my own."

But the guard walked him off just the same. If the would-be thief had made a good strong denial, no one could have sworn he was the man. But he said nothing at all. He was evidently accustomed to being under suspicion.

A young man from South Dakota says that seeing the Fair and Chicago is not such a very expensive thing. He came here and stayed two days, saw the Exposition in its entirety, and saw "America," and it cost him only one dollar and fifty cents. He arrived here in the morning, and went to the Fair grounds immediately. He paid his fifty cents admission fee, and, while traveling around the buildings, he met a friend who was an employe, and who invited him to lunch and to lodge with him that night. After a day in the grounds he saw the illumination at night, and then staying with his friend, who had a sleeping apartment within the gates, he was already admitted the next

morning. He finished the buildings in his sight-seeing that day and went over into Midway Plaisance. He paid ten cents to go into the "Street in Cairo," and chanced to meet so many of the other races along the way that he did not care to go into the theaters or more villages. He bought a ticket for a ride on the Ferris wheel, which was not taken from him, as the wheel was taking a last trip and the men were not on duty. He came down-town and sold the ticket for twenty-five cents. He then bought an admission ticket to "America" for fifty cents, and wandered down an aisle, where there was an empty seat, which he took and no one claimed. He thinks it is all nonsense about terrible expenses in these Fair times. He never saw so much and spent so little in his life before.

Two ladies were wandering around the Cliff Dwellers' exhibit yesterday, and stopped to look at the mummies. They said nothing for a minute or so, then one of them, with a sort of sentimental sigh, said:

"Poor things! How little they realized that they would ever come to the World's Fair."

August 15th.

Three times lately I have heard people asking in what building the lagoon is. I am afraid the launches and gondolas are not doing their duty about advertising that lagoon.

There are always so many skeptics, "smart Alecs," people who know so much mixed in with the sight-seers who are ready at all times to learn something new. Yesterday, I stood waiting for an electric launch, when the pretty pink and white swan-gondola went by. A woman near said:

"Those men rowing the boat are real gondoliers from Venice."

"Don't you believe it," said a man who was with her; "they are men picked up here in Chicago and dressed as Venetians to attract attention and advertise the boats."

The woman looked disappointed, and as if she wished she could find something real somewhere. As a matter of fact, those gondoliers are most genuine. It is only the professional gondolier who can propel those boats. The romance is somewhat taken away from the lagoon Venetians when the fifteenth century costume is laid aside for the ordinary dark blue and straw hat, but there is no costume can hide the remarkable grace of those men as they move forward and backward with the stroke of the oar. It is a study for the artist and sculptor. They inherit the grace and the profession from generation to generation.

In the Spanish section of the Art Palace is a painting that holds everybody rooted to the spot. It is an immense canvas, and is called "The Triumph of the Cross." It evidently represents a scene in the ancient history of Spain during the struggles of the Mohammedans and the Christians. In the foreground is a barricade made of African slaves who are manacled and chained together and held in line by being fastened to heavy posts which are set deep in the ground. Horsemen bearing spears and banners with the cross are rushing forward and trampling under foot the helpless black men. It is a picture that horrifies and yet fascinates. People stand by the hour to study it and speculate as to its exact meaning. They go home and look up Spanish history and come again the next day to see if it tallies with the records as given in the encyclopaedia, which gives little or nothing to make the picture seem as if taken from a scene in real life. I heard a lady say yesterday as she stood there:

"I can't tell how many times I have been to see this picture. I have read all the books I can find in my own home about Spain and everything my neighbors have, but I am not satisfied that I have found anything that explains this picture. There is such a combination of grandeur and horror about the painting that I cannot keep away. 'The Triumph of the Cross' should be glorified, and it seems as if that man on the white horse is touched up by a light from heaven, and that he is being smiled on by God and his angels. And then there in the foreground is that horrible crime of trampling those chained negroes to death. Of course the cross is not responsible for that, but it dims the glory of victory even for Christianity to know of the terrible sacrifice—and of course it must be a scene from history either of the ancient or the mediaeval ages."

In the Italian section is a piece of statuary called "American Mythology," by Apolloni. It is an exquisitely beautiful woman holding a telephone to her ear. The marble is not pure white; it is almost like old ivory. Venus herself is surpassed in beauty by this production of the famous Italian sculptor. This piece of marble and the dainty bit of ivory of the fifteenth century in the French section of the Woman's Building, called "Phryne," are considered the finest pieces of statuary at the World's Fair.

"Phryne" is the great center of attraction, even among the wonderful laces and tapestries and embroideries and paintings.

Everybody inquires for it, and everybody stops to look at it. "Phryne" and "American Mythology" are doing a great work in teaching the purity of the sculptor's nude creations.

I heard a plainly-dressed woman say yesterday:

"I am so thankful for such grand opportunities to study true art. One reads so much that condemns, and so little that is instructive. I belong to the 'Social Purity Society' in the town in which I live, and I've no doubt but that the controlling members of this society will censure me severely for the interest I am taking in the Art Palace, with its paintings and statuary. But I felt many times before coming here that they and myself condemned without a true knowledge of what we were condemning, and I determined to look up the matter of the nude in art from the standpoint of art instead of ignorance. Whether they censure or not, I am glad I did. From looking at these wonderful creations my own mind has become purified, and I am sure no artist or sculptor could produce that effect on me or any one else without his own soul being as white as snow while at his work."

I wanted to take her by the hand and tell her that she was studying art in the right way, whether she belonged to a social purity society or not. It was only a day or two ago that I heard another woman say:

"What? Go through the Art Palace and not know what I am going to run on to? No, indeed. You don't get me in there. I have written and said too much against certain kinds of work called 'art' to want to be seen among a promiscuous collection. And, another thing, I am not brazen enough to face the pictures that I hear are in some of the rooms."

August 16th.

You did not have to dodge the "gospel chariots" yesterday along the highways at the Fair. The charioteers were on a strike. They struck—not for higher wages—

but for at least the pay that had been guaranteed them when they were induced to come here and roll humanity among the Columbian sights. They were receiving only $1 a day—less the price of a uniform—and the Rolling Chair company decided that seventy-five cents a day was enough for boys to earn in addition to the wonderful opportunity of seeing the Exposition. The one-dollar-a-day salary has scarcely been enough to keep their bodies and souls together, and they seriously objected to running the risk of body and soul's parting company entirely while they had on the side of right the contract which entitles them to the salary offered to get them here. Every visitor to the Fair who wanted a chair and received the explanation why she could not get it, sympathized with the strikers. Women who have never walked around the grounds before said they were perfectly willing to do so if it would help the boys get their right salary. I heard one woman say that if the chair company did not meet the demand of the strikers she would never rent a chair again.

The interest of the day yesterday to the sight-seers was the reviewing of the military organizations by the Indian king, the Maharajah of Kapurthella. The "King of Kings" was to pass down the lagoon in a barge of state from the Art Palace to the Court of Honor and take his position in a pagoda that was to be erected for him and was to be gorgeously decked out in Indian shawls, such as are presented on all state occasions by Queen Victoria, or something equally valuable. The Maharajah himself was to don his robes of state and appear in all the splendor of diamonds and jewels known to the kings of India, and dazzle the great American "unwashed" public with a glimpse of how things are done in the far and mysterious East. With the Indian prince were to be ten of his fol-

lowers in their Oriental costumes, and the American moguls from Fort Sheridan, the headquarters of the army of the Missouri, and from the Administration Building. Red carpets were to be laid on which royal and American feet were to tread alike, bands were to play, and there was to be a great time generally. Long before the appointed time the crowd commenced to congregate, and Colonel Rice's Columbian Guards strung an ominous rope from east to west and north to south, that meant that your life was not worth an iota if you attempted to cross the white roads marked off for the reviewers and the reviewed. I know because I tried it. A king was coming, and what was I compared with a great and mighty king, worth $10,000,000 and fourteen wives? I was nobody. I was very anxious to get over to the Anthropological Building to imbibe a little knowledge from Professor Putnam and his studies of men, but was of no account whatever.

Between the packed-in crowd, the rope, and the guard, who suggested that I go around some interminable route. I decided that I would stay and study the gems and great robe of state of this prince who was coming. So I hobnobbed with the guards and found myself waiting with the rest in a fine position to count every jewel.

It was a beautiful sight. The lagoon was filled with the electric launches and gondolas, all gayly decked out with flags and bright colors. One white launch, with its boatmen all dressed in white sailor costumes, was in vivid contrast to the barge of state which bore the maharajah and his suite. Rich shawls and rugs covered the seats and sides of the boats. The prince was attended by two men from India in the scarlet livery of the viceroy, who shielded him from the rays of the sun with an India parasol and brilliantly-colored fans. The costumes of the maharajah and the other Indians, combined with the rich

coloring of the rugs in the sunlight as they glided along the glittering waters of the lagoon, made a picture that would dim the most brilliant scene ever described in the "Arabian Nights." As the barge drew up to the white steps leading down to the grand basin, they were met by Director General Davis and Director Burnham in Prince Albert coats, with white boutonnieres, followed by the officers on General Miles' staff in full uniform. The red carpet had been omitted, but the prince did not seem to mind that. He walked up the steps escorted by the Director General, and returned pleasantly the salutes of the guards. Chief Burnham escorted another one of the gorgeously-attired suite, and the magnificent array of gold and silk and helmets and white plumes and blue uniforms passed by to the pagoda from where sweet strains of music are wont to float to the World's Fair visitors.

And I did not count a jewel on the prince. They may have been there, but they were not visible to the anxious crowd. His costume was rather more subdued and plainer than any of the others in his retinue. He wore a yellow brocade robe, coat, gown, mother-hubbard, or whatever it is, with white silk trousers wrinkled a la Sarah Bernhardt's gloves. By the way, that style of making trouser-legs seems to be indigenous to India. On his head was a pale green turban that looked burdensome, but was probably very light, as it was made of the finest silk gauze. His face was not so very dark, and was round and pleasant, and looked as if he was really delighted to be with us and a part of the great day. Among the other costumes were rich purple velvet robes elaborately embroidered in gold, and green velvet with gold, and gold cloth itself. The turbans were all exactly alike in shape, but differed in color.

The crowd, the great American crowd, was not sure

whether it ought to give its customary cheer to the Maharajah of Kapurthella or not. It started and halted several times, and only burst forth in earnest when the soldiers commenced to file by for the review. They had no doubts then. The artillery from Georgia, the Chicago Hussars, the National Guard, the cadets, the English soldiers from Tattersalls, and the Columbian Guards were in the parade. Every one said the Columbian Guards made as fine a military showing as the oldest soldiers in the lines, thanks to Colonel Rice.

August 17th.

In the Nebraska State Building is some fine wood carving done by women. It is a revelation of beauty and usefulness, and a new occupation for women. With such work as this turned out by women, to beautify homes, it will not be long before a demand will be created that will give an incentive to them to take up wood carving as a profession, and there will be no question of trespassing on male territory. It is a place where men and women can work side by side in harmony, and salary will be controlled by the excellence of the work rather than by sex.

A particularly beautiful piece is a highly polished cherry-wood mantel carved by Mrs. Nisbett, of Lincoln, and assisted by Mrs. McGahey and Mrs. Clason. The wood has a mahogany finish, and the carving shows the design in the natural wood, which is almost white. The mantel is high with mirror and columns, and is one of those treasures that can be handed down from generation to generation with the pride of being owned at one time by a great grandfather.

Another handsome sample of carving is an antique oak table, carved by Miss Barbour, of Norfolk. To match this is a hall-tree. Miss Barbour is a teacher of wood carving in the Lincoln University. The Nebraska Building shows everywhere the great interest taken in the Exposition by Nebraska women. On the wall in the reception-room is an American flag made of corn. The stripes are made of red and white corn, and more corn has been colored blue for the field, in which the stars are set, made of yellow corn. It was made by the ladies of Blair, and 38,000 grains of corn were used in the making.

In this room is a frieze and handsome panel painted by Miss Anna Morey. The frieze running around the room is composed of flowers found in the State, and the panel filling in the space between two windows is an ideal head in a sort of yellow haze that makes one think of corn flowers, and sunflowers, and ox-eyed field daisies, and all the other flowers that uncover their faces to the sunlight.

Near the door, on the floor, is a rug made of cornshucks by a very old lady of Arlington. Another old lady of seventy years has sent an exquisite lace-bordered handkerchief which she has made for the Fair, and which comes in not second by any means in comparison with the fine laces sent here from France, Germany, and Italy.

Colonel Cody has fitted up a corner of the large exhibit room with a tepee, some buffaloes (stuffed), Indian bead work, bows and arrows, canoes, and other things to keep fresh in the mind the first inhabitants of the State that is so rapidly becoming one of the most important ones in the Union.

In the center of this room is a case loaned by ex-Governor Furnas, which is filled with souvenirs made from native woods. Another case loaned by Mrs. Furnas shows a fine exhibit of the silk manufactured in Nebraska.

In the reading-room down stairs, all the newspapers printed in the State are kept on file.

Everywhere around the Exposition grounds you hear people talking about the wonderful things to be found in the Anthropological Building. This building is over by the Forestry Building. For several days I have been trying to get over there. Yesterday I took the "intramural" and succeeded. It is true that it is wonderful, but you are impressed at once with the fact that to study man in his development, it takes an awful lot of skulls and mummies. It seemed to be in every direction, case after case of hollow-eyed and grinning skulls, and mummies, mummies, until you were sure that this was all there was of life, and in all probability we ourselves would not even get as much out of it as this—none of us could hope to be among the few favored ones who would be used as samples of what has been for those who will come after.

Wisconsin has an archaeological exhibit, among which is shown the contents of a grave. It was supposed to be the grave of an Indian woman of high rank because of the wealth of things buried with her. If the wealth of an Indian is carried on his back in fine apparel while he lives, certainly it was a good criterion to decide that this woman must have been an aristocrat. It is astonishing to note how many beads and bracelets, jewelry belts, and gewgaws one woman could wear. There was only the skull and one arm of the woman added to the collection, and the rest of the case was filled with the paraphernalia of her toilet just as it was found when the grave was opened. There were thirteen bracelets on the one arm, and eleven more by its side, which were found on the left arm. It was difficult to tell the material of the bracelets. They may have been gold or they may have been tin. They were green and gray with the mold of the grave. There were

coins tied to the braids of hair, and chains by the dozen that went around the neck. Dishes and spoons and pipes and pieces of glass were laid in the grave to be used in the "happy hunting ground." This one case alone is worth the trip over into the "back yard" of the Fair.

The cliff-dweller exhibit of Colorado is a large collection of the pottery and the mummies and the different utensils that have been found by explorers and searchers for knowledge of this prehistoric age. The mummies are in a surprising state of preservation. Almost too much so to make sight-seeing among them quite comfortable.

An exhibit from Aucon, Peru, has two graveyards showing the mummies, disagreeably like human beings, buried in a sitting posture with their treasures about them.

While I was standing looking at some natural formations of glass, a lady near made the remark that it was glass. A woman on the other side adjusted her spectacles, looked at the lady, and said:

"How do you know?"

"I have seen it in Yellowstone Park," was the reply.

"Do you live in them parts?" asked the woman.

"No; I live in a better place—California."

"Dew tell. Well, well! What on airth did you come to the World's Fair for? Why, over here in the Californy Building they have everything that's worth seein' from fine beans to a big orange. I'd never leave a State like that to see sights. There's nothing at the Fair that compares with them things in the Californy Building."

The lady quite agreed with her that California was a paradise. The one with the glasses watched her until she was out of sight—wondering that she could have left "such a State as that."

August 18th.

While drifting around for "chips" yesterday, I stopped in front of Blarney Castle to listen to the music. The orchestra is over the entrance to the Village, and is mixed in with the tessellated top of the portal. The music is divided between this blue uniformed orchestra and a piper in a green suit, who sits down in front. A crowd is always on the outside, whether or no the grizzly-gray man succeeds in his efforts to get them through the gate at twenty-five cents a head. As I stopped, the blue-uniformed men were rivalling their instruments with their voices in the latest American style. Some one laughed and said:

"Irish music does not make noise enough for the Flunkey Village, so they have called to their assistance a fine American band."

There was a broad accent of the Emerald Isle in the voice, so I decided it would be worth my newspaper prerogative to ask why Ireland's own representative should dub the Blarney Castle Irish Village a "Flunkey Village." I did so. She said:

"It's flunkey, Miss, because it's the everlasting running after titles. Lady Aberdeen may be a bonny lady, and may want to help the poor of Ireland, but it's not the true industries of Ireland, the real workers, that she has here. It's the Donegal Industry fund that has done the real good."

I thought it might be interesting to hear what each village had to say for itself. As I was there, I would kiss the Blarney stone first, and then would make a wish in the "wishing chair" at Donegal further up the Midway. I sallied forth in my Japanese style. I do not know exactly just what kind of style that is, but presumably it has altogether too much assurance and conceit about it. It did

not get me by the ticket-sellers and gate-keepers as the representative of the greatest newspaper in America, unless I went into the depths of my chatelaine bag and brought up credentials from Superintendent Horace Tucker, Major Handy, and all the rest of the moguls. It was too hot, too much trouble, and life was too short. I missed the opportunity of kissing the Blarney stone and went on to Donegal, the Irish Village, that is near the German Village.

There being two Irish Villages may be a proof that there has been some kind of unpleasantness which has resulted in a division of interests. The Fair, however, is the winner for it, in the fact that the friction smacks in the most natural way of Ireland and the independent Irish nature. No true Irishman, be he right or be he wrong, will be a slave to the opinion or ruling of another if he can help himself.

At Donegal there was no American brass band, but Mr. McSweeney, the celebrated piper, was holding forth under a canopy of Irish flags on the outside of the entrance. Here that little white pasteboard of mine brought back all my vanquished assurance. The ticket-sellers, gate-keepers, and managers were as delighted to see me as if they had been anxiously waiting all summer for me to come. And what a pretty picture it was inside. Two large trees—which must have taken root with the thought that they would be needed some time to add to the picturesque scene—were throwing a cool shade over the graveled walks and comfortable chairs. Every chair was filled, and outdoor standing room and the doorways of the cottages were filled with people intensely interested in a jig that was being danced on a raised platform by a young man dressed in green velvet breeches and a lace-trimmed white blouse. Another young man was playing the pipe. After this jig was finished, Mr. O'Hara and Miss

Sullivan, by "special request," were announced as next on the program. Mr. O'Hara was on time, but Miss Sullivan seemed a little reluctant. The manager of the entertainment and Mr. O'Hara both said, "Come, Miss Sullivan," and Miss Sullivan came. The dancers came from the loom and from lace-making, and without change of costume.

Miss Sullivan wore a pink waist, homespun skirt, and white apron, and Mr. O'Hara was in his shirtsleeves with home spun cap, vest and trousers. They could dance! Dancing costume was not necessary to make the music roll off from their feet. Then Mr. McSweeney consented to come to the platform and dance a jig. He took his pipe from his mouth and held it caressingly in his hand while he tripped out the steps to the time of the piper.

Long before this I had forgotten but that I was off in some remote corner of Ireland. The happy Irish faces of the villagers, and the simple, honest form of entertainment, the plain little cottages and the ruins of the old castle in the background, with the Irish music and the glimpses here and there of lace-making and weaving, made modern America seem anywhere but near.

Down near the castle was the "wishing chair." A bright little girl was in attendance. She was selling "bog" also. She seemed very much disgusted that every one did not understand all about the wishing chair. All you had to do was to sit down in it and wish, and your wish was sure to come true. She knew. She wished every day, and her wishes always came true. Then a man asked her if she wished for something that she knew would happen, and she had revenge by telling him that "bog" was Irish tobacco when he took a piece up and inquired what it was.

As I passed a table where "Irish stew" was being served I heard a man say to the waitress:

"The stew is all right; it's fine. But there's not quite enough Irish in it."

There are quaint bits from the history of Ireland scattered here and there, and you cannot make a turn without learning something. These weavers and dyers and lace-makers are the real workers, and have come from their factories here to the Exposition. Daniel O'Hara has a loom that has been used for three generations. He tells you in his inimitable way how much Mrs. Earnest Hart has done for the poor people of Gweedore—in the north of Ireland. And he shows you with pride the loom that is made from buried bog fir, a wood that is found buried to a depth of eight or ten feet in the bogs of Ireland. It is brought to the top of the earth after searching with long spikes, and is as fresh as if it had grown in the sunlight.

I asked one of the Donegal villagers what the difference was between this village and the Blarney Castle village. He said:

"The difference? The difference is the divilish poor imitation they aire ov us."

August 19th.

A new scheme is afloat at the Fair.

Well dressed women ask men for "a penny to get a drink of water."

It is getting to be a regular thing.

Yesterday a gentleman told me that not a day passes that he is not asked to contribute to the comfort of some damsel in this way. Sometimes she is good looking and dressed well, and sometimes she is not. But she always gets the penny.

Three times yesterday he gave the solicited penny. With the last time he said:

"You are perfectly welcome to the penny—unless there turns out to be a whole army of you—but why do you not drink the water that is free? Is it not disagreeable for you to ask for a penny?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I never asked for a cent of money in my life before, and I have plenty of money about me. It is put away where I can't get at it because I was afraid of pickpockets. I didn't know they charged for the best water, and of course I could not think of drinking where everybody else drinks. I'd go without it before I'd do that. I don't mind asking for a penny—it is so little, and a good deal less trouble to ask than to go to some building to partially undress to get at my own money."

"Come with me," said the gentleman, "and I will put the money in the slot for you. I am not so fortunate as you are in having plenty of money about me, but I can buy the drinks at a penny a glass."

The woman looked a little confused, as if she preferred to take the penny and buy the water herself. She went with him, however.

She drank but two swallows of water.

She placed the glass down with a sort of chuck, and said:

"It's not fit to drink. Too warm. I know where it is better than it is here, but I suppose you thought I was working you, and didn't want the drink."

"Well, I have had so many applicants to-day for a penny with which to get a drink, that I thought I would make sure this time that the slot got the penny."

The woman walked off without making a reply.

In the Transportation Building is an invention by a woman that is attracting a great deal of attention. It is a

patent arrangement for unfastening a carriage from a runaway horse. In the Woman's Building is a model of the patent in miniature, but in the Transportation Building the invention is shown by a woman who sits in a cart.

Yesterday she was showing the simple arrangement to a crowd that had gathered around. She was pulling the lever back and forth, and making explanations. A man who stood looking became very much interested. I don't know just what he intended to say, but he finally burst out enthusiastically with:

"By George! Could a lady do that?"

The crowd looked at him, and the woman in the cart stared at him. Finally she gave the line another pull and said:

"Well! I should say so."

A laugh went up, and the unfortunate man disappeared behind a convenient carriage.

On the main floor of the Transportation Building is a most interesting exhibit of the steamers used on the Nile. Two Egyptians who talk very good English are in attendance.

One is the chief dragoman, Hadji Mohamed Abou Elewa. He told me yesterday that since he had been in the Transportation Building he had met 230 people who had traveled with him up the Nile on his boat, Rameses the Great.

They are French, German and American, but more Americans.

They recognize him immediately. He is a very large man with the customary peculiar eyes of the Arab, and dresses in handsome silk—long blouse, or robe, and turban.

Yesterday he had a caller who said that he had taken

a trip on Rameses the Great, but there were no recognitions on either side.

There were a good many visitors standing around the models of the three boats, when a man came along with his friends and stopped to look also.

With a flourish of his hand and a loud voice he said:

"I've taken a trip on that boat."

The other Egyptian came forward and said:

"When?"

"Last summer."

"Where?"

"On the Nile."

Hadji Mohamed wheeled around and shading his eyes with his hand looked at the traveler from head to foot, then said:

"Do you know me?"

"No," said the pompous man.

With an expression and shrug that said more than words could say, Hadji Mohamed turned his back.

He had no words for a man that said he had been down the Nile on Rameses, his own boat, and did not know him.

The visitors appreciated the situation so heartily that surely that sight-seer at this Fair will make no brags about having been in places where he has not.

He knows now how small the world is.

But almost any one would have thought they could pose safely way off here in Chicago as having taken a trip down the Nile.

You must look around to see if the Nile has come to the Fair.

It has.

And every other corner of the earth is here.

August 20th.

Those Arabs in the "Street in Cairo" speak English fluently—two words of it. It is "Look out! Look out!" and then you have to look out for yourself or the Arab and the camel and its rider, or the Arab and the donkey and its rider will trample right over you.

When the free-born American citizen first commenced his Cairo career per the opportunities afforded by the Midway Plaisance reproduction, these Arabs were just as careful of the comfort of the pedestrian along the way as they were of the rider whom they had inveigled into the experience of Egyptian riding. Business has increased so rapidly, and the demand is so much greater than the supply of camels, donkeys and space, and their English—as far as it goes—is so very expressive, that they consider themselves relieved of all responsibility.

The Arab runs, the camels lope, the donkeys trot, and the rider bobs and rolls about almost as much as does the pedestrian who tries to keep out of the way.

I thought yesterday that it was difficult to decide which was the safest place, the smooth brick pavement mixed up with people and donkey and camel heels, or the back of the animals mixed up with jolts, jumps and humps. Yet, strange to say, with all the yelling and confusion and apparent recklessness, no one gets hurt. The camels and donkeys know their business.

The latest fad of the Midway sight-seer is to have his or her picture taken while riding the camel. And if his and her picture is taken together on one camel—um! my! think of it! One camel, one saddle, two people, Cairo, World's Fair, 1893. They are all getting them.

While trying to dodge a camera and not dim the luster of John and Mary's romance for after years I found my-

self banked up against a crowd who were watching a Hindoo do great things with two handkerchiefs. Some one in the crowd knotted them together a la sailor boy and the Hindoo, with a wave of a wand and a sprinkle of gravel picked up from the ground, and without apparently touching the knot, untied it. This was an invitation to come inside the tent and see the rest of the wonderful juggling.

A woman near said nothing would keep her out of the tent if she was sure the snake charmer was going to perform. He did not appear at every performance, but when he did it was great.

I went in. It was great. So great that I left my seat in the front row, and stood near the door of the tent where I could run if the Hindoo failed to charm the snakes back into their baskets.

There were three snakes. One looked like a black water snake, another was a hideous python, and the other was a pale brown and white spotted cobra de capello, a most venomous serpent. He took them out of their baskets, slapped them a bit, and then played on a decorated gourd, while they were coiling themselves back into their resting places. They did not appear to be so much charmed by the music as they did to be in a hurry to get away from it.

Then the Hindoo juggled with some coins and asked some one in the audience to come forward and hold them. An elegant fellow in a pale gray suit, eye-glasses, and a Willie hat went forward and, regardless of the fact that money was counted into his hand in full view of the audience, the coins would disappear while his hands were closed. Finally, after divers trials, the pieces of silver were dropped from his hand one by one into a green box.

The cover was adjusted and the Hindoo took a walk around and played on the piped gourd for luck, or to call

down Goeli to his assistance. He then took the cover from the little round box, and the young man held his hands to receive the money and received a live green snake. He dropped the snake with a yell and a jump that sent the Willie hat off to the end of its string, his eyeglasses off to the length of their chain, and himself to his seat with perspiration starting from every pore on his face.

The great trick of the Hindoo was to tie a man up in a large meshed net and then put him into a basket that did not look large enough to hold a boy of twelve years. He then covered the basket with a white cloth and the man disappeared. The basket was resting on solid ground. The Hindoo sat down in the basket, danced in it, and ran a stick into it from all directions. He played on the gourd again, raised his eyes to the blue sky through the tent door, and then threw the cloth over the basket again, and the man was there. He was a little mussed and wrinkled and tired looking, but there was no doubt about his being very much there. The basket was so small for him that two men were obliged to assist in getting him out.

The secret of it was, of course, that he was there in the basket all the time. He was stowed away around the lower edges of it. The top is much smaller than the bottom. These Hindoos are a great people.

It is said that the American consul at Bombay sent these jugglers on to show their science at the Fair. He evidently knew what will draw an American crowd.

As I stood yesterday in the "Street in Cairo" and watched the people and the patient animals who trot up and down that street, I wondered who all those people are who ride. They are courageous. It may not take much courage to ride the mild and innocent-looking little donkeys nor the huge ruminant quadrupeds, but it takes heroism to face the crowd of onlookers and stand their gibes and laughter,

It is only the children who escape being a target of the ones looking. Generally the one who laughs the loudest, however, is the next one to ride.

Monsieur Pangalo is particularly interested in having the visitors understand life in Cairo. The street scene, with its stores, and camels, and donkeys and Arabs, is a very small part of the "street." There are school-rooms, and factories, and the quiet, domestic life of the better classes there, the same as in true Cairo. The little fellows who lead the donkeys talk very good English, which they learned in their schools before coming to this country. They will give you their card with the name written in Arabic, and under it, while you wait, they will write it in very good English. They get very homesick, and are looking forward to the time when they can go back to home and friends.

August 22d.

I started out yesterday to hunt up something new and deeply interesting for these "chips."

I had not the remotest idea what it would be. I trusted to luck for an inspiration. It was a bad day for luck or an inspiration—I don't know which. But the day itself was perfect.

It was the day that is the matter with these chips this morning. It was one of those warm-in-the-sunshine-cool-in-the-shadow sort of days that catches you, and holds you oblivious to surroundings. I did as everyone else did—wandered around, drank in the glorious atmosphere, half shut my eyes to forget that it was not all a dream, and finally seated myself on a seat in the administration plaza

with everyone else to listen to the music that poured out from the pagoda nearest the Agricultural Building.

Every seat was filled. No one was talking. Each person, as I glanced along the many lines of seats, seemed content to rest and listen and look at the magnificent picture. The water played over the sides of the MacMonnies fountain with just enough of a splash to soften the real music and make it a part of the dreamland fancy.

I could not help but notice how different these crowds are now from what they were a while ago. There seems to be a knowledge now of how to enjoy it all. A while ago there was with so many an inquiring unrest, a half disappointment, in what was near, because of a possible ignorance of so much that might be somewhere else. But now, yesterday's crowd particularly, appeared to have prepared themselves to "gain knowledge by coming with knowledge"—a suggestion that has been thrown about the Exposition Grounds in a printed line on some advertising matter. Each day it is more noticeable that sightseers know just what they want to see. They go around with the list that is made out before they leave home, and they do not swerve from the plan.

I was awakened from my reverie of how soon the White City would be hidden in memory by hearing a voice say:

"Yes, they didn't have a stitch of clothing on 'em. But I didn't care; they were just too beautiful for anything. It's taken me nigh on to sixty-five years, though, to say that I could see beauty in naked wimmen, painted or made out of marble and ivory. I don't know what my neighbors 'll say. When the writer of White City Chips said that 'American Mythology' in the Italian section of the Art Palace, and 'Phryne' in the French section of the Woman's Building were the finest pieces of statuary at the Fair, you see I never thought they were what the artist calls

nude. If I had I don't suppose I would have hunted 'em up.

"Just between you and me, I am glad now I didn't know. They were both so beautiful and delicate-like that I felt a good deal better after seein' 'em and as if I had been thinking of things in the wrong way. Mebbe the Fair with all these fine pieces of statuary without any clothes is demoralizin' me, but they don't look as bad to me as they did at first. To-morrow I am goin' back to the Art Palace to look at all of the pictures. I don't think I'll tell the neighbors anything about it. No use in upsettin' them, and then hear 'em talk about somethin' they don't know anything about. I'll just keep it to myself. If it's all wrong, I'll be the only one hurt."

I found myself watching a woman with a note-book. Some one has said that the most pathetic thing about the Fair was the hundreds of women with note-books. I tried to decide just where the pathos came in. This one looked happy enough, and she certainly was very proud of her note-book. She wanted everybody to see it. And this made me sure that she was writing for some publication —or hoped to do so. The would-be and the newspaper correspondent seem to have a spreading all-around-them pride in having every one see that they wield the pen for the public, while the woman who takes notes for herself or for those she has left at home appears to be utterly unconscious that any one notices her occupation.

I often wish I could get hold of the home-body's note-book. I believe it would be full of interesting "chips."

Two men were sitting on the other end of the seat. They did not seem to know each other. But finally one said with a sigh: "I don't believe I think much of this Fair."

"What's that?" said the other, "don't think much of this magnificent Fair?"

"No; it's not such a very great thing. I tell you there's nothing in the world like the Brooklyn bridge."

Poor man! He was homesick.

Liesegang's band was pouring out soul-stirring music. Just as I was floating away on one of the white clouds over the lake—metaphorically—a woman came up to me with blanched face and eyes starting from their sockets. She wrung her hands and said:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! They've been sitting here all the time, and now they're gone. Isn't it awful—awful? What shall I do—what shall I do?"

"What is it that's wrong?"

"My children are gone. My, oh, my! I left them right here, and they're—"

"Are you sure that it was here that you left them?"

"Yes, here—right here. I remember particularly that very corner. I took such pains to locate them, and that band-stand, and these seats, and everything. Oh, my treasures! What shall I do?"

And she looked around in despair. As I was about to call a guard to assist the woman she clapped her hands to the side of her head and said:

"Let me think—let me think where I am. I have made a mistake. It was at the other corner of the building and that other band-stand—and I can see my children now."

Off she started on a run and never heard the laugh from the bystanders that followed her discovery.

My reverie—my dreams were jarred. I sauntered on.

August 23d.

I went to the session of the National Commission yesterday.

I have been intending to go there ever since Secretary Carlisle, through proxy suggestion, succeeded in disbanding the lady managers.

I wanted to see the difference in the workings of these two bodies which are honored by the recognition of the government.

I saw it.

For real downright work and getatable material for thought and "chips" I much prefer the sessions of the Board of Lady Managers.

You learn something there.

I really think if Secretary Carlisle had attended to matters in Washington instead of matters here in the Woman's Building I would, in a few days more, have come out with quite an inkling of parliamentary law.

If those women—I beg pardon—if those ladies were not always particular about the little courtesies, kindnesses, and niceties of life, they were at all times great sticklers for the rigid ruling of parliament. In fact, it was nothing for them to sacrifice themselves many times out of their respect for parliamentary law, and that, too, in the midst of their, sometimes, using the machinery of the board for personal motives.

But over in the Administration Building in the committee-room of the National Commission, which is composed of the mighty lords of creation, you have no such opportunities for advancement.

I sat there over an hour and never heard any one called to a point of order, nor a question of privilege raised, nor a suggestion that such a thing as parliament existed, unless it was in the matter that they were quite anxious to get a quorum.

They wanted to vote on the question of adjournment.

Their anxiety to get a quorum was not at all harrowing.

I judged from what some one said they had been waiting ten days for a quorum, or else the speaker said that for ten days they had been discussing this question of adjournment to the exclusion of all other business.

Whichever it was, there seemed to be yesterday a mild determination to have a quorum at all hazards. Ex-Governor Penn of Louisiana held a tack-hammer in his hand, and every few minutes he called a halt in the hum and racket and told the sergeant-at-arms to go for somebody. John Boyd Thacher seemed to be his great cry.

While they were waiting for J. B. T. a Mr. Tetard of New Mexico arose and said he would like to say something from the other side of the question of adjournment.

I could not decide through the racket—ex-Governor Penn was allowing his hammer to rest a minute—just which side Mr. Tetard was on, but I judged it differed greatly from that taken by the press. He seemed to feel very sensitive about press comments, and said with great sarcasm that all the articles in the many different papers could have been written by one man—they were so similar. The sarcasm was too deep for me. I am sure at the rate the business of the session was progressing one man could have supplied detail to every paper in the United States.

Just then the sergeant-at-arms returned with the word that John Boyd Thacher would come in a second.

Ex-Governor Penn said that would not do. He must come now, and the sergeant-at-arms must go back and get him.

Then the hammer came down on the marble again, and General V. D. Groner of Virginia commenced to speak. It did not seem at all necessary in this session for the speaker, or would-be speaker, to be recognized by name by the chair. Several arose at once, and the one who start-

ed first was the best fellow. Sometimes the rest listened, and sometimes they did not. The only thing that was perfectly sure of being heard was the tack-hammer on the marble.

In the midst of General Groner's forceful speech a band of music down on the plaza commenced to play. It was fine music. Some one next to me said:

"The music will go on undisturbed this afternoon. Richard Mansfield White has been utilized about twice during each session as a messenger to tell the leader of the orchestra to stop playing, and now that Congress did not recognize Mr. White as a member of the commission there's no one to send."

"Did the leader of the orchestra stop the music when Mr. White appeared?"

"No; oh, no. They did not expect that, but they rested a little while Mr. White was gone."

I did not ask what kind of a dance Mr. White led by his presence, but it seemed to me it would take a lively jig to break up the air of restfulness which prevailed throughout the room. It was serenity itself aside from the constant hum of conversation. While speaking was going on some of the commission smoked their cigars, some nodded with an after-lunch siesta and others passed their autograph albums for the signatures of the different members.

I did not hear but one thing that seemed at all like a duel of words, and that fell flat with the suavity of the speaker. While Mr. Tetard was speaking he said something about the persistence of Mr. Burton of Kansas, who was trying to bring about an adjournment of this commission. Another man jumped up and intimated that he would not hear anything said against Mr. Burton in Mr. Burton's absence.

I settled myself to have a little something worth coming

for, when that polished Southerner said with a most provoking smile that it was farthest from his intentions to attack Mr. Burton; that if there was anything that he admired it was persistence.

Down came the hammer again on the marble. John Boyd Thacher had arrived.

His arrival made a quorum.

They could take up real business, and work in earnest now.

Every eye turned to the door to see the famous John. John stood with one hand on the doorknob and waved the other. And then he backed out and shut the door.

I asked the man next to me why he did not come in. He said that he only came to be counted.

Gracious!!! I would just like to see any one try to walk over parliament in that way in the session of the lady managers. Over three minutes of the meeting are spurious if they are taken after the quorum is broken.

I felt that I was getting demoralized. My respect to the teachings of the disbanded lady managers was too deep to stay and see such sacrilege.

It takes fifty-five to make a quorum in the National Commission. They think if they can get the number reduced legally to thirty-six they will not grow gray while waiting for quorums.

The only business I heard discussed was about quorums, and about adjournment.

It did not look as if it was worth $6 a day, but I suppose it was or those wise men would not be there.

August 24th.

"Oh, the dear little things! And are those West Point Cadets? They look just like doves in those sweet white trousers and with their brown faces."

And the dear, innocent, gushing girl with enraptured face sat down on the red chair, which she was carrying for an emergency, to enjoy her first glimpse of Uncle Sam's embryo soldiers.

Those government doves are a great treat to the visitors and a great addition to the Fair, and there's no doubt about their white trousers and brown faces being real sweet, but they ought to be just a shade more particular about the curtains of their tents while they are getting out of the depths of the gray trousers into the glories of the white ones for the dress parade.

I don't know but one of them is already responsible for a divorce between a man and his wife. The last I saw of the couple they were walking over the lagoon bridge several rods apart, with never a word nor a glance for each other. It was this way:

They sat on a bench waiting patiently for dress parade. Finally the wife discovered a pair of patent-leather shoes standing on a table through the uplifted curtain door of a tent.

She looked again and saw stockings in the shoes.

Goodness! and garters—and under-drawers—and, gracious goodness—legs!!! Legs that moved.

She told her husband, and said it was scandalous. He said:

"Now, Maria, that's none of your business, and you have no right to look."

Just then a pair of white trousers was unfolded on the

edge of the table. Great care was taken that their spotless purity did not reach as far down as the floor of the tent.

First one patent leather shoe and then the other disappeared in the perfectly creased depths and were drawn back to position, accompanied by the "sweet white trousers," which hid from view the stocking and the garter in the most respectable way.

But something was too much, entirely too much, for Maria. She evidently commenced again to tell what she thought of Uncle Sam and his doves. And she talked and talked, I could not hear what she said, but he kept saying, "Never mind, never mind. Just look the other way. It's nothing, anyway."

But she did mind, and she went right on telling what she thought about boys making toilets with the curtains of a tent half way up. Finally he burst out with:

"Maria, I think you are the darndest fool. And we'll just get away from here and not wait for the dress parade. You must always have something to be shocked about. Everybody is looking at you around here, as usual, and not a soul sees anything out of the way but you. Come on. If you're so horrified at seeing a pair of ankles we better get out of here before a Scotch soldier happens to pass. You never will have any sense, Maria."

And over the bridge they went.

Speaking about West Pointers, if this ten days at the Fair does not spoil them nothing will. Girls are just thrown at their heads. Tuesday night every State representative vied with the others to make them have a good time.

The usual formula of asking a young lady if she would allow Mr. So-and-So to be presented to her was not thought of. If you sauntered into a building and looked a bit up with the times and the fashions, and fluffy and

summery, a smiling hostess would meet you and say:

"Would you like to meet a cadet and dance?"

Of course it was not often that you said no, but if you did chance to say "No, I thank you," the inquirer would look as if you must be bereft of your senses to miss such an opportunity.

Those white trousers seem to be a great point of interest and a sort of surprise to every one as a part of a uniform. Everybody talks about them.

Yesterday I heard one girl ask another if she did not think the white trousers of the cadets looked awfully swell with the gray coats and brass buttons.

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer, with a toss of the head; "I haven't decided yet which I like the best—the creased, starchy style of cadet trousers or the wrinkled, soft drapery style worn by the Sedan chair carriers."

I went over to the Manufactures Building yesterday to see the Tiffany chapel. It is a grand exhibit. The altar is made of white mosaic inlaid with gold, mother-of-pearl and jewels. The columns and windows are all of the mosaic glass and are an exact reproduction of the styles of the thirteenth century. A cross on the altar is of gold set with suspended jewels that quiver all the time. The altar window has a setting of peacock feathers in gold and natural colors, and a crown of glory is represented by brilliant jewels and gold.

The peacock was used among the ancients as a symbol of immortality. It was sacred on account of its purity in never contracting disease, and through this they came to believe that it never died, but disappeared.

There are 280,000 pieces in the altar, which glisten without flashing in the subdued light of the candles, which are kept burning during the hours visitors are admitted.

Yesterday three nuns stood there reverentially, awed

by the beautiful effect of light and color. There was a hushed silence among all the visitors.

All at once a sharp voice rung out by my side with the questions:

"Can you tell me what church these things are taken from—what is their history, and what it is all about?"

Some one told the sight-seer that it was all made expressly for the Exposition and had not come down from history, but was going.

On the outside a girl wheeled around and said:

"I never felt so solemn. When I saw those nuns there I felt like making crosses all over myself and saying something, but the only thing that kept running through my head was 'Ena, mena, mina, mo.' It sounds wicked to tell it, but I did not feel wicked."

August 31st.

I'm back from the quiet of the country. Was gone a week. The World's Fair seems to have flopped over and turned up the brightest, and freshest, and noisiest, and most ambitious side. I'm wondering if it has really been this way all summer, and just because these "chips" and myself sort of grew up with the Fair we did not notice it particularly. Whatever it has been, it is most certainly now in full blast.

In alighting from the "special" train I entered the grounds at the first gate, which brought me onto the Midway. Within hearing distance was a band of music from the Orient, a brass band in an Irish village, another one in a tented "garden," and still another in the German village, and all of them were at that minute playing "After the Ball."

I spent the afternoon on the Midway, and in saunter-

ing along was never without the familiar strains of that ballad from some direction. Everybody recognized it, and everybody seemed to enjoy it.

I overheard a man say that the composer, Charles K. Harris, had made $100,000 out of it.

The only rival "After the Ball" had among the Midway bands was "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow."

Up the street I met a friend who is a prominent man in Eau Claire, Wis. He said:

"I feel as if I had been stealing something every time I come into these Fair Grounds for fifty cents. It would cost me a thousand dollars just to see what I have this afternoon."

* * *

A little farther along I overheard another man say:

"I tell everybody in my town that they must come to the Fair. And if they can't get the money to come any other way, they better knock a man down gently and take his money, and then after they return from the Exposition, go to work and pay back in installments the man they've robbed."

* * *

An ambulance came clanging down the road and scattered the people to the right and left, and to the east and west.

A woman with two or three children commenced to gather in her brood with:

"Come here, quick! Quick, I say; you'll get run over by the fire engine."

"Oh, no, ma'am," said a bystander; "that ain't no fire engine; that is one o' them wagons we've heern tell about

what takes people to the hospitals and to the police stations. They call 'em control wagons."

"Oh," said the woman, "I was so scared. I thought sure it was a fire engine, and it would run us right down. They say they do such things in big cities."

Fire engine or "control" wagon, she still hung on to the scions of her house.

* * *

In front of the Chinese theater there is always a crowd of people. They stand by the hour to listen to the wonder of a full-fledged Chinaman talking fluently.

He talks fluently but not very plainly. He has the smile that is "childlike and bland," and has the right idea of the arguments to use to get the people to pass by into the theater. He has also his own way of expressing himself, which seems to amuse sightseers quite enough without their paying ten cents to see all that he claims is inside.

He is dressed in a gorgeously embroidered yellow silk blouse, and has on his head an inverted basket hat. For trousers there is a combination of dark broadcloth and pale green silk, and his shoes are built up of white felt and cloth.

He tells the people in a voice which he seems to have borrowed from an American auctioneer that money will not buy education. Nothing but seeing and learning will educate. With a flourish of the right hand and several flourishes of the left, he says:

"I can tell you all about your country because I come and see it. You cannot tell me about the heathen Chinee because you stand out here and hear me talk and will not pay ten cents to go inside."

Then he drops his voice to almost a whisper, and with the bland smile says:

"Come now, please come in. Walk right by. Please do not grow dark colored with the sunshine. Walk right by and see the Chinese lady and the Chinese farmer and the ancient times and the modern times. Come right in and I will count you as you pass. One, two—where is the three? Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven —where is eleven? Eleven must learn how to tell me about heathen Chinee. Come, eleven. There's eleven. Now eleven will know all about my country, and can tell you, when you could educate yourselves all about China for ten cents."

His voice has gradually grown stronger, but his arguments always end with the slide down to the whispered "Come, now."

* * *

I was called back to myself with a tug at my elbow. An old lady with white hair, and a face expressing curiosity and anxiety combined, said:

"Do you think it would be safe for me to go into this theater—is it perfectly respectable?"

I don't know where the dear old lady had been to arouse her doubts nor how she gauged respectability. I trusted to luck, the privileged license of World's Fair times, the occasional tours of the lady managers and the Director General, and assured her that it was perfectly respectable.

I hope she found it so from an American standpoint as well as from the standpoint of the heathen Chinee. She looked so anxious.

* * *

I went into the ostrich farm. Everybody else seemed to be going there also. The escapade of "Gail Hamilton"

and "James G. Blaine," as told by the morning papers, had convinced the sightseers that the ostriches were alive instead of stuffed, as many of them had supposed. The "farm" is railed off to protect the people or the ostriches —I don't know which. There were twenty-eight ostriches in the inclosure, one tiny donkey, and two men.

The donkey went out and in very familiarly, but no one seemed to pay any attention to him, not even the ostriches. And they were very curious about everything else. A part of the ostriches are gray and the rest black. The gray ones are coarse plumaged and the female bird. The male is handsome, if an ostrich can be handsome even with his fine feathers.

The family of twenty-eight are all named after the celebrities of the day. One bird who seemed determined to get acquainted with every newcomer was Susan B. Anthony, because "she is always to the front."

A man leaning on the rail at my side called out to the man in attendance:

"Drive Grover Cleveland around here, will you?"

Grover Cleveland was driven around, and the man said:

"Mighty pretty bird. Mighty pretty bird. How much does he weigh?"

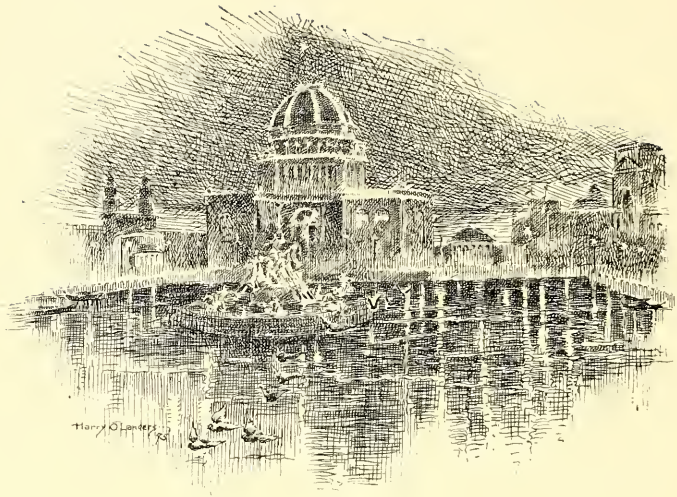
"Three hundred pounds, and he is worth $500. He is six years old, and we make from $50 to $55 off him every time we pluck his feathers, which is every eight months."

"Well," said another man, "the feathers look well on a lady's bonnet, but they are a little disappointing there."

The man whipped Grover Cleveland into a run with spread wings, and the man changed his mind about their not looking just as well as on a lady's bonnet.

The female bird does the wooing. When she is four years old she visits another family from the one in which she is brought up and selects her mate. They are never

divorced from each other. The attendant says it is accounted for in the fact that the female makes the selection. The female does the wooing, but she will not take care of her young. The male bird does that, and is very self-sacrificing. He will starve himself before he will allow one of the little ones to go hungry. At four months, however, the young bird is supposed to be old enough to look out for himself. The ostrich eats oyster shells and cobblestones and gravel to aid digestion. He has a brain that weighs one ounce, but so much individuality that one bird is told from another by the features and expression of the face.



"It was after Sunset, after Twilight, that time which is neither Night nor Day."

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER.

September 5th.

Evening sightseers along the Midway Plaisance are getting to be as much of a curiosity as are the different races who make the Midway their home.

During the first of the World's Fair season interest and wonder were a check, but of late the throng seems to have imbibed a sort of condensed essence of the democracy that surrounds the fact of being a part of the miscellany, and has thrown restraint, conventionality and respect for municipal ruling to the four winds.

There are times when the sightseers, in their sense of the freedom of being a part of the Midway, are more of a "sight" than the wildest Arab.

Last night, four abreast, arm-in-arm, and skipping down the Midway, were two young men and two young women. The boys wore light gray suits and Willie hats. Around their necks were mink boas borrowed from their companions. For boutonnieres they wore full-sized hot waffles pinned on with tooth-picks. The quartet were oblivious to all the Americans or English-speaking races as they laughed and sung along the crowded thoroughfare, but not an Egyptian or an individual wearing an oriental costume came their way that they did not stop, shake hands, and insist on joining forces. The people from the Orient, however, were wary.

There was an air of perfect abandon and recklessness about the quartet, and at the same time an atmosphere

of the conventionality that seasons society's "upper crust."

By the way, I might throw in here, by way of parenthesis, that it is an observation of mine that the higher the "crust" that strikes the Midway the greater the sense of freedom and the throwing aside of society's chains.

* * *

Near the entrance to the Damascus and Bedouin encampment that forms a part of the Turkish village, and in opposition to the performers and singers who were trying to entice the crowd to enter, a circle had been formed by about a dozen young men. With one in the center of the ring, who was whirling a la dervish and the dancing girl, they were spinning around and singing in imitation of the boomers at the theater entrance.

Everybody stopped to look, laugh, and enjoy. A guard came by in doublequick time and joined in with step so lively that it broke the happy circle and scattered singers and dancers in a trice.

* * *

At the Persian theater business was rushing. The crier was saying:

"Come right in. This is the theater that was closed because the girls were all arrested. This is the Persian theater where the dancing was stopped. Come right in and see it. The dancing is prettier than ever."

And the crowd could not get in fast enough. Every individual member of it acted as if he or she were afraid the Director General or somebody else would come by and stop it again before they had an opportunity to see.

* * *

At the Eiffel tower the "jayhawker" was laboring hard to defend himself. Some one had made his exit from the

"theater," which has been added to attract people to the tower, and said that the whole thing was a fraud. The boomer was white with excitement, and when he could get his tongue unfastened from the roof of his mouth he was trying to tell how much his brother knew about genuine dancing. He said:

"I know what I'm saying. And I knows what dancing is, and my brother he knows. He is in there dancing now, as he dances before all the royalty in Europe. He has danced for kings and queens for six years. It is in here that you see the real French girls in their native dances. Come right in, and learn something about the real French dances. It is genuine and no humbug, and it makes no difference what anybody tells you. I knows, and I tells you."

Just then some one out in the crowd said:

"I knows and I tells you to come right in and see the greatest fake on the Midway. Nothing like it and nothing where you'll throw your money away so quick."

The crowd increased and the rivalry between the crier at the entrance and the wag in the crowd waxed warmer. By the scarcity of the numbers who passed into the theater it was safe to conclude the cries of the "fake" in the crowd won the contest.

* * *

In the Street in Cairo is a mind-reader. He is really quite an adept in his profession. He reads your mind in his own language, and an interpreter translates it. Scientists declare him to be a wonder. Lately, however, he has dropped the mind-reading and is giving a humbug spiritualistic performance. A gentleman just ahead of me in coming out said to the cashier:

"Doesn't he do any more mind-reading?"

She shrugged her shoulders and said: "Mind-reading no pay. Thees pay big money."

There's nothing like the Midway to discover how dearly the public loves to be humbugged.

The fraudulent shows are patronized the best. The genuine shows are many times considered the fraud, while the real humbug gets the patronage.

* * *

George Francis Train has been the center of attraction of late, whenever and wherever he made his appearance. Everybody recognizes him by his white linen suit, red fez and plentiful boutonnieres.

He sat in "Old Vienna" the other evening with some friends at one of the tables. He said to the waiter:

"Bring me four or five glasses of water, and to my friends anything they want."

The waiter filled the order. While his friends were drinking and eating "anything they wanted" he was busy writing his autograph for people to the right and left and all around him. A large blonde lady came to him and asked for his autograph and noticed that the flowers that he wore were a little faded. When he returned the card with his name she took from her belt an immense bouquet of American beauties and presented them to him. He threw away the faded flowers and adjusted the whole bouquet to his lapel.

An English gentleman and lady were seated not far away, and the lady expressed a wish also for the autograph of George Francis Train. The gentleman called a waiter and asked him to take the lady's card to Mr. Train, with the request for the autograph. Without a moment's

hesitancy and apparently no time for thought, George Francis dashed off:

"To the health of your empress-queen," and his signature.

* * *

A gentleman at the table with me said that at one time George Francis Train owned nearly the whole city of Omaha and that he was really the founder of the town. He said that when the town had not as many good hotels as it has now George Francis Train was taking his dinner at one of them. A pane of glass was broken in the window at his back. He hired one of the waiters at ten cents a minute to stand in front of it while he finished his dinner.

Other annoyances came up while he was eating and he left the table in disgust. He went to a contractor and made a contract for a hotel to be built in thirty days. An enormous number of men were put to work and at the end of thirty days the hotel was opened by George Francis Train.

The hotel is empty now, but was used for a number of years.

September 6th.

Yesterday a woman with tears streaming down her cheeks went up to a gentleman who has charge of an exhibit in the Agricultural Building and said:

"Oh, sir, I am sure you will help me. You look like a kind-hearted man. I have lost my glasses, and I don't know what to do. You must find them for me."

"Well, my dear madam, where did you lose them?"

"I was mailing a letter in that mail-box, and dropped them in accidentally. Will you open it in some way and get them out?"

"Open a mail-box belonging to the government?" said the gentleman, "do you want to get me into the penitentiary?"

"You are no gentleman or you would help a woman in such distress. I must have my glasses. I cannot see to get around the Fair without them," was the reply.

But still her listener refused. He was sympathetic and extremely sorry for her, but opening a mail-box was not his profession.

The woman went away. In a few minutes she came back with her face wreathed in smiles and held up to view her eye-glasses.

The gentleman said: "Well, well. So you found them. You must have met the collector of mails."

"No, I didn't. I found them hanging to the fringe of my parasol."

She went on her way rejoicing.

* * *

The gentleman, by the way, who draws a line at opening mail-boxes, in his chivalry toward women, says that this World's Fair is teaching him a lot about women. He has not made his deductions from his experiences as yet, but he will not be a bit surprised if—when he does do so—he finds that he has decided that women, the majority of them, need to have their heads leveled with some kind of a machine warranted to produce common sense.

He says there is not a day passes that he does not have some kind of an experience that makes him wonder how the woman was allowed by her family to get out into the mazes of the Exposition by herself.

About ten days ago he wrote eighteen or twenty letters pertaining to some very important business matters, which should have brought immediate answers. He left them on his desk, expecting his office boy to mail them. He went over to another exhibit, and when he returned he noticed the letters were gone, and took it for granted that the letters had been mailed.

He waited several days, and found that not one of those letters was being answered. Yesterday he had about determined to write them all over again when a man came to his exhibit with the letters in his hand.

They were stamped, addressed and sealed, just as he had left them.

The man said his wife had taken them in passing by, thinking they were "souvenirs."

He saw they were letters, but had not been to the Exposition since, or would have returned them before.

* * *

Many people have an idea that "fleecing" is the watchword that controls the White City.

They are sure that if they loosen their hold on their money they will never get their ticket with which to get into the grounds. So they hold on with the grip of death to one end of the paper greenback while the other reaches out enticingly to the man behind the wired window.

The ticket-seller on the inside of the wire is just as sure that he must not let go of his ticket until he has the money in his hand.

And there they stand, each suspicious of the other.

Yesterday a woman slipped one end of a dollar bill through the little aperture, with a firm hold on the other end. The ticket-seller did not notice, and in trying to take the money tore it. The woman clutched it more firmly

before it was quite torn in two. The ticket-seller said she must let him have the money before he could give her the ticket.

"Not much," she said. "I am not in this world all these years for nothing. You may be honest enough, but it ain't business. I'm a business woman, and am always on the safe side."

Business woman, honest or not, the ticket was not forthcoming,

She argued, he refused.

She wouldn't and he wouldn't, and that was all there was of it from both sides.

Then he told her to stand aside for the next person, and she did.

I've been sorry ever since that I did not take the time to wait and see whether or no she decided that it was better to trust to luck about the honesty of the ticket-seller and getting to the Fair.

* * *

I was passing the Ferris wheel yesterday and stopped a minute to listen to some music that was floating out from the portals of St. Peter's Cathedral. It was a brass band. While I was straining my eyes and ears to hear and see if St. Peter had also the Midway "boomer" in addition to the brass band, I felt some one touch my elbow.

It was a sad-faced woman dressed in black. She said:

"Can you tell me, please, how much the tickets are to that lottery wheel?"

She pointed to the wheel that Mr. Ferris considers the acme of mechanism.

I told her they were fifty cents. She said:

"Is that all? I was afraid it was a great deal more. It's such a large one!"

Lottery wheel! Now, Mr. Ferris! And we thought—,

September 7th.

Yesterday was Wisconsin's day at the Fair.

It was a great day, and Wisconsin's a great State.

I went to the State Building to meet some friends, and found myself in a tangle of governors, generals, colonels, consuls, senators, judges, lawyers, brass bands and people by the thousands.

The "Badgers" were thronging the broad piazzas, the spacious halls, the reception-rooms, the wide staircases, the comfortable parlors and reading-rooms.

Every face was beaming with pleasure, and everybody knew everybody. That is the peculiar thing about Wisconsin. There was never another such State. Its people seem like one family. They speak to people who live in the next town as if they were in the next house.

When social functions are given in one town invitations are sent to the different towns as much as in the same town. Invitations are sent and are accepted.

The whole State is railroaded off like a gridiron, and trains run for the convenience of the people in the State instead of entirely for those who wish to get out of the State.

Yesterday's gathering to do honor to the State and the Governor and his staff was simply a reunion of old friends.

* * *

Everybody was happy, and the happiest of all was Governor Peck.

They all knew him personally, and not a face or name did he forget. It has been his aim since the opening of the Fair to make the State Building a home for its people. So far as it has been in his power nothing has been allowed to interfere with their comfort and happiness. He has said

that the money of the people erected the building, and that the people must get out of it in some way their money's worth.

If they wanted to come there to eat their luncheons and to find a place of rest, come they must. If the building is worn out when the Exposition is over, it will be as it should be. It was built only for the Fair.

And the people have come, and have rested, and have been happy. People from other States have not been barred from the comforts and privileges of the building.

It is safe to say that the Wisconsin Building is the most popular on the grounds.

From early morning yesterday, Governor Peck's hand was being grasped constantly from every direction. Among the rest was a tall, gray-haired man, who reached out his hand over the heads of two or three others and said:

"Governor Peck, I want you to shake hands with a 'Buckeye.' You don't know me, but I know you from your pictures and from your 'Bad Boy.'"

Governor Peck grasped the hand cordially, and the man from the Buckeye State introduced six or seven of his friends who knew all about the "Bad Boy."

* * *

Then some one inveigled Governor Peck out of the building and into a steam launch that was lying in wait in the lagoon. In the maze of happiness that abounded in the Wisconsin Building I had missed my appointment with the friends whom I had expected to meet, and found myself in the same launch on the way to the United States revenue cutter Andy Johnson, where, on our arrival, a salute of seventeen guns would be fired to the State of Wisconsin.

The State could not be saluted according to the dictates of naval conventionality unless the Governor was on board.

The lake was rough. The steam launch was staunch, and as ready for high seas as placid ones, but for a little while some of the faces looked as though the owners did not care a rap whether Wisconsin had a salute or not, but ambition returned as we swung alongside the big black hull of the revenue cutter.

Captain Davis met us at the top of the stairs with a cordial welcome to the Governor and to the State. The cutter steamed out into the lake to about opposite the Wisconsin Building. The guns were put in readiness and the firing commenced.

I'm sure each one of the seventeen must have shook the foundation of the State itself. Two guns were used, and at every fire Andy Johnson seemed to spring out of the water, and every building over in the Fair grounds sent back its answer in one prolonged, thundering cry.

We could see the crowds gathering on the shore over by the Colonnade and Peristyle, as if they thought Wisconsin was trying to capture the World's Fair and the whole state of Illinois.

After some light refreshments, Captain Davis called up his crew, and three cheers were given for the Badger State.

Then the Andy Johnson landed us at the pier near the Victoria House.

And then we discovered how little we amounted to, after all. We were on the outside of the gates.

Some had passes and some had none. Governors, generals, colonels, captains, mayors, government salute even to the great State of Wisconsin—it made no difference. The ticket men and gate men turned white with embar-

rassment, but the gates all registered and tickets would have to be bought, unless we could all wait twenty minutes, until word was sent to headquarters. Wisconsin and the government never waits, and tickets were purchased.

Governor Peck and the members of his staff hurried back to the State Building to the reception that was to be tendered them from 4 to 6 o'clock.

In the evening there were fireworks out on the lake in honor of the State, and in the building, dancing commenced at 9 o'clock and kept up until the wee sma' hours.

September 8th.

"Heavens! There's the Virgin Mary with a blonde bang, and in a horrible rage!"

"Goodness! Look at those women dressed in crepe and widow's caps! They did not have crepe in those days."

"What under the sun does that picture mean—the dead Christ and those people in modern clothes?"

"Let's look. Number 306. It's 'The Descent from the Cross.' Um—well—the artist couldn't have known much about the Bible. Come on."

"Oh, look at this! There's South Chicago off in the distance, and what's this? A cross and the Savior. And there's Mary with gray hair. Why, no; that's not Mary. I thought that was a halo, but it is a poke bonnet."

"It must be a dream."

"What can the artist have meant—painting a picture of the crucifixion with modern surroundings? Just look

at that tall ladder and that manufacturing town off in the distance, and those fourteen or sixteen-story buildings."

And so the constantly passing crowd in room 45, in the French section of the Fine Arts Building, talk from morning until night, day after day, about Jean Beraud's picture, "The Descent from the Cross."

* * *

A passing glance gives one a shock. And yet at once you are convinced that the artist has told another story aside from the one so familiar to humanity.

It is shocking to see the Savior there before you in the atmosphere that speaks unmistakably of modern steam-whistles and smoke and turmoil and present industries.

It is shocking to look among those black-robed women, and into the faces that express anger, horror, anguish, and desperation for the sweet face of the heart-broken Mary.

It is shocking to see, by the side of the patient, beautiful dead face, the angry man, in the blue blouse of the French laborer, who is standing with clinched hand held out toward the tall chimneys, and the busy working life off down at the foot of the hill.

As you stand there trying to read the story told by the artist you think you feel the rebellion that is here in the foreground, and it seems to you that, instead of the surging, receding crowd that has done this horrible thing, there is peace and quiet down there among the smokestacks and high buildings.

And you look again into the faces of those around the still form in the white street. You study them for the tenderness that should be there with the sorrow. You do not find it. There is tenderness and reverence in the touch,

but the anguish and horror in the countenances is not that that comes from the heartstrings being torn through love for Him.

It is the frenzy and despair and revolt against the inevitable.

The word "anarchy" comes to you.

And the story of the artist is told.

The meaning of the picture is labor and capital.

The Christ is to signify the crucifixion of labor. The angry gesture of the man in the blue blouse is directed to the factories that mean to them the soul-and-body-destroying capital—because some one else has it.

Jean Beraud, the artist, painted the picture in Paris, after their last socialistic outbreak.

Judging it from the standpoint of its meaning, the picture is unpleasant, grewsome and sacrilegious. From the standpoint of art, it is intensely interesting and a wonderful production.

From whatever side you judge it, the artist, it seems to me, is treading on dangerous ground.

* * *

Two men stood looking at a large and valuable painting in the Belgium exhibit. One of them said:

"I heard a man say that there was $50,000 insurance carried on that picture."

"Is that so?" said the other one. He looked up and down and across the canvas and added: "Well, it must be on the gold frame."

"I guess so," said the first one; "there's nothing about the picture that's very valuable. It is so coarse that you can see the rough paint."

They strolled off to find something that was worth looking at.

* * *

Two guards were just off duty in the Woman's Building. They stood talking to each other right in the midst of a lot of women. One of them, who is noted for his good nature and Irish wit, said to the other in quite a loud tone:

"Well, me boy, I'm thinking I'll go up on the roof a bit to see the fight between the South Sea Islanders. They just went up, and they took the lagoon up in a sedan chair. Come, we can't afford to miss it. We'll take the elevator."

Before he was fairly through with his speech, and the other guard had comprehended what he was talking about, every woman in his vicinity had made a stampede for the elevator.

The guard went out of the door without a smile on his face. He was undoubtedly having his revenge for the many questions he is obliged to answer.

He was not down to the steps before a woman said:

"Is this the building where they sell the children?"

He looked aghast. That was evidently a new question. He finally said:

"Sell the children! What children?"

"I don't know exactly. Some one told me that if people did not come for their children in four hours they were sold."

He told her that she was probably hunting for the Children's Building, which was across the way, and if she would go there, they would tell her all about it.

* * *

These days you wait and wait and wait in the popular restaurants at the Exposition. People stand up near

those who are eating to be on hand to take the chairs as soon as the occupant is through eating. After getting the chair, they wait to have the debris cleared away, and then wait to have another waiter take the order, and wait again for it to be filled. A man said yesterday:

"Everything comes in time to those who can wait—excepting the waiter."

It is a lucky thing that there are so many who carry their own lunches. There are not enough good restaurants for the rapidly-increasing crowds.

September 9th.

It seems to me that one of the most remarkable things about the Fair is the packed, sardine-like crowds that gather around all fruit and vegetable exhibits.

It would seem as if that part of the Exposition would be considered nothing out of the ordinary, and no different from what could be seen at home, and certainly that, where it would take months to see all there is to be seen, time would be too valuable to waste over every-day exhibits.

But it is the every-day exhibit, the something familiar to the home life, that the crowd wants the most.

They want the familiar thing first, because it will sort-of whisper of home, then they are ready to get out into the mysteries of the gigantic rest that they never have seen before.

So, next to the Midway Plaisance, that is never without its mass of humanity, the fruit and vegetables and canned goods and preserves have the crowd.

* * *

Everybody, or every woman who visits the Fair, seems to be doing most faithful work in taking notes. At first

I thought that they were all journalists, and were trying not to burden their memories with too much material by jotting down gentle reminders now and then.

Now I have decided that there are not enough journals or newspapers in the country to receive the output, and that the army of "noters" are at work for private resource.

Yesterday one of them broke the point from her pencil. She had no knife. She hesitated a few seconds, and then cast her eyes around for a man with the inevitable accompaniment. She saw a guard. She rushed up to him with:

"Guard, will you please sharpen my pencil?"

He took the pencil with "Certainly," and commenced sharpening without having looked at her particularly. She was so intent on glancing over what she had already written that she did not notice him only to see that he had a knife.

The guard was something of a philosopher, and as he whittled the wood carefully from around the lead, he said:

"It's the duty of every man to sharpen a woman's pencil. Women never did and never will know how to sharpen a pencil or throw a ball. Throwing balls they can go without, but pencils are getting to be a great necessity. I don't know how many I've been called on to sharpen. Strange, too, that they can't learn how to do such a simple thing—"

The woman raised her head up from over her notes and jerked out:

"Oh, well, now, I could sharpen a pencil well enough ——. Why! For heaven's sake! Where in the world! Frank, don't you know me?"

The guard looked up, jumped back, dropped his knife and the pencil, grabbed both of her hands, and ejaculated:

"Mamie! Mamie! Have you dropped from the skies?"

Then they both shook the four hands. I wanted to linger to find out all the romance of the thing; where they knew each other; how long since; if they were lovers; why they separated, and where they had been all these years. It would have been a good World's Fair "chip," but they were all questions one could not ask even of a guard. I tell to you all that I myself heard.

* * *

Patsy and I took a stroll up the Midway. Patsy is a good deal of a thinker, but not much of a talker.

You see, Patsy, too, had a sort-of World's Fair hand in the emancipation of women around that Woman's Building. She has not been what is known at the present time as "manager," but she has been obliged to do some managing.

It has made Patsy thoughtful, very thoughtful. It would not surprise me if Patsy thought women were rather a helpless lot to emancipate, and that they might do a good deal of floundering if they found themselves out in the cold world emancipated and—well, that has nothing to do with yesterday.

Yesterday was Patsy's day for talking. In an hour and fifteen minutes I heard her talk French, Italian, German, Spanish, and a little of the "heathen Chinee," and a bit of Javanese. She said, though, that she would never try the Javanese again. She was afraid that she would forget the far-away-distant music that was in the voice of the dear little Javanese women. It was a part of the native language, and could not be imitated.

We went into the "beauty show" first. Some one said, as some one is always saying, that it was a humbug, that the girls were all picked up around the streets of Chicago.

A French girl and Italian girl in there—who are not quite as beautiful as they were before they had been through four months of the wear and tear of being a show—told Patsy in their native tongue that they did not like the work of belonging to a "beauty show." One said that she would much prefer being a parlor-maid and spend her time sweeping and dusting, and the other said that she thought that she would like selling things behind a counter better. Both thought that being beauties was very monotonous.

* * *

From there we went into the new Aztec Village. It is an exhibit from Mexico.

There are several Pueblo Indians in the village. They give a war dance and have on exhibit their looms for weaving the blankets similar to the Navajo blankets. The Indians are keen and intelligent-looking, but are not inclined to do much talking. Their managers have evidently impressed upon them the fact that they are better drawing cards if they do not know too much about civilization.

We asked them several times if they spoke English, and they only answered with their eyes. Finally Patsy said in Spanish:

"Do you speak English?"

They were so astonished and pleased to hear sweet Spanish from a visitor that one of them said in perfect English, and with Yankee accent:

"I should say so."

Then he brought himself together and talked Spanish.

Their war dance was not very ferocious. The music—

Patsy said the music sounded to her "like an Irish wake in a Turkish Village."

That expressed it exactly.

* * *

The Java Village is the most restful village on the Plaisance. Something there is about it that is just as Patsy said—makes you think of wooded dells, and rippling waters, and tiny bells, and lambs and the flute of the shepherd boy, and everything that tells the story of nature. We sat down on the veranda of the coffee-house, and had a cup of the delicious Java coffee, and watched the life of the little village. It was as peaceful and quiet as it seemed. The little people appeared not to know anything but contentment.

In walking around the village afterward we decided that they had two overpowering ambitions, however. These were a desire for clocks and sewing machines. One house had three clocks hanging on the wall side by side, and exactly alike.

Every house had a sewing machine. A little woman was sewing on one of the porticos. A woman asked her if she was making a dress. She said:

"No, a buttonhole."

"Isn't it in a dress?"

"Yes," she replied, with a laugh of the keenest enjoyment at her little joke.

* * *

The wire around the orang-outang is getting so dusty it is difficult to decide just how the ancestor of man is enjoying the crowds that look at him. He seemed, however, to be holding out well.

A woman came by, and, stretching her neck to see what everybody was looking at, said:

"What is it—what is it?"

"It's an orange outrage—it says on the sign," was the kind reply of a woman in the foreground who could see.

September 11th.

My finger-nail artist, the Hindoo, or the Brahman, or the man from Bombay, anyway—I do get so tangled up about all these Midway Plaisance foreigners.

I am always making the most unpardonable mistakes. I never know when I am heaping honors on them, nor when I am piling up the indignities.

It's all because I am a sort of an American vagabond, and never will learn the distinctions of caste.

Oh, bless you, I have caste down to a fine point from one side of the question, but money and grandfathers don't count for much in some places along the Midway. And there's a lot of us who skip around the World's Fair, and particularly the Midway Plaisance, who are allowing our grandfathers to lie peacefully in their graves. They would not enjoy Egyptian music and dancing, and it is so delightful to forget all about the dear old stately bones and life's conventionalities and drift around the Midway with never a thought but the "queer things you see and the queer things you hear."

And so you, in your freedom from the usual social chains, ignore the possibility that some of the people who are strange and queer and foreign are expecting more of us than we give.

But, alack and alas! there's caste, and any abundance of it up there on the Midway, and right where you least expect it.

What was it I commenced to tell you? Oh, about the man from Bombay. One day in passing the East Indian Bazar I became interested in a Hindoo who embossed plain white cards with his finger nails. It was a pretty and wonderful art, and he was interesting as a talker. He appeared highly intelligent, and expressed himself in a way that was far above the position of embossing cards in a public thoroughfare at a nickel apiece.

I told you something about him in these "Chips," and thought at the time that I hoped he would not see it for fear he might be offended.

He was not offended, but on the contrary wrote me a letter in which he expressed great gratitude. He said that on a certain date the Brahmans were to have a ceremony in which the sacred threads would be changed and a sister could be made. He would like to make me his sister.

He said that I had mentioned in my article that he had a half contempt for the people who stopped to talk with him whose intellect was not up to his standard. He begged to assure me that it was not contempt, but surprise at the "innocence" shown by the people of a most civilized country. He had read very much about America, but not half what he is seeing here now.

Everything was beyond his expectation, yet he had discovered that, the same here as everywhere, all rules had exceptions.

He was surprised, for he did not know anything about these exceptions, and everything seemed exceptions.

I had shown him kindness, and for this reason he would like to make me his sister.

I was delighted with the idea of being made the sister of

a Brahman, but unfortunately the date of changing the sacred threads did not agree with the dates of my own itinerary.

But I had another opportunity, which, through my not understanding the high caste and the respect due to a Brahman, I have lost. To be a Brahman is to be of the highest Hindoo caste. And it is not because of wealth. To be a Brahman, or the son of a Brahman, signifies the rank of intellectuality. He is held in reverence and esteem among the Hindoos because he is thought to possess the gift of inspiration in expressing himself poetically, and through his intimate knowledge of all the forms of ritual worship.

He considers himself sanctified through his learning of things divine and unseen, and he is regarded by his followers as perfectly pure and stainless. He is a sort of priest, and directs all the sacred ceremonies. He casts the horoscope, tells lucky days, dives into deep mysteries, and stands between all superstitions of millions of people in the Hindoo lands. He has been in the past the author of all Hindoo literature. I tell you all this so that you will more readily understand the "exceptions" which my friend Purushotam Rao is learning.

People along the Midway are not the kind who are looking for a spiritual leader. Or if they are, they do not expect to find him in the Midway.

A Brahman to them, even one in a picturesque garb making beautiful cards, is no more than would be a Dahomeyan on the outside of their high board fence — a curiosity.

The majority of them are not out to get their intellects brushed up particularly by any one individual. They sort of gallop along the highway, nipping at this and that, and are perfectly satisfied to be amused and let reverence and

the higher side of life take care of itself until another day.

In their carelessness they have been forming enough "exceptions" to make a gigantic rule to this man of the high caste from India. He wonders where America, the great and civilized America, is. Where he expected the same and greater reverence and appreciation of his intellect, as in a country "where the lamps are not all lit," he has received gibes and jeers and jokes until his head swims and his heart aches.

He might as well be of the lowest caste as of the highest, as far as this World's Fair goes. Caste goes for naught. It is only his dark face, his turban, and picturesque costume that interest the passing crowd. His gentle and grand flow of language, that was so reverenced in his own country, is nothing here.

After he had talked yesterday in his most eloquent way for twenty minutes to a gathered score of people, a man said:

"Do you belong to the Dahomey Village?"

"No; I am a Russian," was the reply.

The man and all the rest believed him.

Why have I lost the opportunity to become the sister? I was so very remiss as not to respond to the second note that was sent to me about another date for the sacred ceremony.

I responded in person, but there was great indignation expressed in my friend's manner because a note of his had not been answered at once.

It was not sent under seal of state, but on a postal card. I thought a verbal answer would suffice. It did not. I have lost caste, and cannot now become the sister of the highest rank Brahman.

September 13th.

Near the gates of the World's Fair grounds yesterday I heard a shabby-looking fellow say to a handsome, well-dressed boy about sixteen:

"Will you give me a nickel? I want to buy paper, an envelope and a stamp to send a letter to my wife and children in Minneapolis."

The boy looked him over curiously, and while his eyes appeared to halt at the suspiciously red nose of the man, he said without a smile:

"A nickel? Here's a penny. Get a postal card."

The man glanced at him an instant and then said:

"Oh, no—you keep the penny. I couldn't think of taking your last cent."

The boy said, "Thank you," and put the penny back into his pocket.

* * *

On the way up the Midway I saw the remarkable combination of a full-fledged Chinaman and a rather well-dressed American.

They were standing in the road and conversing earnestly.

As I drew near I heard the American say:

"What did the policeman do?"

"Melican policeman?" answered the Chinaman. "Oh, he very stylish. He see through this," and he adjusted to his eye, a la monocle, a silver dollar.

* * *

Speaking of combinations—and the World's Fair is full of 'em—here's another that looks peculiar: Along the

highway is a theater with "Sheik-Hadjei and Nick-Roberts, Managers," on the sign.

Somehow the theater does not have the faculty of keeping within the bounds of either foreign or American privileges without severe suggestions from higher authority.

It may be all due to the mixture in the management.

The "blend" of civilization may have vulgarized heathen innocence.

* * *

I sat down under an awning in "Old Vienna" yesterday to get out of the rain. The music of the welcome raindrops mingled with the sweet music from the blue-and-white-uniformed orchestra in the center of the quaint old Austrian town.

Everybody seemed to stop talking to rest and listen. In the quiet I heard the rich, sympathetic voice of a woman saying:

"He died in pleasure and he was buried in beauty. It was the most beautiful, the most comforting burial that I ever saw. All the horrors of the grave were taken away, and in the place was a peaceful home of flowers. There were so many flowers that at the house it was almost impossible to get into the parlors without crushing the exquisite things. It was tuberoses, tuberoses everywhere. Tuberoses were his favorite flower, and they all seemed to be bowing their pure heads and sending out their fragrance for his caress.

"The flowers were all taken to the grave. One of the largest pieces was a broken heart. The heart was of the white roses, with a line of red flowers down one side, that showed the heart breaking and the life-blood flowing through the scattered blossoms that were resting in be-

tween more white ones. On each side of this were large harps and then smaller ones reaching down to the 'Gates Ajar.' It seemed almost that you saw the soul as it took its flight through the gate into the happy beyond. The grave itself was hidden with the bows of the evergreen. As the casket parted the branches that met over the top it sank out of sight. The branches came together again with a sound that was like the swish of a bird's wing."

* * *

A boy in uniform near the entrance to the Midway was yelling out the wonders of his guide-books and World's Fair newspaper, that told all about the wonderful Fair.

A man stopped and asked some question about the Fair that he thought was not worth the purchase of a book or paper to get the information. The boy said:

"I'm no guide-book nor bureau of information."

"No, you're just stationary," replied the man.

Everybody within hearing laughed. The boy is still trying to figure out just how the laugh came in.

* * *

The Alaska Indians have a great admiration for trunks. They buy everything in the shape of a box that has a cover.

Their collection is a great curiosity. Among the collection are several old-fashioned coffins. They think more of these than any of the rest on account of the smooth, polished finish.

* * *

On the outside of the gates yesterday, as I was hurrying along to get my train, I passed a bright-faced boy who held up a bag of popcorn. He said:

"Iowa popcorn?"

"Don't you want it?"

"Here's your last chance."

"Here's a lady throwing away her last chance."

"Now, lady, if you don't want to eat it—it's fine to keep your hands warm."

And so on as each one passed. There was no impertinence in his words or manner. It was just calm, gentle, cheerful persuasion.

Everyone smiled back and nearly everyone bought the popcorn.

September 14th.

In the Transportation Building is the ancient state carriage of Dom Pedro, the first emperor of Brazil, and used by him in 1822.

It has several glimmers of past gorgeousness about it, but is now rather delapidated.

A youngster was passing yesterday with his father and spied it. He said half crying: "Now, papa, you promised to take me again to Buffalo Bill's and now it is too late. Here's the Deadwood coach and there's no fun at the Wild West without the coach and Indians."

His father explained to him that this was the coach of royalty instead of the one of "Calamity Jane" notoriety, and his face brightened up.

* * *

Not far away from the state carriage is an exhibit of carriage and riding whips.

A riding whip that is in great demand as a souvenir has a silver head with a medallion of Mrs. Potter Palmer.

By the way, a lady said to me yesterday:

"I think the great secret of Mrs. Palmer's success has been the fact that she did not have to pull any one down to build herself up. You know so many have to—or think they do. Mrs. Palmer had everything—beauty, wealth, tact, and just enough popularity to hold the rabble of women that she has had to deal with in check and not enough to allow them any familiarity with her. No one knows how hard that dear women has worked. She has written and attended to business way into the night and has been up early in the morning. Her mail, letters and documents by the hundreds have been placed in her carriage before she would leave her house, and on the way to Jackson Park she would read them and dictate to her secretary, who would be with her, the answers as she read. Her face shows the wear and tear and the strain, and it shows it so patiently. She is the most remarkable woman I ever knew. I really believe that she is the most brilliant woman that was ever known to society. I have heard her dictate letters of state, to be presented to officials in Washington, just as easily as she would dictate an acceptance to an invitation to dine.

"Her thoughts come clearly and her words are concise and need no change. When you consider that she commenced this work without having had a particle of experience it is wonderful. People talk about her beauty and her magnificent costumes, but they do not begin to appreciate nor know her wonderful ability."

* * *

A man stood looking up at the Woman's Building. He was a little unsteady in balance as he had been in his steps

coming up the road. He looked up at the white-winged angels on the roof, and then at the other parts of the building. As his eyes wandered back to the white wings, he said:

"Say, guard (hic), what building is this?"

"It's the Woman's Building," replied the guard.

"Woman's Building—hey? Well, where is the men's building, I'd (hic) like to know?"

"Right over there," said the guard. "Some call it the 'Beauty show.'"

The man turned around and wavered off toward the costume-and-beauty-from-forty-nations building.

* * *

Here's a World's Fair story that happened away from the grounds. It is an old story that Dr. Gunsaulus' church is always crowded and overflowing. Everybody expects that. But last Sunday night the crowd was greater than ever.

People were turned away by the hundreds. As a gentleman was turning back from the door he made the remark to whoever might hear: "It's no use. You cannot get in."

A man in the crowd said to his friend:

"I don't care what he says; I must get in. I'm going in any way. There are three things I said that I was to see when I came to the World's Fair, Buffalo Bill, 'America,' and Dr. Gunsaulus, and I'm going to do it."

Sunday night or not, the crowd laughed at the sifted combination of Chicago's wonders.

The man persevered until he was successful in getting into the church.

* * *

Yesterday in the Woman's Building a man stood in the "court" looking around. It was very evident that he had

just stopped "tilling the land" to come in to the Fair. His hands were brown, his face was brown, and his hair was cut square and even for convenience sake, and by some kind woman in the family instead of a barber.

His eyes roamed around the walls where hang the beautiful paintings. Then they wandered on to the skylit top and the panels and delicate decorations.

I watched him a few minutes. I wondered where in his wearisome toil of farm life he had found the time to study and learn to so admire the "frills and furbelows" of the world.

He finally walked on, and said to his wife:

"By gol! You could get a pile of hay in here."

* * *

I took luncheon yesterday with the girl who orders daily the same thing—"Tomato soup and ice cream."

She is known to all the waitresses and to most of the patrons of the popular restaurant.

The wonder of the thing has been that with such a combination day after day she should have so lovely a complexion. It is like "peaches and cream."

I had heard of her several times. As I sat down at the table I heard some one say quickly:

"Tomato soup, please." The waitress turned away with the order and the pretty girl said to her friend:

"I think for a change I will order sherbet instead of ice cream."

And there she was! The "tomato-soup-and-ice-cream girl."

I knew her instantly.

The soup came. She tasted it and said to her friend:

"It's fine—perfectly delicious!"

Fine and delicious after weeks and months of it!

That girl would make somebody a good wife. She is so constant.

* * *

I heard a swell young lady, with glasses, and a decidedly cultured look, ask a guard if he could tell what building that dress was in that had a train "that represents the waves of the ocean."

He said that he did not know.

September 16th.

And now, after all the trials and tribulations of the Board of Lady Managers, somebody, some woman, is accusing them of stealing an idea and misappropriating money and goodness knows what not. This somebody says that the National flower booth was the child of her brain and that the "ladies" had no right to steal her thunder.

And this somebody says that stealing thunder and then appropriating $1,200 of the government's money to pay for it, is very, very wrong.

And she said it all so loud that Mrs. Potter Palmer, the president of the board, and Mrs. Cantrill of Kentucky, the prime mover in the thunder and money appropriation, were obliged to go before the National Commission yesterday and tell the whys and wherefores.

Whosesoever the gigantic brain that thought it would be a great scheme to have a booth where voting could be done at so many cents a vote to decide what should be the National Flower of America, the building of the

booth, and the advertising and the work done seem to have amounted to $1,200.

There are rumors in the air that this somebody is going to bring suit. I couldn't find out whether she was going to sue the "lady board" because they kidnapped the idea or because they want to pay the bills.

* * *

You remember there was an Indian pageant the other night on the lagoon. Antonio Apache, the handsome Indian who is here assisting Professor Putnam in the anthropological exhibit, had it in charge. As his Indians of six different nations are very much civilized he was obliged to get an assortment of wigs to help him out.

He took them to his tent afterward. There were twenty-four of them. The next morning he was hovering around his picturesque little World's Fair home when some sightseers came his way. They looked him over and made their comments with no regard or thought that possibly he might understand.

One thought he was a Sioux, another that he was a Cheyenne, and all thought that he was very savage-looking. Finally in their curiosity they commenced to wonder if he was really very ugly.

Antonio, with his eyes and ears always open to the ridiculous, scowled, and going into his tent began to throw out the twenty-four wigs, which they immediately took for scalps. With a yell that would have done credit to the fright of a pioneer settler, the sightseers scampered away from the "Antonio-Apache-Private" tent.

* * *

One end of the French section in the Woman's Building is fitted up as a salon. It is exquisitely furnished, with tapestried walls, panels, lace, draperies, bric-a-brac, and an-

tique furniture. In some chairs and on a divan are some elegantly dressed ladies sipping tea, while near a handsomely carved table stands the hostess making the tea. The figures are all in wax, but so lifelike that at first one is deceived. Over the velvet rope which keeps the visitors from trespassing are the words, "A Parisian 5 o'clock tea."

Yesterday a girl came rushing breathlessly to the manager's desk and said:

"What time is it?"

"It is nearly five," was the reply.

"Will it begin soon?"

"Will what begin soon?"

"Why that—that show at the other end. Do you wind it up?"

She went away very much disappointed, and acted as if she had been cheated in some way, when it was explained to her that the scene was to represent a tea, and there was nothing more than what she saw.

* * *

You have heard that the organization-room in the Woman's Building is rather "patchy" in appearance. The first intent was to have been very systematic in arrangement, and all to a certain effect. But somehow the effect got knocked out, and some one has said the rooms looks like a "crazy quilt." Yesterday two women strolled in there and stopped to look around. The stopping was fatal to understanding, because they took in the general view. One said:

"This must be the Irish village."

The other looked an instant longer and said:

"No, I don't think so. I think it is the place they call the Plaisance."

Just then a physical-reform and correct-dress exhibitor came to the rescue, and explained that the room represented all the different clubs of women.

They seemed to be perfectly satisfied with the explanation, and not at all surprised at the kaleidoscopic appearance.

* * *

Near the Horticultural Building yesterday I heard a woman say to a guard:

"In which building is the pope?"

"The pope is not here, madam," answered the guard.

"Where is he?"

"In Italy, Europe, madam."

"Which way is that?" asked the woman, in a perplexed manner.

The guard looked at her to see if she were joking, and evidently decided that she was, so he said jocosely:

"Three blocks under the lagoon."

"How do I get there?"

I passed on. I don't know how the guard extricated himself from the tangle of his joke.

* * *

What under the sun is Eugene Field up to?

Yesterday I sat down in the Manufactures Building to watch for a few minutes the passing crowd. Two girls met each other just in front of me. One said:

"Oh, did you bring it?"

"Yes, I did and let's sit down here and look at it—did you bring yours?" replied the other.

"Yes," was the answer, and they took a seat by my side.

They dived into the recesses of some silk bags, and each

brought out a carefully wrapped photograph. Their heads came together over them, and the first girl said:

"There! Didn't I tell you yours was not his picture?"

"I can't understand it. They are not alike, and yet the signature is the same, 'Sincerely yours, Eugene Field.' I wonder which one is the correct one. What do you suppose it means? I wrote to him for his photograph, because I do so love his poems—"

I looked over their shoulders, for which I hope to be forgiven. One photograph was the picture of a long-haired, sad-eyed, Raphael-like looking fellow, and the other was a handsome, prosperous looking man, and neither was the photograph of the famous journalist and poet.

The signature was genuine.

September 17th.

I've been keeping something from these "Chips" of mine for three days. It is about Governor McKinley. It seemed to me too sacred to give to the public. But I cannot get it out of my mind, and I must tell it.

The other day—Ohio's day at the Fair—I sat in front of the State Building when Governor McKinley, followed by his brilliantly-uniformed staff, came up.

I was thinking to myself that the popular Governor looked, as he sat there so quietly on that handsome black horse, as if he had the strength and the power to conquer worlds a la Napoleon. I wondered—if things in this world are always balanced by an equivalent—if all that apparent strength of will was balanced by its opposite tenderness.

Just then three cheers went up that must have echoed all the way to heaven. As they died away I heard a half stifled sob by my side.

A beautiful, white-haired woman sat there. Two teardrops left her eyes and rolled partly down her cheeks before she caught them with her handkerchief. Somehow the tears were not so very far from my own eyes. I don't know why, only it seemed so grand to have the air so filled with love for that one man.

She must have seen there was sympathy in my face. She half laughed, and, with quivering lip, said:

"I suppose it is foolish for me to get so wrought up that the tears came, but really I could not help it! When he cast his eyes up to that window I knew his wife was there, and he was looking for her face. He found her, for his face lighted up with a smile that is only given to her. It is different from his other smiles. If these thousands of people only knew the inner life of that magnificent man their cheers would reach higher than they do now. Their unconsciousness in their consciousness of his worthiness and his glance up at the window started my tears.

"Why, do you know that man is an uncrowned king! If the women of this country could know him as I have known him they would rise up in a body and demand that he, and only he, be made to stand at the helm of the United States government. While they themselves cannot vote they would see that their husbands, brothers, and sons placed him and kept him in power with never a consideration of party, politics, or tariff bill.

"You will think me very enthusiastic. I am. You look so interested that I will tell you what I know personally about the private life of that man.

"I have known Governor McKinley and his wife for years. It is now over twenty years since he was first in Congress. During many of those years Mrs. McKinley has been very much of an invalid. With all the demands on his time, and with all the hundreds to pull him this way

and that, never once has his first thought not been of her. As that deafening cheer went up it was her that was in his heart, and his eyes went up to the window where she must be.

"I have lived in Washington when his duties have been there. They have always made the Ebbitt House their home.

"When he would leave her in the morning it would be with four or five kisses, and with the most explicit instructions to the maid or nurse not to leave her side until his return.

"At noon, when other Congressmen would congregate to talk over their lunches, he would slip away to the Ebbitt House to see how she was feeling and to give her medicine with his own hands.

"During that anxious time when he was drafting the famous tariff bill he worked sixteen hours a day. Mrs. McKinley was in Philadelphia under the care of a physician. At the end of the week she had had twenty-one letters and I don't know how many telegrams. He wrote her then, as he always does when they are separated, three letters a day. She received one in the afternoon and two at the breakfast table. While scores of men were hovering over and around him and that "bill" he would scratch off a few lines to her, call a boy to mail it, then go on with the pressing business.

"When he is traveling he sends her a telegram about every two hours, or at every station where the train stops long enough.

"One time, during a political campaign, they were my guests. He had been gone since early morning. Mrs. McKinley had been quite ill all day. He came in late in the evening. His first question was for her. I told him she had not been as well. He went up the stairs, three

steps at a bound. As he turned toward her room I heard him say in his cheery voice:

" 'Here I am. Here's your doctor, your nurse, and your medicine.'

"He stayed with her until she was perfectly comfortable and asleep and then came down to his dinner. He had not had a mouthful to eat since having his breakfast, and was almost too tired to get through his dinner. But, as always, his first thought was of her.

"Mrs. McKinley's devotion to him is no less than his to her. Her face is aglow with love-light all the time.

"When the financial trouble came to Major McKinley she was in New York for medical treatment. She telegraphed him to take and use all of her property as his own to help him out of the difficulties, and she started immediately for home. When she arrived her friends and his friends were there to meet her, and to advise her not to give up her property. They told her that she was an invalid and must have the necessary comforts.

"I will never forget the look that came into her face. It was simply divine. She said:

" 'What! Keep my property and my husband in trouble? It is the happiest moment of my life that I can do something for him. All these years I have been a dead weight around his neck. He has nursed me as no mother ever nursed a child. He has helped me to bear pain when physicians have failed. He has thought of me first in everything, and do you think now that I would hold anything back? Not one cent. He must use it. He can always take care of me, and I am so happy to do something for him.'

"There was not a dry eye in the room when she was through talking. Strong men turned away to hide their tears. It was easy to see where had been the husband's re-

ward for devotion. She is as grand in her womanhood as he is in his manhood. Every one who knows them knows of their ideal life. They have had sorrows, which they have shared together, but their love for each other makes this earth a heaven for them."

The dear woman who told me all this apologized for talking so much, but my interest had drawn her out.

I am sorry to have betrayed her trust, but the story was so beautiful and her friendship for Governor and Mrs. McKinley so loyal that it is almost—yes, quite—my duty to add the pen picture to my "Chips."

That evening I saw Mrs. McKinley. She came down the stairs at the Ohio State Building. She is not as much of an invalid now. She is a very beautiful woman.

It is true. Her face is lovelit.

September 19th.

A little tot about five years old with long golden hair was hanging on to her mother's hand in the road nearest the Woman's Building. Her mother was walking fast and the little thing was obliged to almost run to keep the pace.

Both the mother and the child looked tired.

What attracted my attention particularly was a mature expression of anxiety in the face of the little girl. She was looking up at the Woman's Building. Finally she said:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, this is it; this is it!"

Her mother did not notice or answer.

"Mamma, mamma, look! This is the building."

"What building?" carelessly asked the mother.

"The building where all the pretty dolls are."

The mother sort of half stopped and said:

"Yes, it is, but we haven't time now only to see just one side of the case," was the reply.

The little girl's lip quivered, and with the tears rushing to her eyes she said:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, you said I should see them all, and I've waited all day—please, mamma, dear, please, please—I'll be so dood."

"Mamma dear" told her that if she didn't stop crying she should not see the dolls at all, and then jerked her along into the Woman's Building.

I followed.

I determined that if I had to knock the mother down —metaphorically or literally—that child should see the dolls, wherever they were.

All day long the mother had been looking at the World's Fair from her standpoint. Magnificent buildings, fine exhibits, paintings, laces, and embroideries—all things far beyond the understanding of a little child. She, the child, had caught a glimpse, or some one had told her of some lovely dolls. Dolls were in her little world, and dolls at a great fair would be a sight so grand to her that waking and sleeping she would see their beauty ever afterward.

Weary feet had been nothing so long as in a little while her one World's Fair ambition would be gratified.

Her mother stopped the guard and said:

"Where will we find a large case of dolls?"

"In the French section is one case, and upstairs is another. The French section is this way to the left."

When the child spied the case, which is in the middle of the room, her face lighted up and her eyes shone like stars. I was ready to take her in my arms and show to her each separate doll, but it was not necessary. The mother became interested herself, and while she did not explain the meaning of the toilets to the little girl she took the

time to study them. The dolls are a study, representing as they do the toilets of the time of Louis XIV. down to the present time. They are an education for grown people as well as children.

That little girl will never forget the World's Fair through her interest in those dolls. And yet two-thirds of the children who go to the Exposition spend their time crying from fatigue and lack of interest. Their parents take them there and drag them around or check them into the Children's Building with never a thought how best happiness can be given to them and make indelible on their little minds the memory of this wonderful Fair.

* * *

In the California Building on a pedestal is a large horse made of raisins.

Two men were walking past it. One of them squinted at the peculiar looking animal and said:

"What is that?"

"It is a raisin horse," answered the other.

"Is that so? And from California? Wal, I thought Kentucky was the only State for raisin' horses."

They passed on down the aisle. In a few minutes I saw them return to scrutinize more closely the California productions. I suppose the second man had found out the distinction between raisin and raisin'.

* * *

In the Ohio State Building is a grand mogul in charge. Goodness knows who he is, but Governor McKinley is nowhere in comparison. Somebody said his name was Anderson. But he is proof conclusive that there's noth-

ing in a name. Anybody could be named Anderson, but this man—well, this man—if you want to find out the importance of this man and his position, just wander around the building of his State and let him know that you are not a Buckeye! He will make you feel like a culprit.

His importance is overpowering with his own people. The "State Day" he was blustering around and giving orders, and getting everybody else nearly as upset as he was himself with his high mightiness.

He finally ran up against two men who did not seem at all impressed or overpowered by his position. He ordered them to move on, or to get out of the way, or to do something, just to keep himself in practice. The men did not budge. They looked him over. One said:

"What's that?"

"Why, don't you know?" asked the other.

"No," was the reply.

"That is God."

It was said so quietly and in such a matter-of-fact way that it did not sound at all profane.

It was the best-appreciated joke of the day.

* * *

In the Art Palace, or Fine Arts Building, an old man and his wife stood before a painting of Circe. She stands there in her beauty and is looking down on the companions of Ulysses, whom she has just turned into a repulsive herd of swine.

The gray-haired couple stood there long and thoughtfully. They could not make anything out of the picture. Finally the husband turned to a gentleman who stood near and asked him if he would please tell him what that picture meant.

"Certainly," said the stranger, kindly. "It expresses the companions of Ulysses."

The man looked at his wife, and then again at the painting. His face was more puzzled than before. "The companions of Ulysses?" he muttered to himself. He finally turned to his wife with a pained and indignant expression and said:

"Well, I vow! Harriet, that's the worst slap at General Grant yet."

She thought so, too.

September 20th.

Yesterday I was to meet some friends at the Sixty-fourth Street entrance.

I waited near the ticket booth. Here are a few things I heard while I stood there:

First a little girl, a bright, pretty little thing, came by and started for the wrong gate. A gateman called out:

"Here, little girl, this is your gate."

The little girl tossed her head and said indignantly:

"I'm not a little girl; I'm a young lady."

"Is that so?" was the reply, with a smile. "Then you will have to get a fifty-cent ticket."

"Oh, well, then," with indignation all gone, "I'm a little girl."

And she passed through the children's gate.

* * *

A woman and a boy stepped up to the window to buy a ticket. The woman laid some money down, and the ticket seller said to the boy:

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen years old," said the boy with pride.

"No, you are not fourteen years old; you are twelve," said the woman.

But the ticket man evidently believed the boy. As they passed in the woman was looking daggers at the boy and saying:

"What a little idiot you are. You are just like your father. You never will get over being a goose. I'm out just a quarter because you don't know enough to keep your mouth shut."

They passed through the gate.

* * *

Then came soon a family of five with camp chairs under their arms. The gateman said:

"It's against the rules to allow any one to take chairs into the grounds."

"Can't take our own chairs in? Well, if we can't take our chairs in and be comfortable we won't buy any tickets, and we won't go in," said the first one.

"Am very sorry, but I can't allow you to pass."

"This is highway robbery, and we will just roast this Fair when we go back to our town. We have already bought our tickets, and the man that sold us the tickets sold us the chairs. He said they were just half the price they were out here. You're running a pretty Fair. Selling people chairs with tickets on the outside, and then not letting us take the chairs in. We have some influence—not much, perhaps—but we can keep a few people from our town from coming to the Fair."

The gateman said he knew nothing about selling the tickets. He only took them. And he presumed that the man who sold them tickets and chairs, too, was not em-

ployed by the Exposition Company. He asked them how much they paid for the chairs, and they said fifty-five cents apiece. He told them they could rent chairs for the day for ten cents apiece in the grounds. The matter ended by their depositing their chairs back of the gateman and going in on their tickets, which happened to be good.

* * *

A man with "Inspector" on his cap stood a little ways from me. A woman who had purchased a ticket halted a minute, and then walked up to the inspector and said:

"I don't want to waste any steps in walking around, I do get so awfully tired. Can you tell me where the building is that has the artificial human beings?"

The inspector stared at her a minute, and then said:

"No, madam, I cannot tell you, for I have never heard of them."

A man near who had heard the question said to her:

"I have heard of them. They are over in the Woman's Building. Just ask for the lady managers."

The next one I noticed particularly was a man who discovered that the ticket-seller had given him $3 too much change. He went back to the ticket-seller, and told him. The ticket-seller looked suspiciously at the man, and for a minute as if he was going to call the patrol wagon and have him arrested. Finally when he was convinced that the man was neither a thief nor crank he said:

"Well, well, I ought to make you a present of the money, and I would if I could afford it. I have plenty to tell me that I do not give them enough, but you are the first who said that I gave them too much."

Just then my friends came. If not I would have been standing there yet. It was a regular panorama of the dif-

ferent phases of—I was going to say human nature; I will say, instead, phases of character.

Another hour would have made me think that human nature, as I know it, does not go to the Fair.

September 21st.

Nearly everybody has heard of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

It is one of the oldest and most popular clubs in the city, and is composed of artists, journalists, musicians, publishers, and authors, and a few others who are fortunate enough to have an ability credit in their favor.

To belong to the Bohemian Club is a passport now, as in the past, to everything good in San Francisco. Some of the "old boys," however, who were the nucleus around which the club has grown, are scattered far and near.

Of late they have been dropping into Chicago from Munich, from Berlin, from Paris, from Milan, and from "San Fran." to see the Fair.

One of them, "Joe" Strong, an artist by profession, has been here some time, and is connected with the South Sea Island exhibit on the Midway. Consequently the Fiji village is a sort of headquarters.

Now, these Bohemians as a club do not make any pretensions at being moral reformers. As a matter of fact they let the world wag as it will, and are perfectly satisfied to wag along with it.

They are not at all above smoking fine cigars, eating expensive dinners, and have been known to imbibe a glass or two of wine.

The other day one of them after a luncheon of jollification over meeting old friends realized that, whether he had

only a "glass or two" or more, he had had a glass or two too much. He was not quite sure just what condition he was in. He knew it was a "jag," and a jolly one. He wanted to see "Joe," and whatever it was Joe would forgive it for old acquaintance sake.

So over he went to the South Sea Island exhibit. A stage performance was on, and some one told him that his friend was behind the scenes. While he was stumbling around the wings to find him an English officer with some friends came into the theater and the band struck up "God Save the Queen."

At first the "Bohemian" thought the band was playing to his "jag," and then he remembered that a long, long time ago he was an Englishman.

As it all came back to him an extra flood of joy went rushing over his brain. With a whoop and a jump he was on the stage. He threw his hat up to the ceiling and shouted:

"That's right! Play for me. I am the only Englishman here."

The music drowned his words, and his friends grabbed him by the coat-tails and pulled him out of sight. The audience had a confused idea of something erratic in the performance, but thought perhaps the white man was being held in reserve for a cannibal meal of the play.

* * *

Over in the annex of the Agricultural Building are some fine reaper exhibits. One of them is from Brockport, N. Y. A gentleman belonging to the firm is here with his wife, who is an exceedingly pretty woman, and famous for her exquisite toilets.

Yesterday they had been tramping around the Fair for several hours, and as they returned to their own exhibit the lady, who is quite young, dropped into an easy chair

dead tired, and was soon fast asleep. Her husband, having some business matters which called him to another exhibit, left her to rest.

When he returned four men were standing a short distance away.

One said: "Mighty queer thing having a wax figure in a machinery exhibit."

"I don't believe it is wax," said another; "it is too natural."

"Wax? Of course it's wax. There's nothing natural about it. You never see in life such perfect features and outlines. Look at those heavy eyebrows and lashes, too; nothing natural about it. The only thing natural is the perfect detail in the toilet. Somebody knew how to get the dummy up. I wouldn't mind if it was alive. She would be a stunner to take—— By George!"

The husband said afterward that just then his wife gave a sort of exhausted snore and relaxed into a more comfortable position.

The four fellows disappeared like magic.

* * *

There was great excitement yesterday among the State buildings. Patsy and I were walking peacefully along the road between the Pennsylvania and New York State Buildings, when a most unearthly yell went up in the background.

In an instant hundreds of people piled over chains and keep-off-the-grass signs and joined more hundreds that had congregated where the yelling was going on. Guards were scarce, and the short cut looked so tempting, so Patsy and myself decided that we would follow the hundreds. But we did not jump over the chains. We took our time and went under. Taking time was a little disastrous to our comfort.

A guard loomed up and commenced a rival yell to the one going on beyond, and one that would have done credit to a Comanche Indian.

He screamed and gestured so loud and so frantically to us to get off the grass that additional crowds gathered. We were on the grass and half-way across to the scene of the first excitement.

We thought we might as well get off from the precious stuff the way we wanted to as well as the way the guard wanted. We went on. The guard grew white with rage and commenced anew:

"Get off that grass. You wimmen get off that grass. Them's my orders, now, and you get off that grass."

He commenced to run after us. I saw in my mind the patrol wagon and a blue-coated escort, the service building and a handsome captain or two, whom I know, pronouncing sentence on me. But the guard stopped midway and laid his excited hands on a poor innocent-looking man who was following in our wake.

By the time he attended to this offender we were off the grass on the other side, and we did not turn our heads to see the disappointment of the crowd who had gathered to see us taken in charge.

The first crowd, and the first yelling meant that a pocket had been picked. The thief was caught by several Columbian Guards. Each one must have taken a whack at him. As he rode by in the patrol wagon he was a battered wreck; his hat was dented into smithereens and his handkerchief was up to his face trying to hold it together.

We went back to hunt up our guard. We were a little anxious and fearful that he had fallen in a fit.

We couldn't find him. Patsy said that he was probably behind some tree swearing, or else had gone into the New York Building to gather up some dignity.

By the way, did you ever notice how the New Yorkers straighten up with pride and dignity as they near their own building?

Patsy said:

"Chicago is 'I will,' and New York is 'I am.'"

September 24th.

If you are not a foreigner, and a real, real one with dark skin and eyes, and in some kind of a fantastic costume, you're nobody these days at the Fair grounds.

It is the latest fad to hobnob, if you can, with anybody who wears a costume entirely different from the one known to European civilization, and the more you cannot understand one word the wearer says the higher the honor of the association.

This hobnobbing is done mostly by women. They are not so much the younger ones as the gray-headed matrons.

It looks as if these dear, frisky heads of families had resigned themselves to the fate of never having an opportunity to study types and races through travel, and they are going to get all they can out of the present.

Yesterday a very dark woman—with hair so black it was blue in the high lights, and eyes like midnight, and copper-colored skin—was sitting on a large packing-box near one of the entrance gates to the Midway. She wore a black dress, made in rather a modern style, but a very picturesque effect was given by the sleeves. They were made of very gay Roman-striped silk, with the stripes running around the arms. Her head was uncovered, and she seemed to have sat down there to wait for some one.

Two elderly women came along, and stopped directly in

front of her. They stared at her from head to foot, and expressed aloud their wonder as to what nationality she belonged. One thought she was a Mexican, the other a Spaniard, and then both decided that she was too dark for either one, and too dark for an octoroon, and none of the features anyway belonging to the African. And then they commenced to make comments on her dress.

The woman at first endeavored to conceal the fact that she knew they were talking about her. As they went on in their comments her face gathered an indignant expression —which they never noticed—and then it changed into a stony stare off in another direction.

After the two women had talked her over to their entire satisfaction with each other, they decided they would like to sit down by her, and hear her say something in her own language, and then perhaps they could make out the race, even if they could not understand.

So they went to her, one on each side, and one said, with a reassuring smile—thinking probably she could understand the smile even if she could not the words:

"It is so tiresome walking; we will sit down a little while, too."

The picturesque dark beauty drew herself up haughtily and said, with a half bow and in the purest English:

"You are both perfectly welcome to the seat—such as it is."

Then she walked away with the stride of a queen.

The two women looked at each other. And both said, "Mercy! She understands."

While the one refused to be a party to the hobnobbing, there are many who got a keen enjoyment out of the fad of being lionized. They take in all in a matter of fact way and with a manner that says they are keeping their own heads level and will not get imposed on in any way. Their eyes

will sparkle with merriment and appreciation of the sublime patronage of the American, and in every instance seem to understand the erratic lack of conventionality on the part of the patronizer. These Americans seem to take it for granted that the people from "foreign parts" have no code of etiquette.

When, as a matter of fact, the laws of precedence and deference to rank and dignity are much more rigid in any heathen country than in America.

And there's not an Arab on the Midway but who wonders in open-eyed astonishment at the familiarity of the Americans. They wonder at it until they get accustomed to it, and then their wonder is absorbed in a loss of respect that is gauged somewhat by their own social position in their native country.

It is rather safe to conclude that not many of the Midway villagers are burdened with multifarious social cares in their own countries.

* * *

A woman stood staring at a guard yesterday several minutes. Finally she went up to him and said:

"Are you a Columbian Guard?"

"Yes, madam," was the reply.

"Well, there are several questions I would like to ask you," she said.

The guard suppressed a sigh and told her it was his duty to answer all questions that were in his vocabulary.

Her face brightened up, and she said:

"Well, first, I would like to know why you wear that strap down around your face?"

"That means that I am on duty," said the guard.

"On duty? Is that the only thing that signifies that you are on duty?"

"No, madam, not exactly; but a guard with the strap back on his hat is never on duty."

"Oh, yes, I see. Well, I want to know where is the Midway Plaisance?"

He pointed out the way and the name on the viaduct that was near. She looked over that way and said:

"Oh, yes, I see. Well, can you tell me if it is much of a play?"

"Much of a play?" — the guard commenced to look tired—"It's no play. Plaisance means — means — Plaisance does not mean a play—it means—well, something pleasant, I think. Everybody seems to think so, anyway."

"Oh, yes, I see. Now, I want to know where are the remains of Queen Isabella?"

"The remains? I suppose they are in Spain. The tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella is in the royal chapel of the cathedral at Granada," said the guard, slowly, thoughtfully, and with a flourish of triumphant surprise at his own memory for the things learned in his childhood.

"And do you mean to tell me they are not here at the Fair?" queried the woman. "Somebody told me that they saw them in a convent."

"You must mean relics instead of remains. They are in the La Rabida convent, over by the battle-ship."

"Oh, yes, I see. Now, there is one more question? Where is the angel with the flaming sword?"

The guard looked around for a chair. Not one could he see. Then he backed up against a building.

He folded his arms and commenced to think. He evidently took a mental run over the different questions this woman had asked him, and their effect on him. They were curious and somewhat morbid, but not particularly alarming. This last one. He looked at the woman searchingly.

She looked nothing more nor less than an anxious interrogation point. But what under the sun did she mean by flaming sword? It would never do to say that he did not know, and go back to the old reputation that was given to the guards before they put in so many hours of study. He must search his mind for an answer. He said:

"Which one do you mean? There are several."

"Oh, yes; I know. The one Jim saw is a beautiful woman with long hair and an angry face, and looks as if she was going to destroy everybody and everything. And they say when night comes her hair is on fire, and she throws fire, and is standing on fire, and everybody that sees it is afraid, and——"

"There's nothing at the Fair like it," interrupted the guard. "Somebody has imposed on you."

"No, my friends saw it, and they said it was high up over the entrance to a big round building."

"There's something up the Midway, in front of a panorama of the burning lake of Kilauea, if that's what you mean. I believe they do call her the Goddess of Fire—but she's no angel."

And the guard looked as if he wanted to hit himself because he did not answer her question with "Pele" in the first place.

Then he started suddenly and walked away. He could stand no more questions from that questioner.

All the time I had been sitting on a chair near. The woman took her bearings and made a short cut to the Midway.

When she was well on her way the guard came back wiping the perspiration from his forehead. He said:

"I've answered some questions this summer, but I have never had such startling ones thrown at me as those of that woman."

September 28th.

For a day or two I have been going around the White City carrying a mental photograph and scrutinizing every middle-aged and rather short man whom I have met with the hope that I would see that everywhere popular man, famous philanthropist, and great editor, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

Everywhere I heard of him and his pleasant, genial manner, but nowhere could I meet him. Finally, yesterday, I thought of the similarity between hunting for some one at the Fair and the old adage of hunting for a needle in a hay-mow, and gave it up.

For consolation I went over to the Horticultural Building to talk with "Uncle John" Thorpe. I wanted to see how he was feeling about the coming frosts and their cruelty to his idols, the beautiful flowers.

I had been over on the island talking with Melchior Lutschg, who is Chief Thorpe's head gardener.

Melchior Lutschg is a great character in his way, and one can spend many an interesting hour with him. I have told you of him before.

He is from Switzerland, and was the city gardener of Neufchatel. He has been gardener to Napoleon III., and to his cousin, Prince Napoleon, who was familiarly known as "Plon-Plon."

In this country he was chief gardener for Mr. Drexel, whose estate joins and who was the life-long friend of George W. Childs.

I asked him if the frosts had as yet nipped the flowers.

"Oh, no," he said in his very broken English, "only the sweet peas, and I was so glad of that. I wanted to pull up the vines two weeks ago, but you know Mr. Thorpe.

Just as long as there was one flower on all the vines he would not let me touch them. He say:

" 'They must go soon enough, Melchior; you must not hurry them when they are dying.' "

I asked him if it did not make him sad also, that the flowers must go with the coming of the cold weather. He said:

"Yes, it is sad, but it is right. They have done so much, and they must rest. It is so hard for the plants and the flowers to live at all here in Chicago—they have no soil and they have no climate."

"Would they do better in Switzerland?"

"Switzerland? Oh, yes. Flowers and people are happy in Switzerland. They live. The climate is so grand that if you have trouble you forget it. One cannot even remember to be unhappy there. You are in heaven, but you have no money. You must come to America to get money."

"You knew Mr. Drexel and George W. Childs, did you not?"

"Yes; I work for Mr. Drexel, and I knew Mr. Childs. Life must be one lone, long day now for Mr. Childs since Mr. Drexel is gone. They were always together. Mr. Childs is a beautiful, good man. He always so kind, he kind to everybody. He was always kind to me. He would forget it all, because it is to so many thousands that he is kind. I never forget. And it makes my heart warm to think of him.

"One time a friend of mine he came to look at my garden, and I show him, too, the grand place of Mr. Childs. We walked over there. It was a good long ways. I had a horse and wagon which I used, but that day we were looking, and it was easier to walk. It was getting late when we met Mr. Drexel and Mr. Childs. Mr. Drexel he

say, 'Where is your horse?' And when I say we walked, Mr. Childs he say, 'Have you had dinner?' I say 'No,' that we were not hungry. Then Mr. Childs he say, 'Now, Melchior, you and your friend go right up to the house and tell them that I say they must give you a good dinner,' and he say, 'You must go.' Just think of that! Not many men would say that to a gardener and his friend, and the gardener not his own gardener. Oh, he was one grand man. Everybody knows that."

I thought on my way over to see "Uncle John" of the time and the space and the places that lay between the little act that had never been forgotten by the gardener, and wondered if Mr. Childs could realize the monuments he has built for himself in the hearts of so many by just such spontaneous kindnesses.

Uncle John was not in his office, but Major Truman said that he would come in a few minutes. I waited. In a few minutes the "needle" had been found in the "haymow"—George W. Childs walked in.

He came to call on his old friend, Chief Thorpe, and to thank him for the beautiful flowers which find their way to the apartments occupied by himself and Mrs. Childs, and to make an appointment for visiting the Horticultural Building with the chief of the World's Fair flowerdom.

It is all true. George W. Childs is all that is said of him. He is kind, pleasant, genial, the friend of everybody.

It wouldn't surprise me a bit if some time, some where, he found a corner for writers whose work has worn out the patience of editors and readers, in addition to the home he has now, near Denver, for indigent printers.

He is as genuinely interested in Western writers as in Eastern ones, and did not seem at all uncertain about one fact: He said—and he said it, too, in the presence of a wonderfully bright newspaper man—that the best work

done on his paper, the Public Ledger, was done by women.

They do the same work as men and receive the same salaries.

Then "Uncle John" came in with his arms full of flowers and his face chock full of smiles. Then another and another had heard that Mr. Childs was in the chief's office, and they also came in to grasp the hand of the man who is so dear to the American public.

"Blessings Brighten as they take their Flight."

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER.

October 6th.

Some fellow back of me yesterday on the Midway said to his companion, in a weary way:

"When you do get tired of this Egyptian music you get awfully tired."

Then I noticed that the thumping and the bumping and the tumming of the Plaisance seemed to have taken a new lease of life. It is filling in the void left vacant by the orders of the World's Fair officials that the "crier," the "jayhawker," the "boomer," or whatever he is, must be silent.

The music (?) makes the racket, and the boomers accompany it with pantomime. The outside man stands high and waves his hand toward the ticket office and entrance, while some one of the performers will stand in the entrance, dressed in gorgeous Oriental costume, and dance.

I stopped in front of "Pompeii" to see how they managed it. The tum-tum was vigorously doing its duty, while a girl—dressed in red silk tights, red satin skirt, red satin jacket, rouge powder, and a black lace veil—divided her time between pounding herself and the air with a tambourine.

I did not go very near. It was not necessary. It was a bright morning, and the methods and music could be seen and heard several feet away. And I remembered very distinctly of almost getting into a rivalry riot one night be-

tween the boomer of this place, who insisted that the "show" was genuine, and a man out in the road, who was attracting the largest crowd by his imitation, and declaring that his show was the "greatest and grandest fake on the Midway."

Several others stopped, also. A tall man finally stepped out from behind a sheltered post and said:

"Come a little nearer."

Not a soul moved.

The girl gave herself an extra bump on the head with her tambourine and the sky an extra kick with the toes of her right foot.

Again the man said, in a sweetly low, winning way:

"Just a little nearer, please."

This time the girl struck a pose, smiled, and thumped her knee with the sheepskin.

Still the crowd stayed where it was. Then the man said:

"If you will come nearer, I will make you a little explanation, and give you a free performance."

We stepped forward, and the girl showed her joy by rapping the knees of the "tummer" with her tambourine.

The explanation delivered in the low tones was:

"This is the only show on the Plaisance which tells the truth. That is the reason why we are allowed to talk on the outside. All the rest of the shows have been shut up because they cannot tell the truth. They were getting the crowds to come into fake shows. We tell the truth, and it is proven by the fact that right in this crowd there are seated detectives employed by World's Fair officials who are watching us. If I didn't tell the truth they would stop my talking. But you see they don't stop it. We are the only ones allowed to talk on the Midway."

"You are doing a lot o' talking about telling the truth,

but what is it you're telling about—what's the show?" said a man in the crowd.

"The show is the finest dancing in the world — the muscle dancing of the Persian girls, and a view of the ruins of Pompeii," was the reply in the same subdued tones.

"Wal, I guess I don't want to see any muzzled dancing, whatever that is, and ruins are not in my line, anyway."

The crowd moved on and the methods and music rested a minute for the next one.

* * *

From the fact of the "Sitting Bull cabin" having been for some time in the first of the season with the Buffalo Bill Wild West, or camp of the nations exhibit, many visitors to the Exposition are making the mistake of thinking that the Midway "cabin" is a fraud.

It is no fraud. It is the genuine cabin, and the same one. It is a little west of the ostrich farm, and is certainly one of the most interesting places on the Midway to visit.

You are convinced at once with the genuineness of the exhibit, and the earnest desire of the management to instruct and please. Kent Thomas, who delivers short lectures, or rather explains, is particularly conscientious about his statements being accurate, and there is none of that sensational faking to gain notoriety.

The autocrat of the exhibit is, of course, "Rain-in-the-Face," of whom you have heard in connection with the Custer massacre. He was supposed to have claimed and taken the heart of Captain Tom Custer, the brother of General Custer, at the time of the massacre, to redeem an oath he made during two years' confinement at Fort Abraham Lincoln. He was confined there as a prisoner,

waiting trial for the killing of Surgeon Hornsinger. When he was rebellious and needed punishment, it is said that Captain Custer subdued his Indian nature temporarily by incasing him in a barrel that came down over his hands and was securely fastened around his neck.

He did not like it. There are a lot of things he does not like in his present confinement. His managers being under bonds to the government for his safe keeping makes him virtually a prisoner.

He does not mind that so much as he does the fact that he is being too much admired by women. A certain amount of admiration he does not object to, but he insists upon a limit.

Yesterday he thought that fate had pursued and overtaken him when a woman insisted on marrying him on the spot.

She was a newspaper woman from Cleveland. She signs the name—well, I'll not tell her nom de plume. I have a conviction that she was seeking newspaper notoriety.

"Rain-in-the-Face" might make just the right kind of a husband for some women. Still, common sense tells me that that woman would have made him a victim of some private scheme of her own.

She had with her a Catholic priest and a Presbyterian clergyman.

"Rain-in-the-Face" could take his choice as to which ceremony he would have. He positively refused to have either. She insisted, and told him through an interpreter that it would make him famous and rich.

He scorned fame, money, and her.

Then the management came to his rescue. They were responsible to the government for his safe keeping—which they took to mean just as much protecting him

from the snares of the public as saving the scalps of the white people who came to see him.

Miss Newspaper Woman from Cleveland went away much disgusted and disappointed.

* * *

n one of the tents yesterday sat "Chasing Fly." The day before he had received word from the Indian agent at Standing Rock that his brother was dead.

He had gone into his tent alone and lowered the curtain. All day he sat with his head covered. Not a word did he speak in his deep grief. Yesterday morning he came out for the first time to get food. He had cut his thick, long hair off short in the neck. Everyone gave him sympathy and kind words, but he only shook his head and returned to his solitude.

They told me of his sorrow, and I said that I would like to see him. They brought him. Not a word of our language could he understand, and I don't know what they told him. He came to me and held out his hand. His face lighted with a smile for an instant, and then settled back to the lines that had been furrowed by his sorrow.

In his blanket and paint he looked more the savage than "Rain-in-the-Face." But they say he is a good Indian, and never makes any trouble. "Rain-in-the-Face" pouts. He needs constant attention.

October 8th.

My heart is stirred to the depths over the woes of a World's Fair visitor.

I wish I could help him.

I know of no way in which I can.

It is one of those sad cases where he will have to go it alone.

The more help he has, the more explanation he makes, the worse it will be for him.

He is simply the innocent victim of unpleasant circumstances.

But he will never convince the people of his town of that fact.

And it is all because—I'll let him tell his own story.

He was sitting dejectedly with his head resting on his hand, and his naturally good proportions seemingly shriveled up into almost nothing on one side of the seat of a big armchair.

Some one asked him what was the matter. He said:

"I'm going home. I have been doing the World's Fair, and now I am going home. I never dreaded anything so much in my life. I don't know what kind of a reception is awaiting me, but I expect I am disgraced forever, and in the town where I have lived a respected citizen and a most exemplary life.

"I will tell you how it was. I arrived here last Monday morning. After engaging a comfortable room, I went out to the Fair. I never had seen the White City before, and the novelty and the wonders kept me entertained, and I did not notice particularly until toward night that out of the 150,000 or more people in attendance at the Exposition I had not met one familiar face. Tuesday I went again. It was the same way. The loneliness grew

on me with each strange face that I met, and I met them by the hundreds. With all the charms of the Fair, it made me feel that I was lost—nothing and nobody in a world that had always been to me so full of the most cordial friends.

"Wednesday came, and I scanned each face with a hope of seeing some one. It seemed more to me—the sight of a familiar face—than all the sights put together. It was the same Wednesday and the same Thursday—not a soul did I see that I knew. The loneliness was unbearable. I never knew what it was before. By Thursday night I was desperate.

"It was nearly 6 o'clock. I stopped at a Hygeia booth for a drink of water. The girl who waited on me said something in a kindly way about the weather, or something that was equally unimportant. Her voice and the interest she took in a penny customer seemed a glimpse of heaven just then. It was the first remark I had had addressed to me voluntarily in all those long days at the Fair.

"I answered her and made some other remark, and finally asked her if she had to attend the booth after 6 o'clock. She said 'No.' Then I told her that I was alone, and desperately lonely, and asked her if she would take dinner with me—we would go to Old Vienna, or the Marine café, or anywhere that she said. She said she would like very much to dine with me. Poor girls! I don't suppose they get many square meals. Well, we went to the Marine café.

"Just as we were in the midst of our fish who should come along and take seats at the next table but three men from our town! Now, you know, that girl was all right; and everybody knows I am, but those three men never came up and said 'How do you do?' or took it for granted

everything was all right. They sat down at their table and cast side glances at me and winked at me over the edges of the bill of fare, and did everything else to make me understand that they were quietly 'on' to a great flirtation of mine.

"I thought that I would go through the floor. I never was so embarrassed in my life. I could scarcely talk to the girl. She did not seem to mind or to notice. I hurried the dinner, and proposed after we got away from the café that we go to the Electricity Building, which was brilliantly lighted. We went there, and stood looking at the electric picture of Columbus. I was just beginning to feel like myself again, though I did not see how I could explain matters to those three men, when I saw four ladies coming toward us. They are intimate friends of my wife—belong to the same church, same guild, same sewing society, and we meet them at every social gathering. They came forward with their faces beaming with pleasure. When they saw my companion they hesitated, stopped for an instant, and then passed on with a cold, horrified, scandalized bow.

"And there I was. I had tramped the Exposition over for four days, and among the thousands never saw a soul I knew. There, in one evening, in one hour, when I did not want—with an analyzed thought I did not want, though of course I did not expect to see a soul I knew, I had met seven people from our good little town. Those seven people have all gone home. They will prepare the way for me, and don't you forget it. I will never make any one, not even my wife, believe that I nearly went distracted with loneliness at the World's Fair.

"You can laugh, but you don't know our town. It's something awful when they get hold of a morsel like what I have innocently furnished. Innocent? Why, man alive,

I don't believe a respectable person will speak to me when I get back. It makes my blood run cold. I think I'll go and send a telegram to my wife to come here. I can fix it up with her if she gets away before those people get there. That's just what I'll do. Then we can fight the town together. Whew! But I've been miserable."

With his face lighted up, he went to send the telegram.

October 10th.

Jack's an easy-going fellow, and it is not often that he considers it necessary to take on himself the office of director-general, but yesterday he seemed to wake up to the fact that Chicago Day needed his services. He commenced the first thing in the morning to agitate the great necessity of an early start to the Fair. He seemed to think that White City Chips could take care of themselves, and he did not neglect to let me know quietly that he had not forgotten that they had on various occasions taken good care of him.

But, as I say, this was in a whisper aside to me. His importance, or his self-appreciation and self-appointed office and anxiety were all for the benefit and comfort of several friends who had come into the city to do honor to the day. He said we must start early, and we must take our lunch, and, above all things, whatever we did and wherever we went, we must hang together. To get separated meant that we would not see each other again all day —and perhaps never. He said, with his forehead all knotted up, that there would be many an accident and lives lost and—well, drop the curtain.

Anyhow, he directed and generaled until we really did get an early start.

We went over to the viaduct to take the "special" train, because there were sure to be trains running every minute, and if you missed the first you could take the next, and every train could carry a thousand people, and every person have a comfortable seat.

There's no doubt but that the trains and the comfort were just as he said, but the viaduct early in the morning —yesterday morning! I clasp my hands over my eyes to shut out the remembrance of the seething, surging mass of humanity that we struck a block this side of it.

Everybody had had the same brilliant idea that came to Jack when he decided to be director-general.

Everybody went early to avoid the crowd, and they all centered at the same time on the viaduct and the avenues to it.

I don't know just how it came about, but the first thing we did was to lose our friends, and in two minutes more Jack and the lunch had disappeared.

I found myself wedged in by the railing of the viaduct, with but one idea in my head, and that was to get back to my hotel and wait until it wasn't early and take another start with the dear, dear crowd that we had been so anxious to avoid. It would be so small compared with this one.

By my side stood a white-haired old lady. She looked fagged out and sighed anxiously several times. She seemed to be alone. I looked at her questioningly to see if I could be of any help to her. She saw the glance and said:

"Do you think there is any danger of this viaduct's giving away?"

I wasn't sure of anything on earth now that I had lost great, big, important Jack and the lunch basket. Much less

was I sure of the viaduct that had never been tested in this way before, but I said with an air of confidence:

"Oh, it is perfectly secure. It was built for just such crowds as this. The only regret is that we haven't had more of them."

"I am glad it is safe," she said with relief. "I stood on a bridge just twenty-two years ago this morning with my heart quaking with fear. The people on the bridge with me were not looking for pleasure. They saw only terror and suffering."

"Was it the Chicago fire?"

"Yes. And I stood on Randolph Street bridge just waiting for the fire to reach that bridge as it had the rest. I waited there, for I did not know which way to turn to get away from the horrible fire monster. I remember it all so vividly. It comes back to me this morning as if it were but yesterday. With all the fear and pathos that were there there were many ridiculous happenings that made their impression just as much as did the horror. We did not laugh then, but we have many times since.

"One man came along with tears running to the bottom of his cheeks saying:

"'My poor wife! My poor wife! When will we meet again?' He kept repeating it as he passed me. In his arms he was carrying a marble slab that he had taken from a bureau. It was so heavy that he had trouble to keep it in his arms, but he did not seem to notice what it was that he had saved from the wreck of his home.

"A woman came by with an empty bird-cage in her hand and asked everybody that she met if they had seen her husband and little girl. There were so many things of the kind happened. You never know how near akin pathos is to humor until you get into great danger."

Just then there was a break in the crowd and I saw a chance to turn back.

When I reached the hotel there was Director-General Jack and his friends. He was quite humble. All the important manner had disappeared. He had given the lunch away, and was quite willing to take advice.

We started again two hours later. This time there was crowd enough to realize that it was Chicago day, but it was a moving one. There was a long line in front of the ticket booths, and no prospects of getting World's Fair tickets without another hour's wait. I was deputized to go ahead and, with the aid of the prestige of a photograph pass, ask the "admission department" to get the tickets for me. He suggested that I give the money to the man at the head of the line and ask him to buy the tickets I desired when he purchased his own. The man took the greenback and said:

"Certainly. You just keep your eyes on me to see that I don't run off with the change."

I smiled at his pleasant joke and thought no more about it. He bought the tickets, handed them to me, and walked on without giving me my change. I waited for him to turn back to give me the money, and discovered that he was gradually walking faster. In my astonishment I said aloud to whoever might hear: "That man actually did not give me my change after telling me himself to keep my eyes on him."

A policeman near told me to ask him for it. By that time I had to run to catch him. He was profuse in his apologies and said that he did not notice that he put it in his pocket instead of my hand.

The crowd at the "pay-gates" was being pushed through like so many automatons. One woman of about 300 pounds avoirdupois balked at the turnstile. She said she

did not have the ticket. Her husband said that she did. It was she did, and she didn't, until finally her husband jerked something out of her hand and said: "Mein Gott! voman don't you see dot ticket?" and pushed her through in a way that I'm sure she dared not block the way of anyone else all day. "Passes" went through the wagon gates, and there was plenty of room.

"Something to eat" was the great cry all over the grounds. People who carried lunches went so early that long before noon their provisions were exhausted, and the lunch counters and restaurants were packed ten deep with people waiting for others to finish and give them a chance.

I heard one woman say to her husband:

"Why don't you bring me that sandwich, at least?"

"There are 30,000 people after that sandwich," was the distracted reply.

"It can't be possible that I am not even to have a sandwich," came back with a whine.

"Thirty thousand? Yes, there are 60,000." And that settled it. She said no more.

For the first time since the Exposition opened the crowd seemed to be evenly scattered over the entire grounds and buildings. There were some places where people were packed in, but on the whole there was comfortable moving space. There was not a spot of more than three feet, however, in all the immense World's Fair grounds that did not have its occupant.

October 14th.

You have heard—I have told you and others have told you—that there are some questions asked at the Fair. I have told so many of them in this column of mine that I feel like prefacing them with an apology.

At the same time it is one of the queer things about the Exposition to be remembered. The thing in itself is a great study.

The peculiar thing about it is that the inquirer seldom asks the question that will give the information desired. If he asked just exactly what he wanted to know the questions in themselves would not seem so erratic. Yesterday, after studying the thing awhile, I decided that one of the greatest accomplishments in the world was the knowing how to express what is in the mind.

As I left my hotel to go to the Fair I heard a man on the corner say to the policeman:

"What building is that over there?"

"That is the postoffice," was the reply.

"The postoffice?" said the man with great interest. "Has it tumbled down yet?"

The policeman looked at him with disgust, and held up his club in front of an inoffensive horse that was passing instead of using it on the man who could see as well as he that the postoffice had not tumbled down.

If the man had asked if there was still any danger of its tumbling down, which was probably what he wanted to know, the policeman would have thought nothing of the question.

* * *

In the French section of the Woman's Building are some exquisite hand-embroidered linen handkerchiefs

that have been sent from Paris recently. While the prices were being marked on them yesterday, twenty—yes, fifty times, the assistant was asked what they were. Here are some samples of the questions:

"What are those?"

"Handkerchiefs."

"What kind of handkerchiefs?"

"White embroidered linen handkerchiefs."

"What are they here for?"

"For sale."

"How much?"

"Different prices."

"How much is that one?"

"They are not for sale until to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"They are not released from the custom-house as yet."

"That's too bad. There are a lot of people who might want some to-day. What kind of handkerchiefs did you say they were—do they belong to any queens or anything?"

And there was the question that the woman wanted to ask in the first place.

She wanted to know if there was any special feature about them that made them desirable aside from the fact that they were pretty handkerchiefs.

And so it went with a pretty little table in one of the exhibits. The man had placed it upon a platform to dust it, and to leave it while he rearranged the articles. In five minutes there must have been twenty-five people, men and women, who said:

"What's that?"

"A table," he would reply.

The words of the question and answer came quick and fast, one after the other, as the different ones passed by. The man commenced to grow impatient. "A table" was

snapped out until finally he commenced to give the answer before the question was asked. He rested a minute. In the pause some one said:

"Antique or modern?"

"I'll be —— if I know or care," said the weary man.

The last question was undoubtedly what the first questioner wanted to know.

* * *

One man at the Fair is presumably chuckling to himself at one way he came out victorious over a questioner. He was on crutches. Both legs were crippled, and he got about with the aid of the crutches and wooden feet. He had been answering question after question asked by a man who seemed to have waited all his life for the Exposition to open so that he could gain some knowledge. The cripple finally, rather hesitatingly, said that he was tired of the strain. The questioner said:

"There's just one more thing I'd like to know, and I'll not trouble ye any more."

"Well, what is it?" and a twinkle came into the cripple's eye as if he divined what the man was going to ask.

"I'd like to know how you lost your legs," was the answer.

"I'll tell you as that is your last question. They were bit off."

"Bit off! How—"

But the cripple was away. The man was left fairly exploding with curiosity—worse off than he had been in the start. He had to be satisfied with: "I'll be goldarned."

October 15th.

At the junction of the Intramural road and the "Alley L," within the Fair Grounds, is a remarkable man.

He is a gatekeeper, and is probably the one person about the Exposition who never refuses to answer questions, and who never tires.

He has it down to a mechanical science. He wears blue goggles to protect his eyes from the cinders, and consequently the expression of the eyes is hidden, but the rest of the face never changes.

He never raises or lowers his voice, or acts as if the most extraordinary questions were anything out of the common.

His manner and answers impress one as the resigned result of a long siege of something for which he had no remedy. One of the trials evidently has been that every one attacks the gatekeeper for all information, instead of dividing the infliction with the various near attendants.

Yesterday a man came up and said:

"I want to go north."

"All right," said the patient man.

"How will I do it?"

"Take the train," was the reply.

He never turned his head or looked up from the gate or turnstile that he was swinging to let the people in.

And he went right on saying: "Drop your tickets in here," in the same mechanical tone.

A man came up with two tickets and stared straight ahead, with no heed of the instructions the gateman was singing out. The "drop your tickets in here" became a little more forceful with each repetition. The man still paid no attention. He was straining his eyes to see and could not use his ears at the same time.

"Drop your tickets in here," still went on, until finally Mr. Gateman took the tickets out of his hand and dropped them into the slot himself, helped the man through the gate with the iron arm of the turnstile, and the variation to "drop your tickets in there."

And then the man did not know what it was all about. He turned and stared at the blue goggles a minute and passed on.

In a few minutes another man said:

"Do you have to pay to go through here?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Fifty cents."

"Here's the money."

"Can't take money."

"What do you take?"

"Tickets."

"Where's the tickets?"

"Over there," with a wave toward the ticket booth.

The man came back with the ticket and saw the little bridge across to the Transportation Building as he passed through the gate. He said:

"How do I get across that bridge?"

"Walk," came the same machine-like answer.

Some one standing near said to the gateman:

"You must see all kinds of people here at this gate?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I used to think before the Exposition opened that I knew a lot about the world, and that it was filled with all kinds of people, but now I know that I know nothing about it. Each day I see how little I know. I'm awfully ignorant. No one person could learn much about the people in the world in one lifetime. If you want to see how little you know, you want to stand at this gate a while."

And he went on with his work like the automaton his experiences are teaching him to be.

* * *

Here is something I heard a dear old woman telling a young lady whose acquaintance she had evidently made accidentally:

"My folks didn't want me to come, no how. They said as how I was too absent-minded and too forgetful to travel alone. They all told me to hum that I was an old fool—they didn't exactly say fool, but they thought it—to start out, but I was bound I would see this 'ere World's Fair show everybody was talking about. Fus' day I cum I someway got to follerin' a couple who was goin' on what they called the internal railway. It landed me high and dry on a bridge with big pillows near that great vegetable buildin'. Here I see the biggest cheese.

"And then a big tomb made of chocolate, and there was a horse raisin' farm by that great woman what lives in London. Then I got tuckered out, and went back to my boardin' place. I cum to stay two weeks, but arter that trip, I says, says I to myself, I can't begin to tell half I see in that big building in one day. What is the use in goin' any more? I never kin see it all, and I'll go home and stay there. I was a fool. I didn't know it was all so big. I cum out to-day just to see a place they call 'Ye Olden Time,' to see if it was like somethin' I knew once, but I can't find it, so I won't cum agin'."

The young lady said that she would take her to see the place called "Ye Olden Time," and she could get a cup of tea there. The white-haired woman picked up her belongings—an umbrella, a basket, and a pair of rubbers—and went with the kind girl as pleased as a child would have been.

October 18th.

Sadie and I went to "Old Vienna" Sunday night for supper, or dinner, or whatever it was. It was too cold to sit at the tables under the awnings outside, so we went into a restaurant over in the corner. Every table was filled excepting one, which was comfortably large enough for two people.

We weren't sure just what we wanted the waiter to set before us, but we were sure that we wanted something entirely different from anything we had ever had before.

We had it.

We had it from a good many different standpoints.

In the first place I suppose it is a little erratic, or would be if it were not World's Fair times, for two women to be wandering around after dark without an escort, and particularly erratic to come into a Midway restaurant.

This supposition was forced on us by two waiters who stood back of us while our waiter was filling our orders.

It was a great question with these two Vienna importations whether it was the perfectly correct thing or not, even in America. They talked in German, and were oblivious of the fact that we, in our decidedly American independence, might possibly understand the language.

I did not.

Sadie, however, did not attend a German academy three or four years for nothing. She understood. Her black eyes commenced to snap. Sadie is of a very retiring disposition. It is a theory of hers that she has her own way a great deal easier by going about things quietly.

The flash of those eyes meant something, of which I in my ignorance of the language knew nothing. Imagine my astonishment finally to see that girl turn around and in

the most determined low tones begin talking to those two waiters in German.

Their manner was at once apologetic and they began assiduously to attend to their duties at the next table. Then she told me what they were saying, and that she had told them that it was the proper thing in America for ladies to go to any respectable place unattended; that men and women were considered under all circumstances to be gentlemen and ladies until they proved themselves to the contrary, and that in coming into their restaurant we expected them to see that we were protected from all annoyance, and then she added that it was only foreigners who would question the thing anyway.

But that last remark which she made in her a-little-rheumatic-German was where she made a great mistake.

Sadie is young. She has a good many more rose-colored theories of the world at large to guide her than she has practical experience. She was a little wiser before we were through with our supper.

As I said, the waiter apologized most humbly for discussing in any way patrons of the restaurant. By this time our first course came. We asked the waiter what was the nicest thing among those German names on the menu for a sort of dessert. He said unhesitatingly:

"Kaiser-Schmaren."

We ordered it. We had not the most remote idea what it was, but we were out to learn something of the world as given to us in samples at the Fair, and here was a chance. He said it would take some time to prepare it. We said we would wait.

The head waiter then came along with three new arrivals and seated them at our table.

Our table was rather close quarters for two.

It was much closer for five.

But the fellow who was seated at my left did not seem to mind it at all.

He appeared quite satisfied, even glad, that the head waiter had been so thoughtful of his pleasure as to seat them at the table with two women who were alone.

He threw his overcoat over the back of his chair with great enthusiasm.

It came near going onto the floor, because his eyes did not appear to be able to leave the feminine adjustments to the table.

He seated himself and said at once:

"Do you object to cigarettes?"

I did not know whether he meant did I object to smoking them myself, or did I object to his smoking them. I trusted to luck and said:

"Not at all."

Luck favored me. It was his smoke that he was talking about. I am studying types, human types, this summer, or these Fair times, and he was a new one.

There was something particularly refreshing about this particular bit of stray masculinity.

His companions were of a little different cut, still there was a sort of three-of-a-kind air about them all.

He lit his cigarette and said to me:

"See here, I thought theaters were open in Chicago on Sunday night."

"Some of them are," I replied.

Oh, I am not hesitating at all these months to talk to strangers. I'm giving out all the information that I can, even to these peculiar types.

"What ones?" he asked.

I told him. He said:

"Well, we are more interested in getting something to eat now. Anything decent here?"

"It is quite decent."

Then he talked it over with his friends and they decided they would order beer. He asked us if we would have a glass of beer. I said "No, I thank you," and Sadie said "No, I thank you."

Their beer came. My left-hand fellow asked again if I wouldn't have beer.

Again I declined and he lowered his voice confidentially and said: "Won't you have a cocktail?"

I said: "No, I thank you," again in my sweetest way, because it is the quietest.

You see, he was such a queer type that I was not sure what he would say next.

His next words were: "We have come all the way from Washington, the capital of the United States, to see the World's Fair."

This and the beer seemed to loosen the tongue of the fellow next to him. He said to the "type":

"Yes, and it is just as I expected. Look at what we are paying. Fifty cents to come into the grounds, 25 cents into this village, and 10 cents a glass for beer; 85 cents for a glass of beer."

The third fellow agreed with him. The first one said to me:

"Don't you think it is a miserable way to bring people into Chicago—over so many railroad tracks?"

I told him that I was sure no one would object to his walking, but that we had found it to be a real necessity to have cars and railroad tracks.

Then the next fellow said he was awfully disappointed in the Fair; there was really nothing at all on the Midway; it was dark and gloomy and different from what he expected; he didn't intend to come at all to the Fair, but his friends were coming, so he came; he thought he would go back to Washington.

The third fellow spoke up. He said;

"You have only been in Chicago one hour. Don't you think it is a little early to come to conclusions?"

The first fellow, the "type," said:

"It don't take people from the East long to arrive at conclusions."

"We are so accustomed to seeing things we know what's what at a glance. But we must not get our expectations too high, then we won't be disappointed. But I am awfully surprised at the country-look of all those railroad tracks there on the prairie at the place they call Englewood. It was dark, too—nothing at all like a city."

Our "Kaiser-Schmaren" came. As we looked at it we knew no more what it was than when we ordered it. It looked tempting, however. The "type" thought so, too. He reached over and commenced to eat from my plate, with the words:

"Is that good?"

I remarked that I would be obliged to ask him that question, as he had had the first mouthful.

I had come to my conclusions about the "type." He needs this trip to the Fair—even if he is from Washington.

His friends looked as if they would like to apologize for him, but instead commenced to ask questions about the most interesting things to see, so as to waste no time, as they had but a week to stay.

I told them what I could, and said, also, that everybody in Chicago considers himself and herself as host and hostess, and was always glad to be of any assistance in giving information about the Exposition, and extending pleasant hospitality toward all strangers.

The "type" looked as if a new idea had struck him, and he immediately overwhelmed himself and myself with thanks for the kind information I had given them.

Sadie and I said good-night and left them drinking their third glass of beer.

I am glad the eastern railroads have reduced their rates.

How Chicago will educate some of those people!

By the way—the "Kaiser-Schmaren" was fine.

October 19th.

You will remember that the other day I spoke of the women at the Fair with note-books, of the variety, and that I would like to catch a glimpse of the "somebody's note-book" and get a "chip" out of it.

I have the chip. It came through the mail. A girl, sixteen, writes that she was one of them, and sends me her first-day-at-the-Fair entry.

Here it is:

"Here, on the 12th of August, 1893, I had a short but noteworthy conversation with the Maharajah of Kapurthella. We saw him come in to look at the bronzes in the rotunda, and I said to Cousin Helen, 'I guess that is the Maharajah.' She said: 'Why don't you speak to him?' So I did. I couldn't think of anything, to say but 'Could we look at you?' And my delight was great when he replied in perfect English: 'Certainly; we look at you and you look at us.'

"He is a very large and commanding looking person with the most beautiful mouth and the sweetest smile!

"It seems a shame such young men can't be had in this country; I wouldn't mind being the wife of such an elegant-looking man, providing I was the only one (I hear he has four). I think I was very fortunate on this, the first day."

Then "Sweet Sixteen" adds in her letter to me that I could see that she started in bravely to make long notes, but that I ought to see her last ones!—just scrawls. But she had a glorious time in the eighteen days.

There were fourteen wives, my dear Sixteen. I don't know how many children. But evidently the memory of the little tots was paddling around in the heart of the Indian prince, for one or more of them is going to have a fine souvenir of the Exposition.

In the Illinois State Building is a dainty little dresser, with pale blue silk and lace trimmings, and a tiny bed to correspond. The drawers to the dresser are half open, showing a most exquisite wardrobe for a child. Near by is a large doll, beautifully attired, with its wardrobe in a tiny dresser. The bed, dresser and doll set are tagged, "Sold to his Highness the Maharajah of Kapurthella."

* * *

You have to be careful where you step these days at the Fair—children are so thick.

Yesterday in the crowd I felt something grab me around the knees. I looked down, and there was a bit of humanity holding on to me as if I was her one hope against being crumbled to the dust.

I took her up. Her little face was awed with the wonder of it all, but not a word did she say. While I was wondering what they did with lost children a woman came rushing and pushing and crowding to me with:

"Give me my child! Give me my child! How dare you!"

"How dare I what, madam—save your child from being trampled upon?"

"Oh, I didn't know that. I thought you were taking her away. You know there's lots of children stolen in big cities."

I told her there was not as much danger of children's being stolen by strangers as there was of their being killed by the carelessness of their mothers.

Then she commenced to scold the child for running away from her.

* * *

It is just about possible to get through or by the crowds in some places along the Midway, particularly the theaters that have been talked about and visited by Anthony Comstock, and declared by him to be in keeping with the "low morals of Chicago."

On the outside, on a raised platform, will be some of the stage performers who dance a little, sing a little, dress a little, and do their best to inspire the crowd with a ten or twenty-five cent interest.

The crowd grows steadily larger. They stare at the "sample" and at the building, and seem to wait patiently —pathetically so—for the badness to come out to them through the roof or walls of the building, but they never go in, and never move on, until a sprinkling cart or an ambulance comes along and scatters them to make room for another crowd that will congregate the next minute.

If Anthony had not discovered or recognized so much wickedness along the jolly Midway I'm sure we would not have the trouble and the crushing we do to get along in some places.

Something naughty or something that is expected to be naughty does so chain the attention.

* * *

Coming down the Midway yesterday was a girl with a heavy satchel, or, rather, a small satchel that looked as if it was stuffed full enough to be heavy. She met a young

man whom she knew. He very gallantly relieved her of the satchel. He became very much interested in his conversation with her and proportionately careless of the satchel.

It bumped against a passer-by. It opened. It fell. Out came comb, hairbrush, toothbrush, on top of a white ruffled robe of some description, which came first. His gallantry did not desert him. He gathered up the articles, while the young lady tried to get them into the satchel again. She failed. The brushes and combs went into his pockets, while the white garment disappeared into the leather receptacle after a struggle.

October 21st.

Fate pursued, danced a jig, and laughed uproariously at one couple who came to the Fair.

They came from—somewhere, I'm not just sure where—but they were not particularly prepossessed with Chicago before coming.

They had read and heard all about its queer ways and its real wicked doings.

But they wanted to see the Fair. The Fair was not a Chicago production, anyway, and there were many, many things at the Exposition that Chicago itself could not appreciate. It was really the duty of every one to come who could thoroughly understand the art and treasures which had been brought here from foreign countries.

The Midway Plaisance, of course, was nothing to them. The newspapers had kept them thoroughly well posted about that. And as for the dark, contaminating side of the big, uncouth city, they knew how to avoid all that, and they knew how to avoid getting about without asking

questions and being directed by people who knew no more than they did.

They would keep their eyes open, keep their own counsel, and enjoy the Exposition without coming into unnecessary contact with the people they must, of course, meet.

So they came. They had but a day and a half to stay. They were fortunate in getting a room at a down-town hotel. After a refreshing sleep through the night they were up early and on their way to the Fair Grounds. Some steamers were lying at the pier, and they decided to take the time to go by water.

They bought some tickets that seemed rather high-priced, but there was no use in objecting.

They had heard all about the "robbing" that was going on here and they would not wrangle. It would only bring them in contact with ruffianism, and a dignified silence was much better.

They went aboard the steamer. There were a great many going on, and a great many already there. And they were such a boisterous crowd! They had hardly steamed away from the pier before beer was foaming and being served in every part of the boat.

It was just what they expected. It was probably a typical Chicago crowd. But they did not expect to hear quite so much of the German language among the inhabitants. It was all—the beer and the loud talking and the rest—very disagreeable, but they would have to endure it until they arrived at the Fair Grounds.

By the way, what a long distance it was to the grounds by water.

They asked the captain—they would not ask anyone but the captain—how long it would be before they would get to the Fair.

"The Fair?" he said; "we are not going to the Fair. We are going to St. Joe. This is a German picnic party on board."

Their first day at the Fair was spent with these picnickers. They could not get back until the boat came. It was late when they returned. The next morning they started for the Exposition earlier than the day before. They had but half of a day left. They asked a man the quickest way to get to the Fair. He said: "Go by the 'cattle train.' You get there in no time."

Cattle train! Not they.

A cattle train might do for Chicagoans, but not for them.

So they said with dignity: "Is there no other way?"

"Oh, yes, lots of ways," he replied; "there's the suburban, and the elevated, and the cable, but you'll find the 'cattle' is the best. Everybody goes that way."

The cable cars sounded respectable. They knew something about cable cars. They had a cable system in their own city. They took the cable. They told the conductor they wanted to get out at the most interesting part of the Exposition, because they had but a few hours to stay. He said:

"All right."

They rode an interminable distance, it seemed to them, but finally the conductor called to them and said: "Here's your place—go right through these gates and straight down that road and you'll find all the fun and interest you want."

It looked very different from what they expected—rather lonesome. There were no white buildings, no "lagoon," no Wooded Island, no statuary. Far ahead there seemed to be many people, and more that was of interest.

A chair boy stepped up and told them that it would be

much more pleasant for them to take chairs than to walk the long distance. They asked him how far the visitors had to walk. He said: "About a mile from here to the other end."

They took chairs and told the guides to take them to the first and most interesting place, as they had but a short time to stay.

"Do you want to go to some of the Anthony Comstock shows or some of the villages?"

They said, "The Anthony Comstock shows."

They knew Anthony. And they said to each other what he liked they would like. But they told the boys to hurry. They hurried, and rushed the chairs up to one of the Egyptian theaters. The crowd was dense, but the guides were equal to it, and wedged the chairs through. Out in front was a black-veiled damsel in short red skirt and red silk tights.

The occupants of the chairs were horrified. They asked what part of the Fair this was. The guides told them it was the Midway, that they came in at the west end of it. Then their reserve was broken. Dignity did not count. They had endured too much.

It was about this time that I ran on to them.

They told me their grievances.

I told them as they had so little time to stay to have their guides take them down to the Intramural Railway, and to make the circuit of the grounds and get the view of the whole from that point.

They did so.

Before starting they said that they thought they had made a mistake in not asking for more information.

* * *

Over in the State of Washington Building is a very fine portrait of George Washington. It is in a peculiar frame.

A young German was showing his mother around in the most attentive way. He explained things, sometimes in German and sometimes in English.

They came to the portrait of Washington. The mother looked at the portrait and then at the frame and said:

"Vot is dot?"

"Dot ish de man, mooter, vot started dis country," replied the son.

October 22d.

I was rather late yesterday in getting out to the White City to pay my respects to the Manhattanites.

A goodly part of the morning I spent in checking off special paintings and pieces of statuary in the catalogue of the Fine Arts Building for some friends of mine, who are my guests.

It took time to mark the pictures and statuary and as much more time to give these dear friends explicit instructions how to get about the Fair Grounds without getting into a tangle.

My last bit of advice to them, as it was New York's day to swell the attendance, was for them to confine themselves to the Fine Arts until I met them in "Wisconsin," which building is diagonally across one corner of the lagoon from the art treasures.

I was to meet them at 4 o'clock.

Every few minutes all day I felt a thrill of pleasure with the thought of what a revel they were having there in the midst of art life from all over the world.

Finally, after divers attempts at getting started I found myself on the way to the Wisconsin Building and being rounded-up by a rider on horseback, who was clearing

the road for the procession of the "Old Guard," from New York, with their escort.

A solid wall of people lined each side of the white road, and I found myself in the front row, just against the curbstone.

It seemed at first a little objectionable, but as the first line of fine-looking policemen passed I decided it was about the most desirable position one could have for an uninterrupted view of the parade.

I succumbed with grace to the inevitable.

It was not long before every pulse of my being was beating with pride—and I'm sure every Chicago and Western heart did the same—as the different companies of the First Regiment, I. N. G., marched by.

Each line and each company stepped as one man.

There were the Chicago Hussars and a line of artillery, with several fine bands, and then came the "Old Guard" from New York.

They looked fine in their white coats and drum major headgear, but they needed an awful lot of room.

Now, there had been plenty of room for us curbstone reviewers up to the time the O. G. came.

There didn't seem to be any more of them in line, but each one did need so much space. The end man of nearly every line said: "Make the people stand back! Make the people stand back!"

The people and myself stood back, and yet the fringe of my wrap came near getting caught on the brass button that adorned the white coat that clasped a prominently presented stomach.

By the way, that accounts for the space needed by those veteran guards. Every man was portly. New York must feed its guards well.

The people around me spent their time recognizing ac-

quaintances with "Hello, Charlie," and "George, how are you?"

Charlie and George could not unbend their dignity by turning the drum major hats, but they twisted their eyes around in response to the salutations.

Others pointed out Chicago men among the "Sons of New York," with the remark that it was all right to wear the Manhattan badge, but they ought to wear a Chicago badge also.

Then I overheard two good stories.

A man near said: "New York is doing fine for Manhattan day, but there are but few men in that city that go ahead of our men here. I heard a man bragging about Claflin, their dry goods man. I'll warrant you he never did a more glorious thing than our Marshall Field did during our late hard times.

"You know, during all those bank failures and business failures, he went every morning to his wholesale house and never left it until the rest left at night. One of the days a manager came to him with a list of names and said:

" 'Mr. Field, here's a list of names. There are 167 men that we can get along without during these quiet times. I think we had better discharge them.'

"Marshall Field took the paper with the names, glanced at it, and tore it into shreds with the words:

" 'Not one. If this ship goes down we all go down together.'

"Not a man was discharged.

"I heard of another Chicago man that New York can't beat. This one employs a great many waiters. On Chicago day, in the midst of hundreds of people waiting for meals, the waiters struck. The manager promised them anything they wanted if they would only go on with their

work. They said they must have double wages until the end of the Fair. He promised it. After the rush was over he went to his employer and told him what he had done, but said that he could skip down South and get all the waiters that they would need at the old price.

"His employer said no. The waiters had done wrong to strike for higher wages at such a time. It was the same as blackmail. But two wrongs could not make a right. If the manager had promised those waiters double wages until after the Fair they must pay it, even though they had before established a higher rate of wages for the rush. They would pay the promised salaries until the end of the Exposition, and then, if they decided so, the men could be discharged.

"Consequently, the waiters in that place are getting more wages than has been paid before in Chicago. Do you think there are many men in the world who are as just as those two? And they are Chicago men. I say God bless them."

I said so, too.

I went on to the Wisconsin State Building. My friends were waiting for me. Their faces wore a peaceful, happy expression. Just the look that comes after a day with beautiful paintings. It was a gratification to me. It was a happy thought of mine to send them to the art galleries while I was attending to other things. I could not have entertained them better in any way. I sauntered up to them, knowing they would go into ecstasies. I said:

"Grand! Splendid!" they both ejaculated.

"What did you like the best?" I asked.

"Well," said one, "I think I enjoyed the 'Street in Cairo' better than anything else."

"Oh, I didn't," said the other, "those dear little Javanese people were my choice."

"Street in Cairo and the Javanese in the Fine Arts Building?"

"Mercy, no! We have been on the Midway all day," was the reply.

So much for my knowing how to entertain people.

October 24th.

A gentleman from Sioux City, Iowa, told me an amusing incident yesterday.

A popular clergyman in that city has been here attending the Fair. His visit was used as a theme for one of his sermons. He is a very eloquent speaker. He gave very impressive descriptions of the different departments and of the great good the exposition would do in its after effect on all classes of people.

As he became more and more interested in his subject he alluded to the one thing that had left the greatest impression on his mind. He said it was not the Manufactures Building, with all its grand proportions and grander exhibits; it was not the Horticultural Building, with its beautiful flowers and wonderful display of plants from all over the world; it was not the Transportation Building, with its different modes of transit, since the world began; it was not this, and it was not that, and as he went on describing all the great wonders, and still said it was not the one thing, the congregation commenced to look at one another. And then they smiled, and finally a whisper went from one to the other around the church: "It was the Midway! It was the Midway!"

The clergyman finished with:

"It was the painting in the United States section of the Fine Arts Building—'The Breaking of Home Ties.'"

Then he gave such a tender description of this now famous painting that there were not many dry eyes where there had been conscious smiles before.

* * *

Last evening a man was lifted to the shoulders of several men and carried out from the midst of a throng, and deposited with a sort of dull thud by the roadside.

Some one asked what the man had done. A dozen voices shouted:

"Done? He was whistling 'After the Ball.'"

That settled it.

* * *

Yesterday I heard a gray-haired woman, dressed in deep mourning, say to one of the French commissioners:

"Do you live in France?"

"Yes, madam—in Paris," was the reply.

"Do you know a family by the name of Fancy—I suppose you pronounce it differently in French. I am not very well educated in French, but some one told me it was pronounced Fon-say—" said the woman in black.

"I do not think I know the man of whom you speak, madam," answered the gentleman. "You know there are 36,000,000 of people in France."

"Well, this man was born between Paris and Rome."

"Paris and Rome? That is like being born between Chicago and New York. Rome is in Italy."

"No," said madam, "the town I mean is not far away from Paris."

"Do you mean Rouen—which is ninety miles away?"

"Yes, that is the town. You see I pronounce things differently from you. You must have heard of this name, Fon-say. He was my great-grandfather, and he was a chum of Henry IV., or Henry XII., or something."

"No, I never heard of him. Henry IV. lived too many centuries ago for me to have become familiar with his chums," kindly replied the commissioner.

"Yes, it was a long time ago," said the woman, sadly. "You see I belong to the third generation—there's my father and his father, and his grandfather and—"

Just then the French commissioner was called away to attend to other matters.

The woman climbed the family tree a few minutes with some one else who was standing near, then walked away, regretting that she did not know more of her ancestral language.

* * *

Here is the lament of a New Yorker who has been here very recently:

He stood buttoning a reddish yellow pair of kid gloves when a Chicagoan came up and asked him how he had enjoyed the Fair. He replied:

"Oh-ah, very much, indeed. But there are some things, you know, that seem very strange to us New Yorkers. For instance, you invited us all very cordially to come to Chicago to see the Exposition. Then you make fun of us. That does not seem kind or hospitable, you know."

"Certainly not," said Chicago, "but please tell me in what way you have been the subject of ridicule. I am sure that no responsible person would be so rude."

"Oh-ah, not me, you know particularly, but everybody who came. Here is something I saw that seemed very disrespectful: Walking up the street the morning I arrived

I saw a sign which read: 'This is our day—Manhattan cocktails!' A little further along the street was another. It read: 'Manhattan sausages; finest in the world, and warranted not to bark.'

"Those things do not seem right, you know. Then one of your newspapers had a picture of a battered and bruised Father Knickerbocker, who could not stand the sights of the White City, being pushed along in a rolling chair by your 'I Will' girl, smiling and fresh. You know we New Yorkers don't get used up with good times—really you know we can stand an awful lot—"

Chicago sympathized with him and tried to explain the great good-nature there was in it all, but New York still wore a very grieved expression.

* * *

On the walls of or near the Egyptian temple are some phrenological charts, with some enticing signs to come in and have your head examined.

Two gentlemen and a lady were passing by yesterday when the lady said:

"Here's a place where you can go in and learn all about your head."

"Learn about my head!" said one of the men, and raising his hand to his head he clasped it and groaned out: "I know what is the matter with my head."

And everybody around could hear the pop of champagne bottles.

October 25th.

It takes one hundred guards to illuminate Wooded Island.

Each pretty light in the Japanese lantern and tiny globes is a small wax candle.

After the wonders of the various freaks of electricity in the Electricity Building, nearly every one takes it for granted that Edison's great mind has something to do with this dream picture.

The other night a guard was rushing through with his portion of the work, when a man stopped him and said:

"Do you mean to tell me that these thousands of lights are all lighted separately?"

"Yes," said the guard, "every candle has to be lighted."

"Well, you must do some hustling!"

"Yes; just a hundred of us hustle. But the guards are hustling to-night in another way."

"How's that?"

By this time the usual crowd had congregated.

As the "how's that" came out they stepped forward with eager interest. The World's Fair visitor is so alive to sensations.

The guard said with a sort of triumphant flourish:

"They are after a man."

"What man?" burst from several mouths.

"A man who foolishly threw one of us soldiers out of a restaurant. We were going to lynch him, but he got away," was the intensely interesting reply.

"If they are after him they must know where he is," ventured some one with hope in his voice that they might see a lynching included in the fifty cents' worth of sightseeing.

"This happened several days ago," continued the guard, "but to-night the man came back. Just now he has a pair of very black eyes, that he run into from some of the guards, and two revolvers in his pocket. I don't know how it will come out if he should get a chance to use those revolvers."

The guard paused, and his hearers looked mystified. They evidently could not quite understand whether the guards were hustling away from the revolvers or after a rope to do the lynching. They waited for this one guard to tell them more of the thrilling story, but he had to go to the other side of the wired-in grass plot to light the candles over there.

They passed on reluctantly and peered to the right and to the left among the shadows, as if they expected the man with the blackened eyes and the two revolvers to run across their pathway.

About the most surprising thing on the Midway is the explanation in English of the play given on the stage of the Java theater.

This is the way it seems to the audience who see it before reading the description:

A man and a woman come out dressed gorgeously in velvet, satin and tinsel with masks over the faces and stockings covering their feet. They shake their fingers in each other's faces while some one back of a screen in the center does the talking for them.

They make rushes at each other, and don't miss.

The fellow does a lot of stabbing, and the girl all the time smiles on serenely—or the mask does. She finally gets a direct blow at the masked face of the fellow, and he runs away, after which victory she assumes some triumphant delsartean poses, and another fellow comes on the stage.

She disposes of him in the same way, and even vanquishes a third one.

Then she poses a little more, and bows her adieu to the audience. The audience cheers her with immense applause in their sympathy for a woman who can vanquish three men.

Here is the description of the play as given in a book which sells for ten cents:

A king wishes to give his daughter in marriage to a certain friend. He must first, however, accomplish something extraordinary. He fails, and another friend succeeds. The princess is stolen by a giant in the meantime. The successful friend kills the giant. This angers the first prince, and the two princes fight. The giant-killing prince is victorious, and the play ends with his marriage to the daughter of the king.

Then the audience doesn't like it. They are willing to cheer a woman who can thrash three men.

They get outside, and in their great interest read the book to see what it was all about.

Then they want the king, the giant, and the manager, and you ought to hear them discuss the "fake."

October 26th.

I'm dissipating lately with tea. Never drank it before, but since the Fair opened we—we women—are all going it at a rapid pace. These foreign teas and black coffee "set you up like brandy," as I heard a dear creature say yesterday. So we drop in most everywhere—Brazil, Java, Ceylon and Japan—to get "set up" when fatigue comes. I sat at a table in "Johore" yesterday. A man went by with a discontented look around the village and said:

"Is this the hull thing—just around in here?"

I'm sure I don't know what more he wanted.

There I was drinking tea—and he could do the same—the Johore tea "as prepared for his Royal Highness." Or he could have royal coffee. And he could have his fortune

told by a Chinaman while the orchestra—an accordion and a horn of some kind—played "On the Bowery." And he could "be careful of low doors" while he went into a bungalow that was brought to this country in sections under the direction of the Prince Governor of Muai. The orchestra looked peculiar. It was composed of two fellows in red robes, with high, red dunce caps. Their music was the music of the day, while their faces were neither the heathen Chinee nor American. I asked the man at the gate if they were "Italians." He said with great indignation, "Certainly not." I apologized and asked their nationality. He replied with dignity:

"They are a mixture of races Americanized."

I was so glad to know. I was quite sure that I had bought fruit of one of them down here on the corner.

I took an electric launch to go to the Fisheries Building. A man and his wife sat by my side. They were studying a map of the Fair. They would look up at the different buildings to see if they agreed with the map. They could not tell. Finally the man said:

"Well, we will have to find out first where the lagoon is. I think I will ask the man at the wheel."

The pilot told him that we were riding on the lagoon. He came back and told his wife in a whisper.

* * *

Yesterday, walking along the white road near the Terminal Station, I saw an interesting family of five. I wanted to ask them their impression of the Fair before and after coming, but I had no opportunity.

It struck me they would be most suspicious of any one who dared to speak to them.

The family was composed of the father and mother and three children.

One child was between the father and the mother, and the other two on each side.

They were all clasping hands with such a grip that even an ambulance coming at full tilt would have had difficulty in breaking the line.

On the back of each child, sewed to the overjackets, was a piece of white cloth about four inches square, with the name and address of the child written in extremely plain letters.

The father was taking an occasional look around at the White City, but the eyes of the mother never left for one instant the faces of one or the other of the children.

The family appeared to have come from such a remote corner of our country, and yet, were so eminently respectable-looking, that I'm sure their impressions of their first glimpse of the world would have been very interesting.

I sauntered along near them for a while hoping they would ask me some question, but no; they were perfectly content to see what there was to see without running the risk of asking questions of strangers.

* * *

A little farther along I saw a man drop down on a seat —dead tired.

He seemed too exhausted to move. After a few minutes he took a bottle out of his pocket. I thought of the Indiana and the Nebraska W. C. T. U. and their self-appointed missions here on earth, and wondered if a stray one would happen by.

But the bottle was all right.

It contained milk.

The exhausted wayfarer took a long drink of it.

Then he took an egg carefully from his pocket, broke

the shell at one end, and throwing his head back the yellow contents slipped down his throat.

I waited to see if he would not dance a little jig to complete the "milk shake." He did not.

He seemed very much revived, however.

* * *

There's nothing like having some one along who knows all about it to explain things.

A woman with two friends was "doing" the art galleries yesterday.

They did not stop long in front of the different paintings.

It was not necessary.

The woman told them all about the pictures as they walked.

They came to the immense painting of Dr. Agnew's clinic. She said:

"That's Dr. Agnew. He's all tired out. That's blood on his apron. He's been cuttin' that body on the table. The next man is goin' to take his turn now. An' then all them men up there on the seats is goin' to come down and take their turn."

One of the women said:

"Why, there must be two hundred of 'em—do you mean to say that they all cut into one body?"

"Yes, that's the way they do in them big hospitals," was the reply.

* * *

Coming through the turnstile on my way home I heard a man say to another:

"I tell you what it is, my hat comes off every time to a young lady who can nurse and cook. Why, do you know there isn't one young lady in ten who can tell from what

part of the animal comes the prime roast beef, or who can boil a potato. The Woman's Building is all right, and the achievements of women all right; but give me the girl who can take care of me when I am sick, and take care of my house properly when I am well. It is the greatest achievement of all. I just want you to meet my wife—"

I turned around and looked at him.

He did not look so very well, nor so very well fed.

But I'm glad that he is satisfied with his wife.

That's half.

October 27th.

See here, World's Fair directors, and commissioners, and managers, do you not think it about time you stopped patting each other on the back and admiring each other with banquets, and dinners, and receptions, long enough to thank the Chicago press for what it has done for you?

Did you ever take the time or the trouble to think where you would be if the newspapers of Chicago had ignored you or neglected you?

Do you think you would have had over 700,000 people to gaze at you on Chicago day if the press had been silent?

Do you think the visitors to this Exposition would have discovered all of the beauties and wonders of the White City if they had not been educated to it by our newspapers before coming?

No magazine in the world—whose writers have months to prepare their articles—has ever printed more beautiful descriptions nor more perfect English than has been dashed off daily by some of the press workers of Chicago.

There are men to-day at the Fair representing the press

of our city who were there when the first shovel was put into the ground.

They have worked there, written there, slept there, and lived there.

They have thrown their very souls into the work to make the enterprise a success. In this they have done double work, in that they were obliged to comprehend thoroughly the work done by others, and then reproduce it in words for the understanding of thousands of readers.

They have not hesitated to tell the truth, when it would benefit, and they have not hesitated to temper it when, if the full details were known, a bad impression would have gone out, and the Exposition made to suffer thereby.

Their pen pictures of the reproductions of the Grecian and Roman architecture of the temples, columns and statuary, and of the illuminations and pageants have been so grand and vivid that many a visitor to the Fair has been heard to say that the brain-picture produced in the reading was as perfect as the reality.

When it has been necessary to criticise they have done so honestly and fearlessly, knowing in their hearts they had earned the privilege of expressing an opinion, and that the welfare of the people must be taken care of as well as the best interests of the Fair.

The men who have been sent from the down-town offices to do this World's Fair work have necessarily been the most responsible of men.

They were men who are the equals—and many times much more than the equals—intellectually, socially and financially, of the people with whom they came in contact in carrying out their work.

They have not always met with the courtesies that are due even from one human being to another.

As for the publishers and editors of the different news-

papers, they have spared no expense, no sacrifice to make the Exposition a success.

They have, to a man, worked as conscientiously for the public enterprise as they would for a private enterprise of their own.

Extra artists and extra men by the hundreds have been taken on to the different staffs of the papers in order to do well the Exposition work.

In many instances, it would be safe to say in every instance, the newspaper offices, as far as their own financial interests are concerned, are the losers by thousands of dollars in this World's Fair work.

They have not considered the loss, because of the undeniable fact that to them is due the success of the World's Fair of 1893.

What are they getting for it in this final brass band exit?

Not a thank you; not a mention.

Banquets and dinners and receptions and balls are piling in, and it is a drink to your health and congratulations all around.

Even the social features of the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco have been inaugurated, but the time has not yet come when the Chicago press and its work has been thought of.

The interference of the press has been discussed broadly, and their indifference to its effect has been hinted at, and they have said that the press did more harm than good when at times it has printed some unpleasant facts.

And yet when they have wanted any booming done they have flooded the offices with messengers and manuscripts.

If space has been valuable and the matter cut then there has been a "howl in Rome" because the press did not say more.

The directors, commissioners and managers talk about

going out of the closing gates with a toot of triumphant horns and in a blaze of glory.

They praise each other, they dine each other, they wine each other, and none of the time would they have been heard of individually or collectively in their great work or in any other way if it had not been for the newspapers.

The Chicago press has surrounded them with their well-earned glory.

It has heralded it at home and abroad.

It has made the World's Fair what it has been in the present and what it will be in history.

It has brought millions through the turn-stiles where only thousands would have come.

It is all well enough to thank the bureau that has recorded the official work, and give it gold medals, but do just stop by the wayside long enough to thank those men who have appreciated you, your efforts, your work, and who have brought the people through the gates to ejaculate at the grandeur.

These men, like yourselves, are worn out with the mental strain, they are worn out with the physical labor.

Banquets, dinners, and other social functions will not reach their hearts, but a knowledge that their work has been appreciated will repay them a thousand times over.

October 30th.

Saturday was Woman's day at the Fair, or rather in the Woman's Building.

It was women, women everywhere, and some men.

Women congregated, women received, women sung, and women made speeches.

A lot of women made speeches.

Only five minutes was given to each, but it seemed ample time for each woman to make one strong point, and that was the importance of the society, club, or organization to which she belonged and was representing.

There were representatives from the W. C. T. U., Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, the Woman's Club, the King's Daughters, Girl's Friendly Society, Woman's Industrial Union, Grand Army of the Republic, Eastern Star, the Shut-in Society, Home and Foreign Missions, Society of Authors, Physical Culture and Folklore, and every other kind of society.

It is a great deal easier to remember what was not down on the program than it is to remember what was.

The one thing not listed was the National Press League, a club composed of newspaper women.

The league has had desk room in the organization-room of the building surrounded by the regulation silk curtains, but as newspaper women are necessarily active workers there has not been much time since the opening of the Fair for the cultivation of the next curtained neighbors.

Of course it was a great, and must have been an unintentional, oversight that so important an organization in the wonderful progress of women should have been left out in the arrangements, but it was heard from just the same and in a most able manner.

The president of the league, Miss Mary Krout, who is on the editorial staff of a Chicago paper, was in the audience, and a request was made that she tell of the work of newspaper women.

And she did. She told of the work of men and women of the press for this World's Fair.

And in her five minutes she made her hearers understand the importance of it all, and how little it was appreciated at times by the onlookers.

It occurred to several of her listeners that though the dust had been allowed to gather on the desks and chairs and curtains in that allotted space to the "press," that in the next arrangements of the kind for discussing the progress of women this branch of the work would not be forgotten.

* * *

Two young women rushed up to each other yesterday near the Administration Building and embraced with the words:

"Did you ever!"

"When did you come?"

"I came this morning, when did you?"

"Oh, several days ago. And I have had the greatest fun! It is perfectly lovely! Charlie and I have been out every day and every evening."

"What do they do in the evening?"

"Oh, there's music and illuminations, and the fountains play."

"How do the fountains play?"

"By—why—by—with electricity."

"What tunes do they play?"

I passed on as the other one commenced to educate her friend in the wonders of electricity.

* * *

A jolly couple from Virginia have been visiting the Exposition, and going through the different buildings very systematically. Yesterday they were in the Manufactures Building and brought up at the exhibit of jewelry in the French section.

The husband had his interest taken by a magnificent corsage-spray of diamonds.

He looked at it intently for a few minutes and then, turning to his wife, said:

"Well, old girl, how would you like that?"

His wife, who is pretty and young, was not there.

But a real old "girl" was there just where his wife had been.

His wife was around the corner looking at something else.

The "old girl" looked at him indignantly and started to tell him what she thought of his impertinence, when she caught his look of surprise and consternation.

Her indignation changed to a smile as he asked her pardon, and she said:

"I don't mind telling you that I would like it very much."

* * *

A crowd was around the old Liberty Bell taking a farewell look.

Two women came by. One of them said:

"What are they looking at?"

"They are looking at the bell that rung when Columbus landed," replied the other one.

* * *

It was dark and cold and rather desolate yesterday at the Fair.

Grimy white cloth was wrapped around some of the plants and nothing but broken ground was left where others had been taken up to forestall the frost.

Chrysanthemums in the button-holes and red noses on the faces vied with each other to make the streets look gay, but neither succeeded very well. Everybody had a

frozen sort of look mixed with a wonder that this was the White City, the Dream City, the fairyland of which they had read.

Exhibitors are exerting every power to sell off goods rather than to repack them.

There are some things that are real bargains and other things that are far from it.

In one fur exhibit there seemed to be no two salesmen with the same prices.

A friend with me who was shivering because the climate was not that of California, decided to invest in boa and muff.

One price was given to her which she thought rather high, and said so. The salesman made a great fuss, but finally said several dollars less. While she was looking at them he was called aside, and another salesman came up with warm praises of their becomingness.

She asked him the price as if she had not been told by the first man.

He unhesitatingly gave her a price that was considerably below the reduced price of the other man.

Just then the first one came up and said:

"That's all right."

"But it is less than the last price that you gave me," said the lady.

The first looked confused, and the second one said:

"Yes, I lose money, and make it up from my own pocket."

She did not purchase the muff and boa.

Some of those foreigners have a very low estimate of the American shopper.

* * *

In the Connecticut State Building are two rag dolls that

are holding their own in a most pleasing way. They carry the older visitors back to their childhood, before wax or china dolls were to be had, and they attract the little ones because they are so different from anything that can now be purchased.

The two dolls, a brother and a sister, were made by a dear old lady in New Haven, who is eighty-seven years old.

The features are painted on cloth and are delicate enough for wax. The coloring of the eyes and cheeks is natural and most wonderful when considering the age of the maker.

It is said that she has been making these dolls for the past twenty years.

They are dressed very prettily, and the needlework puts to shame the production of many younger eyes and fingers.

October 31st.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

Everywhere around the Fair Grounds yesterday were people who came to take "one last look," and everywhere you heard regrets that they had not come oftener.

The visitor from the city seemed satisfied with a general view of the whole, with an occasional one more look at this, and one more look at that, thrown in.

The visitor from out of the city—and some one estimated this visitor as 75,000—appeared woe-stricken with disappointment that there would be no triumphal final, no booming of cannons, no ringing of bells, no brilliant illuminations, no grand music, no gorgeous display to mark the time of the curtain's falling over the official end of the beautiful dream that has lasted six months.

Aside from the sad story—of the tragic death of the mayor—told by the silence, and the flags at half-mast, of the gloom that has been cast over the city, it seemed after all much more fitting that the end should come quietly.

For weeks since the first frost whispered that the end was coming I have tried to think of words that would express to you what it is to me to have the White City pass out of my life.

Tears come, but no words.

Just tears and deep regrets—regrets that no power has been given to me in the past, any more than in the present, to picture it with my pen for those who have read, but could not come; regrets that it must all pass away and remain forever only as a vision that came into our lives, and was gone before we really understood the glorious gift that has been within our grasp.

The leaves are falling, the flowers are dead, and everywhere is the chill that brings nothing but sadness.

Music and song and exultation would have jarred against many a heart yesterday. I heard a woman fifty years old say to a companion, with tears streaming down her cheeks:

"Oh, this dear old Fair! This dear old Fair! What will I do without it? Only five days have I missed since the opening. They have been the happiest months of my life. No one knows what it has been to me. I have seen the beautiful sights in the sunlight, and in the electric light, and have seen them again in my dreams at night.

"On Sundays my husband has come with me and we have taken chairs and have been rolled almost everywhere, it did not make much difference where, and have taken the electric launches, and the gondolas, and drifted up and down and around the lagoon. We have watched the sun

set over the white domes and have waited for the illuminations to take away the gray, weird mist of night. We have listened to the music and to the trickling of the water from the fountains. We have studied the exhibits, and we have studied the different races of humanity, and we have never tired.

"Each day we have realized how much more there was to see than we would ever be able to see, but there's never been a regret for what we have not seen. We made memoranda only of the things we saw. I am glad of that. It has been the romance of our lives—journeying around the world. It was too grand to last. I came to-day for one more glimpse. The good-by is as sad as any I have known in all the years that I have lived."

She quietly brushed the tears from her cheeks and watched once more a gondola glide under the bridge where she was standing.

"Memory is Clothed in a Never-dimming Halo."

RETROSPECTION.

RETROSPECTION.

November 4th.

There's plenty of room at the turnstile now.

You can have a whole one to yourself. And how they do creak! One would suppose from the sound that accompanies you through the swinging arms that no one had passed that way this century. Yet it was not so very many hours ago that you were only one of a constant stream of thousands. Now it is just you, and the old papers, and the dust, and the desolation of the people vanished, and a paradise, a beautiful dream city deserted.

To see the white palaces in ruins will not be as mournful as it is now to see them just as they have been, with all interest gone and neglect filling in space with the fast accumulating debris, and packing boxes stacked up where enthusiastic admirers have stood.

A great change has come over the autocrat at the gate. He is really one of us. He even told me yesterday that my pass was all right. All summer I have had to wait while he scrutinized my photograph, me and my number. I have trembled with the disgrace of having him discover the photograph was a reproduction of myself, or was not. One disgrace was as bad as the other. I have stood there while he went down the list of numbers for passes that were to be taken up, and have seen the crowd congregate while he held my pass suspiciously, and have met their doubtful glances as best I could when he reluctantly returned it to me. I have felt his eyes follow me down the road as he

begrudgingly turned the registering iron arm for me to pass through the sacred portal.

But now! Now he is glad to see me. His face breaks into the sunniest of smiles, and he actually apologized to me that he had to detain me long enough to write my name on a little slip of paper. He said it seemed unnecessary to ask me to do so, but it was a voucher, and they had to ask others, and he hoped I would not object, etc.

It was lovely. My reward has come, as "everything comes to those who can wait." One smile, one encouraging word from the king of the turnstile is enough.

Another change has taken place inside the gates. It is the Columbian Guard. He is not indifferent any more. You remember how he used to stand with his arms folded nobly across his breast—how he used, at times, to stare at your impertinence in bothering him with questions? All that is gone. His arms are never folded. They are ready for use, and it is he who is asking the questions. His arms are ready to catch you in case of the emergency of your running away from him, and his questions are to find out whether or not you have anything in your possession that does not belong to you.

For that is what you come to these days at the Fair—not a guard believes in your honesty. It is awful. It makes me so nervous that it would not surprise me a bit if sometime I forgot to pay for something. The only way to do is to buy nothing.

Yesterday a real nice newspaper man had something given to him. It was not much—just something within the scope of a newspaper man's appreciation. I think it was the stock of a gun. He started to go to the Administration Building with it. He met a guard. The guard said:

"What is that—something you have been buying?"

"Oh, no," said Truthful James, "it is something that was given to me."

"Given to you? That'll do to tell, but not to me. Where do you live? Where do you work? What's your name?"

And the questions came faster than the newspaper man could answer. The guard finally decided the case in favor of the accused.

The next guard came near arresting the poor fellow. The gun-stock was left in a dark corner of the Administration Building, and the recipient is wondering now how he will ever get it down to the exit gate.

With the guards, and the customhouse officers, and the foreign idea of American gullibleness, shopping is no easy matter in the Exposition Grounds. Still, it is the easiest thing in the world to pick up things, and then be obliged to hunt around for some one to tell you the prices. Presumably there are many who do not take the trouble to search for the prices or for the salesman.

January 3, 1894.

Turnstiles and gatekeepers are a part of the past at the White City. You can walk decorously through the passage where once they held forth, or you can climb over the fence with a whoop, just as the fancy strikes you.

For myself, I went through the passage-way yesterday. I tried awfully hard to be sentimental there at the entrance, but somehow the sentiment was scattered by the sense of perfect freedom, and being able to get inside without feeling that I ought to go down on my knees in gratitude to the gatekeeper and the Columbian Guard.

There have been some pretty and pathetic things writ-

ten about the snow that is forming the winter mantle for the one summer's dream.

Consequently, the first thing I sought, yesterday, was the white drapery over the white buildings.

I looked in vain. Not a particle of snow was to be seen.

And the buildings themselves appear to have gone into mourning for "the days that have been, and shall be no more." They are gray and grimy.

Perhaps the leafless trees and the absence of contrasting colors have something to do with the apparent accumulation of Chicago coal dust, which seems to have appropriated what was a little while ago so brilliant and pure; but surely, now, the White City needs a bath of soap and water.

The angels on the Woman's Building look down forlornly on the passers-by, and appear to plead for one admiring glance for the sake of times agone.

The Children's Building is closed, and "Little Puck" is laid low. The "White Star Line" still holds its own faithfully, while across the lagoon the Brazilian Building and the pretty Marine Café look as inviting as ever.

A second look as you lean over the iron railing that skirts this part of the lagoon shows that the windows are all minus glass. And then the sentiment that you have been trying to push away comes sweeping over, and a lump comes in your throat. You catch your breath with a sob. There is no use denying it—there are tears in your eyes.

It is desolation. You wish you had not come. If there were not so many around you would reach out your arms, with the prayer on your lips for it all to come back to you.

It seems cruel, cruel, to give us such a vision; to let us dream and drift through heaven for six months, and then to take it out of our lives.

For though the buildings remain, and the "people" at

the last have their own, the White City is gone. It can never come again.

Out of the ashes something may come more beautiful than we knew before, but never again will come what the year '93 has given to us.

The White City is lifeless. Only the shell remains. It is heaven untenanted.

November, 1895.

And thus is vanishing—has vanished the White City. Now must come the transition of it all into a memory. But the memory is clothed in a never-dimming halo, for it tells us that the long dream we had was real.

Once more I add to "White City Chips," and with love to my readers, the name,

Teresa Dean

$65.00

Frontispiece. 7 plate

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